
B O O K Printed for B. Lintott.

Sixteen Sermons, all (except one) preach'd before the University of Oxford, at St. Mary's. Sermon I. on *Monday, January 31*, the Feast-Day for the execrable Murder of King *Charles* the Martyr. Sermon II. The Nature and Necessity of *Religious Resolution*, in the Defence and Support of a *Good Cause*, in Times of Danger and Tryal. Sermon III. The *Church's* Security, from the Providence of God defending *Her*, and the Goodness of her own Cause and Constitution. Sermon IV. The Sins and Vices of *Mens* Lives, the chief Cause of their Ignorance, and *Corrupt Opinions* in Religion. Sermon V. A Return to our former Good Old Principles and Practice, the only way to restore and preserve our *Peace*. Sermon VI. The Law of *Moses* not of Eternal Obligation, and the Reasons of our *Saviour's* Conformity to it, when he came to remove it. Sermon VII. The utter Inconsistence, and no Necessity of observing the Law of *Moses*, together with the Profession of *Christianity*. Sermon VIII. The Grace of God shewn to be not only *Consistent* with the Liberty of Man's Will, but the *strongest Obligation* to our own Endeavours. Sermon IX. A second Part on the same Text and Subject. Sermon X. The coming of the *Holy Ghost* consider'd, as depending on our *Blessed Saviour's* Intercession, together with his Office, as our *Comforter*, and his perpetual *Residence* in the *Church of Christ*. Sermon XI. Of Grieving the *Holy Spirit*. Sermon XII. The Nature and Instances of Spiritual Pride explain'd from our *Saviour's* Parable of the *Pharisee* and *Publican*. Sermon XIII. The Folly and Danger of being conceited of our Spiritual Knowledge. Sermon XIV. The Nature, Advantages, Object and Evidence of our Christian Forgiveness of Injuries, and by what Rules we may try our Practice of it. Sermon XVI. Plain-dealing, Zeal and Integrity the indispensable Duty of the Christian Ministry, in times of Danger and Corruption; and the best means to secure the Honour and Reputation of the *Sacred Order*. By *William Tilly*, D. D. Fellow of C. C. C. Oxon, and Rector of *Albury* near *Rycot* in *Oxfordshire*. Price 6 s.

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THE
WORKS

OF
Mr. *de* MOLIERE.

VOLUME *the* FOURTH.

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Or, The WANTON
WIFE.

TARTUFFE: *Or,*
The HYPOCRITE.

Monsieur de POUR-
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The GENTLEMAN
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LONDON:

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L'AVARE.
THE
MISER.
A
COMEDY.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Harpagon, *The Miser, Father to Cleanthes and Eliza, and in Love with Mariana.*

Cleanthes, *his Son, Mariana's Lover.*

Valerio, *in Love with Eliza; Son to Anselmo.*

Anselmo, *an Old Gentleman; Father to Valerio and Mariana.*

Mr. Simon, *a Broker.*

James, *Cook and Coach-man to Harpagon.*

Fleche, *Cleanthes's Servant.*

William, } Harpagon's *Lacquies.*
Robin, }

A Commissary and his Clerk.

W O M E N.

Eliza, *Harpagon's Daughter, belov'd by Valerio.*

Mariana, *in love with and belov'd by Cleanthes.*

Frosina, *a Woman of Intrigue.*

Claudia, *Harpagon's Servant.*

S C E N E P A R I S.

T H E



T H E
M I S E R.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Valerio, Eliza.

V A L E R I O.



Harming *Eliza*, why are you melancholly just after the obliging Assurances you have given me of your Faith? In the very midst of my Joy I hear you sigh! Tell me; is it for Grief that you have made me happy? Do you repent of the Engagement the Ardor of my Flames have drawn from you?

Eliz. No, *Valerio*, I can never repent of any thing I have done for you. Too soft a Power hurries me on to do it, nor am I able to wish that things were undone. But, to tell you the truth, Consequences give me Disturbance, and I'm afraid I love you more than I ought.

Val. What can you fear *Eliza*?

Eliz. Alas! A Hundred things: The Anger of a Father; the Reproaches of a Family; the Censures of the World; but most of all, *Valerio*, the Change of your Heart, and the Coldness with which your Sex most commonly repay the too warm Testimonies of an innocent Love.

Val. Do me not so much wrong as to judge of me by others. Suspect me in any thing, *Eliza*, rather than of

failing in my Obligation to you. My Love is too great for that, and shall be as durable as my Life.

Eliz. Every one says so. All Men are alike in Words, and only Deeds can distinguish them.

Val. Since only Actions can shew what we are; judge of my Heart by them alone, and do not look for Accusations against me, in the groundless Fears of an uneasy Foresight. Kill me not with the sensible Blows of an outrageous Suspicion, but give me time to convince you by a thousand and a thousand Proofs of the pureness of my Flame.

Eliz. With how much ease we suffer ourselves to be persuaded by those we love! Yes *Valerio*, I think your Heart incapable of abusing me. I believe you love me with a real Love, and that you will be faithful to me; I will not doubt in the least, and I am no longer disturb'd at the Apprehensions of the blame that I may incur.

Val. But why this uneasiness?

Eliza. I shou'd have nothing to fear, if every body beheld you with the same Eyes that I do; I find in your Person wherewith to excuse the things I have done for you. My Heart, for its Defence, has all your Merit to plead, supported by an Acknowledgment where-to Heaven has engag'd me towards you. I every Moment represent to my self that amazing Danger, which began our Acquaintance; that surprizing Generosity which made you risk your Life to snatch mine from the Fury of the Waves; those tender Cares you employ'd in my Assistance, when you had drag'd me out of the Water; and the assiduous Homages of that ardent Love which neither Time nor Difficulties have abated, and which, causing you to neglect both your Parents and your Country, detains you here, keeps you disguis'd and has reduc'd you, for my sake, to become one of my Father's Servants. All this has undoubtedly a wonderful effect upon me, and is sufficient, in my Opinion, to justify the Engagements I have consented to; but perhaps not sufficient to justify me to others, who may not enter into my Sentiments.

Val. 'Tis only by my Love that I pretend to have deserv'd any thing from you; and as for your Scruples, your Father

ther himself takes but too much care to justify you to the World; the Excess of his Avarice, and the austere Manner wherein he lives with his Children, may authorise much stranger Things. Pardon me if I speak so of him before You. You know that upon that Head one cannot say any good. But if I can, (as I hope I shall.) find my Parents again; we shall not have much trouble to render him favourable to us. I impatiently expect News of them, and if I receive none quickly, I'll go look them my self.

Eliz. Ah! *Valerio*, do not go from hence; think only how to get into my Father's Favour.

Val. You see how I go about it, and what cunning Complaisance I was forced to use to introduce my self into his Service; under what a Mask of Sympathy and Congruity of Sentiments I disguise my self to please him, and what a Part I every Day act with him to acquire his good Will. I make great Progress in it, and find that to work upon Men, there is no better way than seeming to be of their Inclinations, giving into their Maxims, praising their Faults, and commending whatever they do. One need not be afraid of being too complaisant, and the manner in which they are play'd upon, may be as visible as you will, the wisest are always Cullies on the side of Flattery, and there is nothing so impertinent or ridiculous but what will go down, provided it be season'd with Praise. Sincerity indeed suffers in the Part I act; but when one has need of People, one must adjust ones self to them; and if they cannot be gain'd but by that means, 'tis not the fault of the Flatterer, but the Flattered.

Eliz. But why don't you try to gain my Brother's help, in case the Maid should reveal our Secret?

Val. One cannot manage both of them; the Temper of the Father and that of the Son are so opposite, that 'tis hard to gain the Confidence of both. Do You, on your side, deal with your Brother, and make use of the Friendship that is between you two, to bring him into our Interest. Here he comes. I'll leave you. Take this time to speak to him, and discover no more to him than needs must.

Eliz. I know not whether or no I shall have Power to make him my Confident.

SCENE II.

Cleanthes, Eliza.

Clean. I am glad to find you alone, Sister, I'm impatient to speak with you to unfold a Secret to you.

Eliz. I'm ready to hear you Brother; what have you to say to me?

Clean. A great many Things included in one Word: *I'm in Love.*

Eliz. You in Love?

Clean. Yes, in love. But before I proceed any further; I know I depend upon a Father, and that the name of Son makes me subject to his Will; that we ought not to engage our Faith, without the Consent of those who gave us Birth; that Heaven made them the Masters of our Vows, and that we are enjoyn'd not to dispose of them otherwise than as they wou'd have us; that not being hyas'd with any extravagant Folly, they are much less liable to be deceived than we, and more capable of seeing what is fit for us; that we ought rather to trust to their Prudence, than the Blindness of our Passion; and that the Heat of Youth often hurries us on to dreadful Precipices. I say all this, Sister, that you may not give your self the trouble to tell it me: for my Love will hear nothing, and I desire you would make no Remonstrances.

Eliz. Are you engaged, Brother, to her you love?

Clean. No, but I'm resolv'd to be so, and conjure you once more to use no Reasons to dissuade me.

Eliz. Am I such a strange Person, then, Brother?

Clean. No, Sister; but you are not in love. You are ignorant of the gentle Violence which a tender Passion exercises over our Hearts, and I'm afraid of your Wisdom.

Eliz. No more of my Wisdom, I beseech you, Brother. There are none but what are sometimes without it, at least
once

The MISER.

once in their Lives; and shou'd I open my Heart to you, perhaps I might appear much less wise than you.

Clean. Wou'd to Heaven your Heart, like mine——

Eliz. First make an End of your Affair; who is she you love?

Clean. A young Person who lives not far from hence, and who seems to be form'd to strike all that see her with Love. Nature, Sister, has made nothing more amiable, and I was transported the very Moment I saw her. She is called *Mariana*, and is under the Government of her Mother, who is almost continually sick, and for whom that amiable Creature has Sentiments of Friendship, that are not to be imagined. She serves her, bemoans her, comforts her with a Tenderness that wou'd touch your very Soul. She goes about all she does with the most charming Air in the World, and a thousand Graces shine in all her Actions, a softness full of Attractions, a perfectly engaging Goodness, an adorable Virtue, a—— Ah, Sister, wou'd you had seen her.

Eliz. I see her sufficiently, Brother, in the things you tell me of her, and your loving her is enough to inform me what she is.

Clean. I have secretly discover'd that they are not very rich, and that their discreet Conduct has enough to do to make their Estate serve their Necessities. Imagine what Pleasure it must be to raise the Fortunes of a Person one loves; to give some little Relief to the rude Necessities of a virtuous Family; and conceive what a Torment 'tis to me, that by the Avarice of a Father I am made unable to taste that Pleasure, and to shew to that fair One the least Testimony of my Passion——

Eliz. I conceive sufficiently——

bc.

Clean. Ah, Sister, 'tis greater than can be believed. For can any thing be more cruel than that excessive Niggardness that's exercised upon us? that strange Want in which we are forced to languish? What Good will it do us to have Riches, if they don't come till we shall not be able to enjoy them? if even to maintain my self I'm oblig'd to run in every body's Debt; and if I'm reduced with you

Eliz. I know not whether or no I shall have Power to make him my Confident.

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Eliz. I conceive sufficiently what your Grief must be.

Clean. Ah, Sister, 'tis greater than can be believed. For can any thing be more cruel than that excessive Niggardness that's exercised upon us? that strange Want in which we are forced to languish? What Good will it do us to have Riches, if they don't come till we shall not be able to enjoy them? if even to maintain my self I'm obliged to run in every body's Debt; and if I'm reduced with you

to be beholden every Day to the Tradesmen for but ordinary Cloaths? In short, my Design in speaking to you, is to help me to found my Father upon my Sentiments; and if I find him against them, I am resolved to go somewhere else with that lovely Person, and enjoy what Fortune Heaven shall afford us. I am seeking on all sides to borrow Money for the execution of this Design, and if your Affairs, Sister, are agreeable to mine, and our Father opposes our Desires, we will both leave him, and free ourselves from the Slavery his insupportable Covetousness has so long kept us in.

Eliz. 'Tis true, he daily makes us miss our Mother, and—

Clean. I hear his Voice. Let us go aside to end our Discourse, and we will afterwards joyn our Forces to attack the harshness of his Humour.

SCENE III.

Harpagon and la Fleche.

Harp. Begone this Minute and make me no Answer, Out of my House, Cut-purse, Newgate-bird.

Fleche. I never knew any body so cross as this damn'd old Fellow; I think under the Rose the Devil possesses him.

Harp. What's that you mutter?

Fleche. Why do you turn me out?

Harp. Rascal, is't for you to ask Me Questions? Be gone quickly, or I'll brain you.

Fleche. What harm have I done you?

Harp. You have done me so much, that I'll have you be gone.

Fleche. Your Son, My Master, bade me stay for him.

Harp. Go and stay for him in the Street, and don't plant your self in my House to observe all that passes, that you may make your Advantage of it. I won't always have a Spy over what I do, a Rogue whose Eyes besiege all my Actions, devour my Goods, and ferret on all sides to see if there's nothing to steal.

leche.

The MISER.

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Fleche. How the deuce can any body steal from you? Are you one that can be robb'd, when you lock up every Thing, and keep watch Night and Day?

Harp. I'll Lock up what I have a mind to, and keep Watch as I please. — Are not you set to spy all my Actions? [*aside*] I tremble for fear he has some Suspicion of my Hoard — Are not you one that will go and spread a Report that I have Money hid in my House?

Fleche. Have you Money hid in your House?

Harp. No, Rascal, I don't say so---I ask you whether out of Malice, you won't go and report that I have?

Fleche. What Business is't of ours, whether you have or have not? 'tis all one to us.

Harp. What; do you argue? I'll teach you to argue. (*Holds up his Fist at him*) Out of my House once more.

Fleche. Well — I'll go.

Harp. Stay. Do you carry nothing of mine away with you?

Fleche. What should I carry away with me, do you think?

Harp. Come hither, that I may see — Shew me your Hand.

Fleche. Here 'tis.

Harp. The t'other.

Fleche. The t'other?

Harp. Yes.

Fleche. Here:

Harp. Have you put nothing in here?

Fleche. Why don't you search?

Harp. (*He feels in the Roller of his Stockings*) These great Rollers are fit to conceal stol'n Goods; I wish the Inventor were hang'd for them.

Fleche. Such a Man as this deserves what he fears; How glad shou'd I be to rob him!

Harp. Ha?

Fleche. Sir?

Harp. What's that you say of Robbing?

Fleche. I say I'd have you make a narrow Search to see if I han't robb'd you.

Harp.

Harp. (*Searches in his Pockets.*) That's what I mean to do.

Fleche. Pox on Stinginess and Misers. [*Aside.*]

Harp. What's that you say?

Fleche. I say what I say.

Harp. What was that you said of Stinginess and Misers?

Fleche. I say, Pox on Stinginess and Misers.

Harp. Who do you mean?

Fleche. The Covetous.

Harp. Who are they?

Fleche. Villains and base Fellows.

Harp. But who do you mean by that?

Fleche. But why are you concerned about it?

Harp. I am concerned about it, because I will be so.

Fleche. Do you think I mean you?

Harp. I think what I think; but I'll have you tell me who you speak to when you say so.

Fleche. I speak—I speak to my Cap.

Harp. And I'll cuff your Cap.

Flec. Won't you let me curse the Covetous?

Harp. Yes, but I won't let you chatter and be insolent—Hold your Peace.

Fleche. I name no Body.

Harp. I'll thrash you if you speak.

Fleche. If the Fool's Cap fits any Body, let 'em put it on.

Harp. Will you be silent?

Fleche. Yes, against my Will.

Harp. Ha, ha.

Fleche. (*Shewing him one of his Wastecoat Pockets.*) Here's another Pocket. Are you satisfied yet?

Harp. Come; Restore what you have stol'n from me, without searching you.

Fleche. What?

Harp. What have you taken?

Fleche. I have taken nothing at all.

Harp. Are you sure on't?

Fleche. I'm sure on't.

Harp. Go to the Devil then.

Fleche. I'm very finely turn'd away!

Harp.

The MISER.

II

Harp. I put him to his Word however——'Tis a Rascally Footboy that was very troublesome to me; I don't love such Vermin.

SCENE IV.

Eliza and Cleanthes at the further part of the Stage.

Harpagon.

Harp. 'Tis no small difficulty to keep a great Sum of Mony in one's House. Happy are they who have their Concerns well placed, and reserve just enough to live on! 'Tis a great deal of trouble to find out in a House a secure place to hide it in; for in my Opinion strong Boxes are very unsafe, and I'll never trust them. I think 'em nothing but a bait for Thieves; and they are always the first things that are attack'd. However I don't know whether I've been in the right in burying in my Garden the ten thousand Crowns I received yesterday. Ten thousand Crowns of Gold in ones House is a Sum pretty—— (*Seeing the Brother and Sister discoursing.*) Oh Heavens! I have betray'd my self. My Heat hurry'd me away, and I believe I have spoken aloud in talking to my self——What do you want?

Clean. Nothing, Father.

Harp. Have you been there long?

Clean. We were but just come.

Harp. Did not you hear——

Clean. What? Father.

Harp. The——

Clean. What?

Harp. What I just now said?

Clean. No.

Harp. You did, you did.

Eliz. Indeed, Sir, we did not.

Harp. I know you heard some Words---I was discoursing to myself about the difficulty of getting Mony in these times; and I said that he who had ten thousand Crowns in his House was very happy.

Clean. We did not care to speak to you for fear of interrupting you.

Harp.

Harp. I tell you what I said, that you may not take things wrong, and imagine that I said I had Ten thousand Crowns.

Clean. We don't meddle with your Affairs.

Harp. Wou'd I had ten thousand Crowns!

Clean. I don't think —

Harp. 'Twou'd be well for me!

Eliz. These are things —

Harp. I should know what to do with it.

Clean. I believe —

Harp. They'd be of great use to me.

Eliz. You are —

Harp. I should not complain, as I do, of the Hardness of the Times.

Clean. Lord, Father, you have no need to complain; 'tis well known you are rich enough.

Harp. How! I rich enough! Those that say so, Lye. Nothing can be falser; and those are Knaves that spread such Reports.

Eliz. Don't put your self in a Passion.

Harp. 'Tis strange that my own Children should betray me, and become my Enemies!

Clean. Is't the part of an Enemy to say you are rich?

Harp. Yes — Such talk, and your Extravagancies, will some time or other make me have my Throat cut, imagining I am lined with Gold.

Clean. What Extravagancies?

Harp. What? Is any think more scandalous, than the sumptuous Equipage you go with thro' the Town! Yesterday I was angry with your Sister; but this is ten Times worse. It cries out for Vengeance to Heaven; and if you were taken from Head to Foot there's enough to purchase an Estate. I have told you twenty Times, Son, that all your Ways displease me very much; you affect the Marquis, furiously; you must certainly rob me to go so fine.

Clean. How rob you?

Harp. How should I know? How else can you get wherewithal to maintain your self at this rate?

Clean.

Clean. I Game, and being very lucky, cloath my self out of what I win.

Harp. 'Tis very ill done of you — If you are lucky at Play you ought to improve it, and put out to honest Interest the Mony you win, that it may be your own another Day. I'd fain know, without mentioning any thing else, what need there is of all these Ribbons you are bedizon'd with from Head to Foot, and if half a dozen Points would not do as well to tie the Knees of your Breeches? What need is there for laying out Mony in Perrukes, when one may wear the Hair of one's own Growth which costs nothing? I'd lay a Wager that in Perrukes and Ribbons there's at least twelve Pound, and twelve Pound in a Year will produce fourteen Shillings and four Pence three Farthings, at but six *per Cent*.

Clean. You are in the right.

Harp. But Enough; let's talk of something else — I believe they make signs to one another to pick my Pocket. What do you mean by those Motions?

Eliz. My Brother and I are disputing who shall speak first, both of us have something to say to you.

Harp. And I have something to say to both of you.

Clean. 'Tis of Marriage, Father, we want to speak to you.

Harp. And 'tis of Marriage I want to speak to you.

Eliz. Ah! Father.

Harp. Why that Cry? Is that Word, Daughter, so terrible to you?

Clean. Marriage may be terrible to us both, as you design it perhaps; and we're afraid our Sentiments are not agreeable to your Choice.

Harp. Have a little Patience; don't alarm your selves. I know what's fit for both of you, nor shall either of you have cause to complain of any thing I intend to do. And to begin at the right end; have you seen a young Lady call'd *Mariana*, who lives not far from hence?

Clean. Yes, Father.

Harp. And have you, Daughter?

Eliz. I have heard speak of her.

Harp. Son, how do you like her?

Clean.

Clean. I think her a very charming Person.

Harp. Her Physiognomy?

Clean. Very ingenuous.

Harp. Her Air and Manner?

Clean. Admirable.

Harp. Do you not think such a one deserves to be beloved?

Clean. Yes, Father.

Harp. Would not she be a desirable Match?

Clean. Very desirable.

Harp. Has not she the Air of a good Housewife?

Clean. Yes.

Harp. Might not a Man be happy with her?

Clean. Certainly.

Harp. There's still one small Difficulty; I'm afraid she han't so great a Portion as might be wish'd for.

Clean. Ah! Father, no matter for that, when one's upon marrying a virtuous Person.

Harp. I beg your Pardon for that—— But this may be said for it, we must try to make up what's wanting in Portion with something else.

Clean. That's to be supposed.

Harp. I'm glad to see you agree in my Opinion; for her virtuous Carriage and Mildness have gained my Heart, and I'm resolved to marry her if she has any Portion.

Clean. Ah Heavens!

Harp. What now?

Clean. You are resolved, you say——

Harp. To marry *Mariana*.

Clean. Who, you, you?

Harp. Yes, I, I, I—— What can this mean?

Clean. A certain Dizziness has suddenly taken me, I must leave you.

Harp. 'Twill be soon over. Go quickly into the Kitchen and drink a Glass of fair Water.---- These are your weakly Sparks that have no more Vigor than a Chicken. This, Daughter, is my Resolution. As for your Brother I design him a certain Widow that I was spoken to about, this Morning; and as for you I'll give you to Signior *Anselmo*.

Harp.

Cle. Signior *Anselmo*!

Harp. Yes. A grave prudent, wife Man, not above fifty Year Old, and is said to be very rich.

Eliz. [*curtsying*] I won't Marry, Father, if you please.

Harp. [*curtsying again*] But, dear Daughter, you shall Marry if you please.

Eliz. I beg your Pardon, Father.

Harp. I beg yours, Daughter.

Eliz. I am Signior *Anselmo*'s very humble Servant; but with your leave won't Marry him.

Harp. I am your very humble Slave; but with your leave you shall Marry him, and to Night too.

Eliz. To Night!

Harp. Yes, To Night.

Eliz. It can't be, Father.

Harp. It shall be, Daughter.

Eliz. No.

Harp. Yes.

Eliz. No, I say.

Harp. Yes, I say.

Eliz. 'Tis a thing you shall never force me to.

Eliz. 'Tis a thing which I shall force you to:

Eliz. I'll sooner kill my self than Marry such a Man.

Harp. You shan't kill yourself, and yet you shall Marry him! Was a Child ever heard to talk thus to a Father before?

Eliz. Was a Father ever heard to propose such a Match to his Child?

Harp. 'Tis a Match that can have nothing said against it, and I'll lay a Wager that every body will approve my Choice.

Eliz. And I'll lay that no reasonable body can approve of it.

Harp. Here comes *Valerio*; will you let him be Judge between us?

Eliz. With all my Heart.

Harp. Will you stick to his Judgment?

Eliz. Yes. I'll stand by whatever he says.

Harp. 'Tis done.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Harpagon, Eliza, and Valerio.

Harp. Come hither, *Valerio*. We have chosen you to tell us which has Reason on their side, my Daughter or I?

Val. You, Sir, without contradiction.

Harp. Why? Do you know what we speak of?

Val. No; but you cannot be in the wrong; you are all Reason.

Harp. This very Night I mean to marry her to a Man who is as rich as he is wise, and the Slut tells me to my Face, that she won't have him—what do you say to it?

Val. What do I say to it?

Harp. Yes.

Val. Ha, ha.

Harp. What?

Val. I say, that in the main I am of your Opinion, and you can't but be in the right. But yet she mayn't be quite in the wrong, and—

Harp. Why, Signor *Anselmo* is a considerable Match; he's a Gentleman that's noble, mild, sedate, wise and very well to pass, and who has no Child left of his first Wife. Can she be better fitted?

Val. That's true; but yet she may tell you you're a little too hasty, and that you ought at least to give her time that may she suit her Inclinations with—

Harp. Such an Opportunity ought to be taken by the Forelock. I have an Advantage in this which I mayn't find elsewhere, for he offers to take her without a Portion.

Val. Without a Portion!

Harp. Yes.

Eal. I have done, then. This Reason, do you see, is so convincing, that you ought certainly to yield to'r.

Harp. I shall save considerably by it.

Val. Without doubt; it can never be contradicted. 'Tis true, your Daughter may represent to you, that

Mar-

Marriage is a thing of greater moment than some may think; that it makes People happy or unhappy all their Life-time, and that an Engagement which is to endure till Death, ought never to be made without great Precaution.

Harp. Without a Portion!

Val. That's true again. That decides all. Some indeed might tell you that on such Occasions the Inclination of a Child is a thing which ought to have some regard shewn it; and that such a great Inequality of Age, Humour and Sentiments, render a Match subject to very ill Accidents.

Harp. Without a Partion!

Val. Ah! that cannot be answer'd. What can weigh down that? Not but that there are a great many Fathers who had rather satisfy their Daughters Inclinations, than finger ever so much Money; who would not Sacrifice them to Interest, and would especially endeavour to procure that sweet Unity which continually keeps up Tranquility, Joy, and —

Harp. Without a Portion!

Val. 'Tis true. That cuts down all. WITHOUT A PORTION! How can any one resist so Powerful an Argument!

Harp. [*Looking towards the Garden*] What now? — I thought I heard a Dog bark. Is no body going to steal my Money? Don't stir; I'll be here immediately. [*Exit.*]

Eliz. Do you jest, *Valerio*, in speaking to him as you do?

Val. I do it that I mayn't enrage him, and in order to bring things about the better. To run counter to his Opinion would spoil all; there are some People that must be taken the round about way; some Tempers that hate all Resistance, who kick against Reason, and who must be turn'd gently to what you'd bring 'em to; pretend to consent to whatever they have a mind to, and you'll the better effect your Designs, and —

Eliz. But this Marriage, *Valerio*?

Val. Some way must be found out to break it off.

Eliz. But what way, if 'tis to be concluded to Night?

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Val.

Val. You must desire it may be defer'd, and pretend you're sick.

Eliz. But that Pretence will soon be discover'd, if the Physicians are call'd.

Val. You are deceiv'd. Do you think they know any thing of the Matter? No, no; you may pretend to be as ill as you will with them; they'll find out Reasons to tell you from whence it proceeds.

Har p. [*returning*] 'Tis Nothing, thank God.

Val. Our last Remedy must be Flight, and if your Love, fair *Eliza*, is capable of a firmness—*Seeing Harpagon*—A Daughter ought to obey her Father, and not look on the outside of a Husband. And when the prevailing Argument, WITHOUT A PORTION, is against her, she ought to be contented with him that's assign'd her.

Har. Good—That was very well said.

Val. Sir, I beg your Pardon, if I'm a little Angry with her, and take the Liberty to speak to her as I do.

Harp. Why I'm glad you do so, and will give you an absolute Power over her. You may run away if you please, Mistress. I give him the Authority which Heaven has given me over you, and intend you shall do whatever he commands you.

Val. After this, resist my Arguments if you dare. Sir, I'll follow her to continue the Lessons I give her.

Harp. You'll oblige me—Surely—

Val. 'Tis good to keep a high hand over her.

Harp. 'Tis true—For—

Val. Don't trouble yourself, I shall bring it about.

Harp. Do so. I'll go and take a little Walk in the City, and return presently.

Val. Yes. Money is more precious than any thing in the World; you ought to thank Heaven for the good Father it has given you. He knows what 'tis to live. When any one offers to take a Daughter without a Portion, there's no need of looking any further: That includes all Things, and WITHOUT A PORTION stands for Beauty, Youth, Birth, Honour, Wisdom and Equity.

Harp. Brave Boy! he talks like an Oracle. How happy am I in such a Servant!

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Cleanthes, Fleche.

Clean. Ha Roge, where have you been? Did I not—

Fleche. Yes, Sir, I came hither to wait for you; but your damn'd Father drove me out in spight of my Teeth, and I'd like to have been beaten into the Bargain.

Clean. Well, and how goes our Business on? Things press more than ever, and since I left you I have discover'd that my Father is my Rival.

Fleche. Your Father in Love!

Clean. Yes, and I had much ado to hide from him the Disturbance the News of it gave me.

Fleche. He pretend to be in Love! How the Devil came he to take that in's Head! Is he in jest or earnest! Was Love made for such as he!

Clean. 'Twas for my Sins that he was struck with this Passion.

Fleche. But why do you conceal your Love from him?

Clean. To give him the less Suspicion, and that I may have the better Opportunity to break off this Match. What Answer did you receive?

Fleche. Faith, Sir, those that go a borrowing go a sorrowing, as the saying is, and when any one like you is obliged to pass thro' the hands of a Miser, he must endure strange things.

Clean. Can't it be done then?

Fleche. I don't say that. Our Mr. *Simon*, the Broker, we were recommended to, a bustling Zealous Man, says that he left no Stone unturn'd to serve you; and assures me that your Physiognomy alone has gain'd his Heart.

Clean. I shall have the fifteen thousand Livres I desir'd then?

Fleche. Yes; but on some small Conditions, which you must accept of, if you have a Mind to have things done.

Clean. Did he bring you to him that was to lend the Money?

Fleche. No, no. Things must not be carry'd on so. He's more careful to conceal himself than you are; these are greater Myſteries than you imagine. His Name must not be discover'd, and he will confer with you to Day, not in his own House but some other, where you're to have an Interview with him, and give him an Account by your own Mouth of your Estate and Family; I don't doubt but the sole Name of your Father will satisfy all Scruples,

Clean. And especially my Mother being dead, whose Estate cannot be given away from me.

Fleche. Here are some Articles which he gave our Go-between, to shew 'em you before any thing is done.

" The Lender must be suppos'd to see all his Securities;
" the Borrower must be the Eldest Son, and of a Family
" whose Estate is solid, ample, secure, clear and free
" from all Incumbrances; a good and safe Bond must
" be given before a Notary, who must be the honestest
" Man that can be found, and who for that end must be
" chosen by the Lender, to whom 'tis of most importance
" that the Instrument be duly drawn up.

Clean. There's nothing to be said against this.

Fleche. " The Lender, not being willing to load his Conscience with the least Scruple, intends to take but eighteen *per Cent.* for his Money.

Cle. Eighteen *per Cent*! What an honest Man he is! Here's no cause of Complaint.

Fleche. 'Tis true;

" But as the said Lender has not the requisite Sum by him, and as to serve the Borrower he is obliged himself to borrow it of another at *five per Cent.* he will agree that the said first Borrower shall pay that Interest, besides the other; seeing he borrows it only to oblige him.

Clean. What Jew? what *Arabian* is this? Why 'tis above twenty *per Cent.*

Flec. 'Tis true, what I tell you. You had best think upon it.

Clean. What wou'd you have me think? I want Money, and must consent to every thing.

Fleche.

The MISER.

Fleche. So I told him.

Clean. Is there any thing else?

Fleche. Another little Article.

" Of the fifteen thousand Livres required, the Lender can lay down in Money but twelve thousand; and for the other thousand Crowns, the Borrower must take Goods, Cloaths, Jewels, and other things, of which an Inventory follows, and on which the said Lender has set the most moderate Prices he can afford them at.

Clean. What's the meaning of that?

Fleche. Hear the Inventory.

" *Imprimis*, a four-footed Bed, with Point of *Hungary*; very neatly stich'd on an Olive-colour'd Cloth, with six Chairs, and the Counterpain of the same; all well condition'd, and lined with a changeable Taffeta of a Red and Blue.

" *Item*, a Tent-Bed of a good dry Rose colour Serge, with Silken Fringes.

Clean. What would you have me do with this?

Fleche. Listen.

" *Item*, A great Table made of Wall-nut-Tree, with twelve Legs, drawing out at each end, with half a dozen Stools thereunto belonging.

Clean. What the Devil have I to do with——

Fleche. Have patience.

" *Item*. Three great Muskets adorn'd with Mother of Pearl, the three Rests being suitable to them.

" *Item*, a brick Furnace with two Retorts and three Recipients, very useful to those that love Distilling.

Clean. 'Sblood——

Fleche. Be calm.

Item, " A *Bolognian* Lute, with all its Strings, at least with very few wanting.

Item, " A Nine-hole Board, and a Draught Board, with a Box to play at the Goose, which Play was revived by the *Greeks*; all which things are very fit to pass away the time when one has nothing else to do.

Item, " An Allegator's Skin, of three Foot and an half, stuff'd with Straw, an agreeable Curiosity, to hang up to the Ceiling in a Room. All which things herein

" men-

" mention'd, which are very well worth more than four
 " thousand five hundred Livres, the said Lender, in mo-
 " deration, reckons but at a thousand Crowns.

Clean. Plague take him with his moderation for a Cut-throat Rascal. Was ever such Extortion heard of? Is he not content with the curf'd Interest he exacts, without obliging me to take instead of the three thousand Livres the old Lumber he has pick'd up? I shan't have two hundred Crowns of all this; and yet I must consent to it, for he can make me accept what he pleases; I lie at the Villain's Mercy.

Fleche. I see, Sir, under favour, you're in the high Road to Ruin, taking Mony at Interest, buying dear, selling cheap, and eating up your Estate before you have it.

Clean. What wou'd ye have me do in this Case? This is what young Men are reduced to thro' their Father's Avarice, no wonder they wish them dead.

Fleche. It must be confess'd yours wou'd inrage the most sedate Man in the World. Thank God, I have no very *Tyburnish* Inclinations; and among my Brother Skips, whom I see daily exercising the Nimbleness of their Hands, I know how to slip my Neck out of the Collar, and abstain from all manner of Galantries that smell of the Ladder; but to tell you the truth, this Man by his Proceedings gives me great Temptations to rob him, and I shou'd think it a meritorious Action.

Cle. Give me that Inventory, that I may read it over again.

SCENE II.

Mr. Simon, Harpagon, Cleanthes, Fleche.

Mr. Sim. Yes, Sir, 'tis a young Man that wants Mony. Affairs press him for it, and he'll consent to whatever you demand.

Harp. But do you think, *Mr. Simon*, I shall run no risk? Do you know the Name, the Estate and Family of the Party?

Mr. Sim. No, I can't give you a clear Insight into that; 'tis only by chance I was recommended to him; but he
 himself

himself will satisfy you in every thing; and his Man assures me you'll be contented when you are acquainted with him. All I know is, that his Family is very rich, that his Mother is already dead, and that if you have a mind to't, he'll engage that his Father will dye in less than eight Months.

Harp. There's something in that—Charity, *Mr. Simon*, obliges us to do good to those we are able.

Mr. Sim. It does so.

Fleche. What's the meaning of this? Our *Mr. Simon* talking to your Father?

Clean. Have you told him who I am? Are you the first that betrays me?

Mr. Sim. (*Seeing Cleanthes.*) You're very hasty! Who told you 'twas here? 'Twas not I, Sir, however, that discover'd your Name, and where you lived, to them: But, in my Opinion, there's no great harm in't. They are discreet People, and you may talk together your selves now.

Harp. How!

Mr. Sim. This Gentleman's he that's to borrow the fifteen thousand Livres.

Harp. What, Sirrah, is't you that abandon your self to these Extremities?

Clean. How! Father, is't you that commit these shameful Actions? [*Simon runs away.*]

Harp. Is't you that wou'd ruin your self by such Borrowing?

Clean. Is't you that try to enrich your self by such exorbitant Usury?

Harp. Dare you after this look me in the Face?

Clean. Dare you after this shew your Head in the World?

Harp. Tell me, are you not ashamed to be thus debauch'd? To lash out into such Expences? And to dissipate in this manner what your Ancestors have heap'd up by the sweat of their Brows?

Clean. Do you not blush to dishonour your Condition by these doings? To Sacrifice Glory and Reputation to the insatiable Desire of heaping Crown upon Crown? And in point

point of Interest to refine upon the most infamous Tricks that the most notorious Usurer ever invented?

Harp. Out of my sight. Knave; out of my sight.

Clean. Pray who is most faulty, he that borrows Money thro' Need, or he that extorts Money he has no Title to?

Harp. Be gone, I say, and don't provoke me. I am not at all sorry for this Accident; 'twill make me have a stricter Eye than ever upon all his Actions.

SCENE III.

Frosina, Harpagon.

Fros. Sir —

Harp. Stay but a Moment, and I'll come and speak to you — I must go make a small Visit to my Money.

[*Aside.*]

SCENE IV.

Fleche, Frosina.

Fleche. This is a comical Accident. He must needs have a Magazine of Goods some-where or other; for we knew nothing before of this Inventory.

Fros. What, is it you honest *Fleche*! How come we to meet thus?

Fleche. What do you do here, *Frosina*?

Fros. What I do every where else; I come to get Business, be Serviceable, and improve what few Talents I am Mistress of. You know that in these times we must live by Cunning, and that to such as I, Heaven has given no other Estate than Intrigue and Industry.

Fleche. Have you any business with the Master of the House?

Fros. Yes; I manage a small Matter for him, which I hope to be Rewarded for.

Fleche. By him? Faith you'll be cunning indeed, if you get any thing from him; I give you notice, the Money in this House is very precious.

Fros. Some sort of Services touch wonderfully.

Fleche.

Fleche. I must beg your Pardon; I find you don't thoroughly know Signor *Harpagon*. Signor *Harpagon* is of all Humanes the Humane that's least Humane; the Mortal of all Mortals, the most hard and close-fisted. No Service can induce him to open his Purse. As much Praise, Esteem, Good-will in Words, and Friendship as you please, but if you come to Money, there he'll drop you. Nothing can be more dry than his Favour and Caresses, and he has so much Aversion for the Word, *Give*, that he never says *I give*, but *I lend you a good-Morrow*.

Fros. Oh, never fear; I know how to milk Men. I have the Art of touching their weak side, of tickling their Hearts, and finding out the Places in which they are most sensible.

Fleche. Fiddlestick---I defy you to mollify him we are speaking of on the Money side. He's a *Turk* upon that Point, and can never be converted; he'd continue obstinate even tho' you were to rack him. In short, he loves Money more than Reputation, Honour and Virtue, and the sight of a Dun gives him Convulsions. Taking Money from him, is wounding him in his most mortal Place, piercing his Heart, tearing out his Entrails; and if---but here he comes; I'll be gone.

SCENE V.

Harpagon, Frosina.

Harp. All's as it should be --- Well, how is't, *Frosina*?

Fros. How well you look! and how wholesome is your Countenance!

Harp. What, mine?

Fros. I never saw you look so fresh and jolly?

Harp. Indeed!

Fros. You never in your Life were so young as you are now, there are some Men of five and twenty that are older than You.

Harp. Yet *Frosina*, I am full three-score.

Fros. What's three-score? Is that such a Matter!

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You're

You're in the Flower of your Age, and just coming in to the pleasantest Part of your Life.

Harp. I am so; but yet I think if I were twenty Years younger, 'twou'd be no great harm.

Frof. You have no need on't; you're of a Dough that will last a hundred Years.

Harp. Do you think so?

Frof. Yes indeed do I. You have all the Marks on't--- Stay a little --- Oh what a sign of long Life there is between your Eyes!

Harp. Do you understand these Things?

Frof. Yes--- Shew me your Hand--- Bless me! What a Line of Life is here!

Harp. How!

Frof. Don't you see how far this Line goes?

Harp. Well; and what does that signify?

Frof. I said, a hundred Years; but you'll exceed six-score.

Harp. Is't possible?

Frof. You'll live so long, I tell you, that you must be knock'd on the head at last; and you'll bury your Children, and your Children's Children.

Harp. So much the better--- But how goes our Business on?

Frof. Is that a Question? Do I undertake any thing but what I effect? I have a Wonderful Talent in bringing things about, Matches especially. There's no body but what in a little time I can bring together, and if I had a Mind to't, I believe I could marry the great Turk with the Republick of Venice---But there's no such difficulty in this Pusiness. Being acquainted with the Party, I discoursed with them concerning you, and told the Mother the Design you had about *Mariana*, having seen her pass thro' the Street, and taking the Air at the Window.

Harp. What Answer did she make to you?

Frof. She receiv'd the Proposal with Joy; and when I told her that you'd fain have her Daughter be present at Night at your Daughter's Contract of Marriage, she presently consented to it, and will entrust me with her.

Harp.

Harp. 'Tis because I'm to give a Supper to Signor *Am-
selmo*, *Frosina*, and shou'd be glad to have Her at it.

Fros. You are in the right. In the Afternoon she'll come and pay a Visit to your Daughter, from whence she means to go and take a Turn in the Fair, and afterwards come to Supper.

Harp. Well, I'll lend 'em my Coach, and they shall go together.

Fros. That's what she wanted.

Harp. But, *Frosina*, have you talk'd to the Mother about what Portion she's able to give her Daughter? Have you told her she must contribute a little, and give as much as she can, upon such an Occasion? For no body will marry a Wife without some Portion.

Fros. Why she'll bring you six hundred a Year?

Harp. Six hundred a Year!

Fros. Yes. First she was nursed and educated very sparingly. She's used to live upon Salad, Milk, Cheese and Apples, and consequently she won't want a full Table, nor nice Jelly-broths, nor peel'd Barley, nor any of the Niceties that another Wife must have; and this is not so inconsiderable, but that 'twill amount every Year to at least two hundred Pounds. Besides this, tho' she loves to go neat, yet she is not fond of fine Cloaths, nor rich Jewels, nor sumptuous Furniture, which such as she commonly are mighty desirous of, and this Article is at least a hundred and fifty. Besides, she has a great Aversion to Gaming, and that Women seldom have now-a-Days. I know one of our Neighbours who has lost a thousand a Year by such doings, but I'll take but a Quarter of it. Two hundred and fifty Pound a Year in Gaming, one hundred and fifty in Pride, that makes four hundred: and two hundred in Niceties in Eating; is not it just six hundred?

Harp. I like all this; but where's the Substance of it?

Fros. Where! Is there no Substance in a great Sobriety, a Love for Simplicity in Cloaths, and a Hatred for Play?

Harp. 'Tis a Jest to make up her Portion of what she don't

don't lay out. I'd never give an Acquittance for what I do not receive; I must touch something.

Frof. You shall touch enough; I have heard them talk of a certain Country where they have an Estate, which you shall have.

Harp. I must see that. But, *Frosina*, there's another thing that disturbs me. The Girl is young, you know, and young People seldom love any but their Equals in Age, and are fond of their Company only. I'm afraid she won't like a Man of my Years, and it may cause some small Disorders that may make me uneasy.

Frof. How little you know her Humour. I wanted to acquaint you with this Particular. She has a great Aversion to all young People, and loves none but what are old.

Harp. Indeed!

Frof. Indeed. I wish you had but heard her talk about it. She cannot bear the Sight of a young Man; but I'm never more pleas'd, say's she, than when I see a fine old Gentleman with a Majestic Beard. She thinks that the older People are, the more charming, therefore I'd advise you never to go to make your self look younger than you are. She'd have a Man of sixty at least; and 'tis not four Months ago since, being upon the brink of Matrimony, she quite broke off the Match, because the Lover discover'd that he was but fifty six, and because he Sign'd the Contract without Spectacles.

Harp. For that only?

Frof. Yes. She say's fifty six Years won't satisfy her; and she's particularly for one that wears Spectacles.

Harp. Why, this is a very extraordinary Thing!

Frof. It goes further than I can describe to you. In her Chamber she has some Pictures and Curs; but what do you think they are of? Of *Adonis*? *Cephalus*? *Paris*? *Apollo*? No, no, no such Matter; They are fine Pictures of *Saturn*, King *Priam*, old *Nestor*, and good Father *Anchises* upon his Son's Shoulders.

Harp. This is admirable! I never knew of this before, and am very glad to hear that she's of such a humour,

mour. If I had been a Woman, I shou'd never have loved young Men.

Fros. I believe you wou'd not. They're fine Stuff indeed to be beloved! Snotty-nosed Boys, Fops, to be beloved for their Complexion, I'd fain know what they're good for.

Harp. For my part I can't imagine; I wonder why Women are so fond of them.

Fros. They must be mad sure. How can they think Youth amiable! Have they common Sense? Are those young Fops, Men? Can such Animals charm?

Harp. 'Tis what I say every Day; with their effeminate Voices, their three little bits of a Beard turn'd up like a Cat's Whiskers, their Goats-hair Perrukes, their Breeches as if they were falling off, and their Breasts open.

Fros. They're fine things to such a one as You! You look like a Man. There's something charming; so ought Men to be form'd and dress'd to smite the Ladies.

Harp. You think me handsome, do you?

Fros. Do I? You are ravishing, and your Picture ought really to be drawn. Pray turn a little—No body can look better. Let me see you walk. There's a well-shaped Body, free and easy as it ought to be, and shews no Indispositions.

Harp. I have no great ones, thank God—Only my Ptyfic takes me now and then.

Fros. That's nothing. Your Ptyfic is not at all unbecoming; you cough with a Grace.

Harp. Has *Mariana* seen me yet? Has not she observed me as I pass'd by?

Fros. No. But we talk'd of you. I described your Person to her, and did not fail to cry up your Merit, and the Advantage 'twould be to her to have such a Husband.

Harp. You did well; I'm obliged to you for it—

Fros. (In a grave tone) Sir, I've a small Request to make to you. I have a Law-suit which I'm in danger of losing for want of a little Mony, and 'tis in your Power with ease to gain me my Suit, if you had any Kindness for me.

(Resumes her gay Air) You can't imagine the Pleasure she'll take

take in seeing you. Ah! how you'll please her! and how your Ruff will work upon her. But particularly she'll be charm'd with your Breeches, ty'd up with Points. You'll make her run mad for you.

Harp. You ravish me.

Fros. (*Resumes her grave tone*) Indeed Sir this Suit is of very great Consequence to me. I am ruin'd if I'm cast, and a small Assistance wou'd settle me in my Affairs. (*Resumes her gay Air*) I wish you had seen the Joy she shew'd when I spoke to her of you.

Harp. You give me a great deal of Pleasure, *Frosina*, and I confess I'm obliged to you.

Fros. (*Resumes her grave tone*) I beg Sir you'd grant me the small Request I make to you. 'Twou'd set me up again, and I shou'd be eternally obliged to you for it.

Harp. Farewell; I must go and finish my Dispatches.

Fros. I'll assure you Sir, you can never assist me in a better time than now.

Harp. I'll order my Coach to be ready to carry you to the Fair.

Fros. I shou'd not importune you if I wasn't forc'd to't by Necessity.

Harp. And I'll take care to have Supper ready betimes that you may not be sick.

Fros. Don't refuse me the Favour I solicit for. You can't think, Sir, the—

Harp. I must go; I'm call'd. Farewell till by and by.

[*Exit.*]

Fros. The Devil take you for a Miserly Dog. The Hunks was deaf to all I said; but I must not quit the business however; and on t'other side, let what will come, I'm sure of a good Reward.

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Harpagon, Cleanthes, Eliza, Valerio, Claudia,
James, William and Robin.

Harp. Come hither all of you, receive my Orders, and then every one go about their Business. Come hither *Claudia*; First for you. (*She has a Broom in her Hand*) Right, your Arms are in your Hand. To you I commit the Care of cleaning every Thing; but pray take care you don't rub the things too hard for fear of wearing them out. Besides this, to you I give the Government of the Bottles, and if any be broke or missing, you must expect to have it deducted out of your Wages.

Jam. A politic Punishment.

Harp. Go. (*Exit Claudia*) You *Will* and *Robin*, take care to rince the Glasses, and serve the Drink; but only when the Guests are thirsty, and not like some impertinent Foot-boys who provoke People, and make 'em drink when they think nothing of the Matter. Let 'em call for it more than once, and pray remember always to mix it with a good deal of Water.

Jam. Yes, for neat Wine gets into the Head.

Will. Must we leave our Posts, Sir?

Harp. Yes when the Guests come, and take care you don't spoil your Liveries.

Rob. You know, Sir, that one of the fore Lappets of my Doublet has a great Spot of Lamp-Oyl upon it.

Will. And, Sir, my Breeches have a great hole behind, and you may see my — with reverence be it spoken.

Harp. Silence — Turn that side towards the Wall, and never let any body see your Back. (*Harpagon puts his Hat before his Doublet, to shew Will how to hide the Spot.*) And do You always hold your Hat thus when you serve Drink. As for you Daughter, you must have an Eye upon what's taken away, and take care that nothing's wasted. This business agrees with your Sex. But in the mean time you must be ready to give my Mistress, who designs to

pay you a Visit, a handsome Reception, and go with her to the Fair — Do you hear what I say?

Eliz. Yes, Father.

Harp. And you, Mr. Beau, whom I'm so good as to pardon for your last fine Action, pray don't use her ill.

Clean. Why, shou'd I, Father, use her ill?

Harp. I know the manner of Children when their Father marries again, and what a Look they are used to give their Mother-in-Law. But if you'd have me forget your last Prank, pray entertain her with a good Countenance, and give her the best Reception you are able.

Clean. To tell you the truth, Father, I can't promise you that I shall be very glad to have her for a Mother in law, I should tell you a Lye, if I said so; but as to giving her a good Reception, I promise to obey you punctually.

Harp. See you do.

Clean. You shall have no Cause of Complaint.

Harp. You do well. *Valerio* help me in this business— So, ho, Mr. *James*, come hither, I kept you 'till the last.

Jam. Is it your Coachman or Cook you'd speak to? For I am both.

Harp. To both.

Jam. But which first?

Harp. To the Cook.

Jam. Stay a little then.

[*Pulls off his Coachman's Cloak, and then is in a Cook's dress.*

Harp. What Ceremony is this?

Jam. Now you may speak.

Harp. I'm engaged, Mr. *James*, to give a Supper to Night.

Jam. Bless me! Is't possible?

Harp. What! will you give us good Cheer?

Jam. Ay, if you give me Money enough.

Harp. What the Devil, always Money! one wou'd think you cou'd say nothing but Money, Money, Money. Every body has that word in their Mouth; Money: Always Money.

Val. I never heard a more impertinent Answer. Where's the wonder of giving good Cheer when a Man has Money enough.

enough. 'Tis the easiest thing in the World; and every Fool might do as much; but if you'd do like an artful Man, you'd make good Cheer with little Mony.

Jam. Good Cheer with little Mony?

Val. Yes.

Jam. Faith, Mr. Steward, you'd oblige me if you'd let me into that Secret, and take my place of Cook; since you pretend to be the *Dominus Faciolum*.

Harp. Hold your Tongue. What must we have?

Jam. There's Mr. Steward will give you good Cheer for a little Mony.

Harp. Why don't you answer me?

Jam. How many are there of you?

Harp. Eight or ten; but imagine but eight. For when there's enough for eight 'twill serve ten.

Val. Certainly.

Jam. Well then, there must be four large Dishes of Soup, and five Dishes besides; a Bisque Patridge with green Cabbage, Wild Ducks, Fricassee of Chickens, Pigeon Pye, Veal Sweetbread, White Pudding, Morillos —

Harp. What the deuce; here's enough to treat the whole Town.

Jam. Roast Turkey, three Pheasants, three fat Geese, half a dozen Rabbits, two dozen of Quails, three dozen of Ortolans —

Harp. (*Putting his Hand to his Mouth.*) Ah, Traytor, you'll eat up all I have.

Jam. Entremets —

Harp. Again?

Val. Have you a mind to burst every body? Has my Master invited Guests to kill them with eating? Go and read the Rules for Health and ask the Physicians if any thing's more prejudicial to Man, than excess in eating.

Harp. Very true.

Val. Know, Mr. *James*, you and your Fellows, that a Table too full of Victuals is a Cut-throat; that the best way of shewing one self the Friend of those we invite, is by our Frugality in what we give them to eat; for according

cording to one of the Ancients, *You must eat to live, and not live to eat.*

Harp. What a fine Sentence that is! Let me embrace you for it. 'Tis the finest Saying I ever heard in my Life. *You must live to eat, and not eat to li* — No, 'tis not so. How is it?

Val. *You must eat to live, and not live to eat.*

Harp. Ay, do you hear? — Who was the great Man that said that?

Val. I don't remember his Name at present.

Harp. Write me down those words. I'll have 'em writ in Letters of Gold over my Hall Chimney.

Val. I won't fail to do it. Let me alone for your Supper. I'll order every thing as it ought to be.

Harp. Do so.

Fam. So much the better, I shall have the less trouble with it.

Harp. Let it be something that is very filling to the Stomach, some good fat Ragoo, with a Pye in a Pot well set off with Chestnuts.

Val. Let me alone.

Harp. Mr. *James*, you must clean my Coach.

Fam. Stay a little; this belongs to the Coachman. (*Put on his Cloak.*) Now what do you say?

Harp. You must clean my Coach, and get my Horses ready to go to the Fair.

Fam. Your Horses, Sir? They're in no very good case for Travelling: I won't say they're in the Litter, the poor Beasts have none, therefore 'twou'd be a very improper Expression: But you make them keep such austere Fasts, that they are now no more than Phantomes; perfect Shadows of Horses.

Harp. Why they're mighty sick, and yet they do nothing.

Fam. And because they do nothing, Sir, must they eat nothing? The poor Animals had better work much and eat much. It touches me to the Heart to see them grow lean thus; for, in short, I've as great a Tenderness for my Horses, as I have for my self; I every Day spare it
out

out of my own Belly for them; and those that have no Pity for their Neighbour ought to be hang'd.

Harp. 'Twill be no such great Labour for them to go but to the Fair.

Jam. No, Sir, I ha'n't the Heart to drive 'em, and can't answer it to my self to lash 'em in the case they are now in. How wou'd you have 'em drag a Coach, when they can hardly drag themselves?

Val. Sir, I'll get the Labourer that lives hard by to drive them; besides, we shall have need of him to dress the Supper.

Jam. With all my Heart; I'd rather have 'em die under the Hands of another than under mine.

Val. Mr. *James* acts like a wise Man.

Jam. Mr. Steward acts like a busie body.

Harp. Silence.

Jam. Sir, I can't endure Flatterers; I see that he's one, and that his perpetual Comptrolling the Bread, Wine, Wood, Salt, and Candles, is only to claw you and make his Court to you — I can't bear this, and am every Day grieved at the Character I hear of you; for in spite of my Teeth I have a sort of a Tenderness for you, and, next my Horses, you are most in my Favour.

Harp. Wou'd you be so kind as to tell me, Mr. *James*, what's said of me?

Jam. Yes, Sir, if I thought 'twou'd not make you angry.

Harp. No, not at all.

Jam. I beg your Pardon, Sir; I know 'twou'd put you into a Passion.

Harp. Not at all; on the contrary 'twou'd please me, and I shou'd be very glad to hear how I'm spoken of.

Jam. Sir, since you will have it so, I must tell you freely that you're the common Laughing-stock; that we have every Day Taunts flung at us because of you; and that People are never better pleased, than when they are mocking you, and telling Tales of your avaricious Tricks. One says, that you get particular Almanacks printed, wherein you double the Ember-weeks and Vigils, that you may save by 'em by making your Family

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Fast.

Fast. Another, that you always quarrel with your Footmen when you're to give 'em a New-years Gift, or at their going away, that you may have a Reason for paying them nothing. Another says, that once you went to Law with one of your Neighbour's Cats, for eating part of a Giggot of Mutton you had set by. One Man says, that one Night you were caught stealing away your own Horses Provender; and that your Coachman, who was before me, gave you in the dark I don't know how many Lashes, which you would never mention. In short, we can go no where but we're sure to hear you pay'd off. You are the Jest of every body, and you are never spoken of but with the honourable Surnames of Miser, Hunks, Villain and Usurer.

Harp. (*Beating him.*) You are a Fool, a Blockhead, a Knave, and an impudent Rascal.

Fam. Did not I guess as much! You would not believe me; I told you the Truth would make you angry.

Harp. Learn to bridle your Tongue another time.

SCENE II.

Mr. James, Valerio.

Val. As far as I see, *Mr. James*, you don't get much by your Frankness.

Fam. 'Zblood, *Mr. Intermedler*, 'tis none of your business. Laugh when you your self are beaten, but pray don't laugh when I am.

Val. Good *Mr. James* don't be angry.

Fam. He's tame. I'll pretend to be valiant, and if he's fool enough to believe me, bastinado him a little---Do you know, *Mr. Sneerer*, that I'm not merrily dispos'd; and that if you provoke me, I'll make you laugh on the wrong side o' your Mouth.

Val. Good now be quiet.

[*James in threatening drives Valerio about the Stage.*]

Fam. What if I ha'n't a mind to't?

Val. Pray now.

Fam. You're an impertinent Fellow.

Val.

Val. Why, Mr. *James*!

Jam. Ay, ay, Mr. *James* won't do, Mr. Knave. If I take a Stick, I shall make you remember to meddle in other Peoples concerns.

Val. How! a Stick? [*Val. drives him back again.*]

Jam. No, no, I did not say so.

Val. Do you know, Mr. Knave, I am one that will thresh you?

Jam. I don't at all doubt it.

Val. That, in short, you're the Devil of a Cook?

Jam. I know it.

Val. And that you don't yet know me?

Jam. Well, I beg your Pardon.

Val. Do you say you'll baste me?

Jam. I only said it in jest.

Val. I don't love such jesting. (*Beats him.*) Know that you're but an ill Jester.

Jam. Pox take Sincerity, 'tis an ill Trade; henceforth I renounce It and Truth. As for my Master I forgive him, he has some right to beat me; but as for this Steward, I'll be revenged on him if I can.

SCENE III.

James, *Frosina*, and *Mariana*.

Fros. Is your Master at home, Mr. *James*?

Jam. Yes, to my Cost I know it.

Fros. Pray tell him that we are here.

SCENE IV.

Frosina, *Mariana*.

Mar. What a strange condition I am in, *Frosina*! and how I dread this Meeting!

Fros. And pray what's your uneasiness?

Mar. Do you ask that? Do you not consider the Alarms of a Person just ready to behold the Punishment she's to be tyed to.

Fros. I see *Harpagon* is not the Punishment you'd willingly embrace; I know the young Gentleman you spoke to me of, is still in your Thoughts.

Mar.

Mar. Yes, 'tis a thing *Frosina*, that I won't try to dissemble, and the respectful Visits he paid us, have, I confess, work'd some effect upon me.

Frof. But do you know who he is?

Mar. No, but I know he's an agreeable Man; that if I was left to my Choice I shou'd take him sooner than any body; and that he contributes not a little to make me dread the Husband I'm to have.

Frof. Lord, all these young Fops are agreeable, and make the best of their Shapes, but they're most of them as poor as Church Mice; and 'twou'd be better for you to take a good wealthy old Man. I confess the Senses mayn't be so well gratify'd by it, and you must endure some Uneasiness with such a Husband; but that is not lasting, and his Death will soon set you at Liberty to take one that is more amiable, who'll make it up.

Mar. 'Tis an odd Life, *Frosina*, that to be happy one must wish for or expect another's Decease, and Death don't always answer our Projects neither.

Frof. You are deceived. You shan't marry him but on Condition he'll soon leave you a Widow, which is to be one of the Articles of the Contract. He'll be very impatient if he don't die in three Months. Here he comes.

Mar. Ah *Frosina* what a Figure he is!

SCENE V.

Frosina, Mariana and Harpagon.

Harp. [With Spectacles on] Be not offended, fair One, if I come to you with my Spectacles on. I know that your Charms are visible enough of themselves, and that there's no need of Spectacles to perceive them; but yet 'tis with Spectacles that they observe the Stars, and I'll maintain that you are a Star; but a Star, that's the fairest Star that is in the whole Country of Stars — *Frosina.* she don't answer a Word, nor as I think shew the least Joy at the sight of me.

Frof. 'Tis because she's surpriz'd; besides Maidens are always asham'd at first to testify their Thoughts.

Harp.

Harp. You say true. Here comes my Daughter, fair Creature, to visit you.

SCENE VI.

Eliza, and the rest.

Mar. Madam, I have very long deferr'd paying you a Visit.

Eliz. You have done what I ought to have done, Madam; 'twas my Duty to have prevented you.

Harp. She's a great Girl you see; but ill Weeds grow apace.

Mar. [*Aside to Fros.*] What a disagreeable Man 'tis!

Harp. What says the fair One?

Fros. That she thinks you admirable.

Harp. You do me too much Honour, adorable Lady.

Mar. What an Animal 'tis!

[*aside.*]

Harp. I'm too much oblig'd to you for these Sentiments.

Mar. [*aside*] I can hold no longer.

Harp. Here comes my Son too, to pay you his Respects.

Mar. [*aside to Fros.*] Ah *Frosina*, this is he I mention'd you.

Fros. [*aside to Mar.*] The Accident is wonderful.

Harp. I see you're amaz'd that I shou'd have such strapping Children, but I shall soon be rid of both of them.

SCENE VIII.

Cleanthes, and the rest.

Clean. Madam, this indeed is an Accident I did not expect; and my Father did not a little Surprize me, when he just now told me his Design.

Mar. I may say the same. 'Tis a thing that has surpriz'd me as much as you; nor was I prepar'd for such an Adventure.

Clean. 'Tis true, Madam, my Father cou'd not have made a more beautiful Choice, and the Honour of seeing you is a sensible Pleasure to me; but yet I can't say that

I'm

I'm pleas'd with his Design of making you my Mother-in-Law. That Compliment, I must confess, is too difficult to be digested; and 'tis a Title I don't at all wish you. What I'm going to say may appear brutish to some, but I'm assur'd you are one that will take it right. 'Tis a Match, Madam, which you may well imagine is not very pleasing to me; you are not ignorant, knowing who I am, how much 'tis against my Interest; and permit to tell you, with my Father's leave, that if things depended on me it shou'd be broke off.

Harp. This is a very impertinent Compliment. A very fine Confession to make to her truly.

Mar. And in Answer, I must tell you that things are very equal; and that if you're unwilling to have me for a Mother-in-Law, I am no less so, to have you for a Son-in-Law. Pray don't think that 'tis my Fault you are made thus uneasy. I shou'd be sorry to displease you, and if I'm not forced to it by an absolute Power; I give you my Word I shall never consent to a Marriage that may give you the least disturbance.

Harp. Well said. To an extravagant Compliment ought to be return'd an extravagant Answer, I hope you'll Pardon my Son's Impertinence. 'Tis a young Fool that as yet don't know the Consequence of what he says.

Mar. What he said has not at all offended me; on the contrary, he has pleas'd me by thus declaring his true Opinion. I love such a Confession; and if he had spoken otherwise, I shou'd have had much less Esteem for him.

Harp. It shews a great deal of Goodness in you to excuse his Faults. In time he'll be wiser, and you shall see he'll change his Mind,

Clean. No, no, Father I am not capable of changing; I beg the Lady to think so.

Harp. Do you see his Extravagance! He goes on the more.

Clean. Wou'd you have me bely my Heart?

Harp. Again! Will you not change the Discourse?

Clean. Well then, since you'll have me speak otherwise; suffer me, Madam, to stand in my Father's place, and confess

less to you, that I never saw any thing in the World so charming; that I think nothing equal to the Happiness of pleasing you; and that — the Title of your Husband is a Glory I'd prefer to the Condition of the greatest Princes. Yes, Madam, the Happiness of possessing you is in my Opinion the greatest Good Fortune, and is the highest of my Ambition. There's nothing but what I'd do for so precious a Conquest; and the most powerful Obstacles —

Harp. Soft, Son, if you please.

Clean. I speak to the Lady for you.

Harp. Oh, I've a Tongue to speak for my self, and have no need of such an Interpreter as you — Come, bring Chairs here.

Frof. No, we had better go to the Fair, that we may be the sooner back, and have the more time for Discourse afterwards.

Harp. Put the Horses into the Coach then. Pray excuse me, fair one, for not giving you any Collation before you go.

Clean. I have provided that, Father, and have sent for some Basins of China-Oranges, Cittern and Sweetmeats, as from you.

Harp (*Aside to Val*) *Valerio!*

Val. (*To Harp.*) He's mad sure.

Clean. Don't you think that enough, Father? The Lady will have the Goodness to excuse it.

Mar. There's no need of it.

Clean. Madam, did you ever see a more lively Diamond than that which is on my Father's Finger?

Mar. 'Tis indeed very sparkling.

Clean. (*Takes it from off his Father's Finger and gives it Mariana.*) Look upon it nearer.

Mar. 'Tis certainly very fine, and casts a great Lustre.

Clean. (*Putting himself before Mariana who would return it.*) No, Madam, 'tis in too good Hands already. 'Tis a Present my Father makes you.

Harp. I!

Clean. Is not it true, Father, that you'd have the Lady keep it for your sake?

Harp. How? (*Aside to his Son.*)

Clean. Nay, 'tis true, 'twas a silly Question——He bids me make you accept of it.

Mar. I won't ——

Clean. He won't take it again.

Harp. (*Aside.*) I can't bear it!

Mar. 'Twill be ——

Clean. (*Still hind'ring her from returning the Ring.*) You'll make him angry.

Mar. Pray ——

Clean. Not at all.

Harp. (*Aside.*) Plague----

Clean. Do you see, he's offended at your Refusal.

Harp. (*Aside to his Son.*) Ah Traitor?

Clean. Do you see, he's angry.

Harp. (*Aside, threatening his Son.*) Knave!

Clean. Father, 'tis not my Fault, I do what I can to oblige her to keep it, but she's obstinate.

Harp. Rascal!

(*Aside.*)

Clean. You make my Father angry with me, Madam.

Harp. Hangdog!

Clean. You'll make him fall into Fits, pray, Madam, refuse it no longer.

Frof. How scrupulous you are! Keep the Ring, since the Gentleman will have it so.

Mar. I'll keep it then at present that I mayn't disoblige you; and shall take another Opportunity to restore it.

SCENE VII.

William, and the rest.

Will. Sir, here's a Man wants to speak with you.

Harp. Tell him I'm busy, and bid him come another time.

Will. He says he brings you Mony.

Harp. I beg your Pardon; I'll be here again in a Moment.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Robin *hastily runs against Harpagon, and throws him down.*

Rob. Sir—

Harp. Ah! I'm dead.

Clean. What's the matter, Father? Are you ill?

Harp. The Rogue is certainly bribed by my Debtors to break my Neck.

Val. There's nothing in it---

Rob. Sir, I beg your Pardon, I thought I did well to make haste.

Harp. What do you want, Rascal?

Rob. I come to tell you that your Horses are unshod.

Harp. Let 'em be carry'd quickly then to the Farrier's.

Clean. While that's doing, I'll perform the Honours of the House in your stead, to the Lady, and Conduct her into the Garden whither I'll send the Collation.

Harp. *Valerio* have an Eye to all this; and pray take care to save me as much as you can, that I may send it back to the Shops.

Val. It shall be done.

Harp. O Rogue of a Son! Have you a mind to ruin me!

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cleanthes, Mariana, Eliza, Frosina.

Clean. **H**ERE we shall be much safer. There's no suspicious Body about us now, and we may speak freely.

Eliz. Yes, Madam, my Brother has entrusted me with the Passion he has for you. I know the Grief which such Accidents are capable of causing; and I'll assure you, I interest my self in your Adventure with an extreme Tenderness—

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Mar. 'Tis a Comfort to me to see in my Interest such a Person as you; and I conjure you, Madam, still to preserve to me that generous Friendship which is so capable of sweetening the Cruelties of Fortune.

Fros. You're both Unfortunate People in not having acquainted me with all this before. I should certainly have prevented this Uneasiness, and not let things have come to this Pass.

Clean. 'Tis the Will of my Evil Destiny to have it so. But, fair *Mariana*, what are your Resolutions?

Mar. Am I capable of making Resolutions! Can I form any thing but Wishes in the Dependance I am in?

Clean. Is there no other Support for me in your Heart but bare Wishes? no officious Pity? no relieving Goodness? no active Affection?

Mar. What can I say to you? Imagine your self in my Place, and see what you could do. Advise, order things your self; I refer it to you; and believe you too reasonable to exact from me any thing, but what the Rules of Honour and Decency will permit.

Clean. Alas! how closely you confine me, when you refer me to the Rules of a rigorous Honour and scrupulous Decency?

Mar. But what would you have me do? Even though I could resolve to trample upon several Ceremonies our Sex is obliged to, yet must I consider my Mother. She always bred me up with an extreme Tendernefs, and I can't resolve to displease her. But use your Interest with her; try to gain her over; I give you leave to say, and do all you please; and if it depends upon my declaring in your Favour, I'll consent to make a Confession to her my self, of the Opinion I have of you.

Clean. *Frosina*, are you willing to serve-us?

Fros. Is that a Question? I am heartily willing. You know that I am of a very gentle Disposition. Heaven has not made me stony-hearted; and I am but too ready to serve those whom I perceive love each other honourably. What's to be done in this Case?

Clean. Consider.

Mar. Think of something.

Eliz.

Eliz. Find out some Invention to unravel what you have done.

Fros. This is a difficult Point. As for your Mother she is not unreasonable, and may be gained to give to the Son what she promised to the Father. But the deuce on't is, your Father is your Father.

Clean. That we know.

Fros. But I mean he'll be vexed if he's openly refused; and will not afterwards be in a humour to consent to your Marriage. We must try to get him to be off first; and give him a disgust to your Person.

Clean. You're in the right.

Fros. Yes, I know I'm in the right. This is what we must do; but the difficulty lies in doing it — stay — Suppose we had some Woman, a little superannuated, of much such a Talent as my self, that might act a Woman of Quality, by means of a Train hastily made up, and a sounding name of Marchioness or a Vicountess — whom we'll imagine of *Lower Britain*; I dare say I should be cunning enough to make your Father believe she's a very rich Lady, who besides Houses had a hundred thousand Crowns in Silver; that she was in love with him to Distraction, and would fain be his Wife, even though she made over to him all her Estate by the Contract; I don't doubt but he'd hearken to this Proposal; for in short though he loves you well, yet he loves Money much better; and when he's dazzled with that Lure, and has once consented to what concerns you, 'tis no great matter if he's disabused, when he comes to look more narrowly into our Marchioness's Wealth.

Clean. This is a very good Thought.

Fros. Let me alone — Now I remember one of my friends that will serve our Turn.

Clean. Depend, *Frosina*, upon my Gratitude if you bring it about; but charming *Mariana*, let us begin by gaining your Mother. Great part of our Business is to break off this Match. I beg you'd do whatever you possibly can towards it. Use all the Power which her Friendship gives you over her. Display without Reserve the eloquent Graces, the all-potent Charms which Heaven

ven

ven has placed in your Eyes and Mouth; and forget none of those tender Words, those gentle Prayers, and those touching Caresses which I'm persuaded would obtain any thing.

Mar. I'll do all I am able.

SCENE II.

Harpagon, and the rest.

Harp. How now! My Son kifs the Hand of his intended Mother-in-Law, and she not seem to be angry at it! There's some Mystery in this.

Eliz. Here's our Father.

Harp. The Coach is ready, and you may go when you please.

Clean. Since you don't, go, Father, I'll wait upon 'em.

Harp. No, stay. They'll do as well by themselves; I want you.

SCENE III.

Harpagon, Cleanthes.

Harp. Without confidering her as your Mother-in-Law what do you think of this Lady?

Clean. What do I think of her?

Harp. Yes, of her Air, her Shape, her Beauty, her Wit?

Clean. So so.

Harp. But tell me.

Clean. To speak freely to you, I did not find her what I thought she had been. Her Air is downright Coquette; her Shape is but untoward; her Beauty very mean, and her Wit common. Don't think I do it to give you a disgust to her; for I would as soon chuse her for Mother-in-Law as another.

Harp. Yet just now you said to her——

Clean. I flatter'd her a little, indeed, in your Name, but 'twas to please you.

Harp. So, then, you have not the least Inclination for her?

Clean.

Clean. I? Not at all.

Harp. I'm sorry for't; it obstructs a Thought I had in my Head. When I saw her here I reflected upon my Age, and consider'd that I might be blamed for marrying so young a Person. This Consideration made me quit my Design; but having caus'd her to be ask'd, and being engaged to her, I'd have given her to you, had you not shewn this Aversion.

Clean. To me!

Harp. To you.

Clean. In Marriage?

Harp. In Marriage.

Clean. 'Tis true, I have no great liking to her; but to please you, Father, I'll resolve to marry her if you will.

Harp. No, I am not so unreasonable as you imagine. I won't force your Inclinations.

Clean. I'll do my Endeavours for your sake.

Harp. No, no; a Marriage can never be happy where there is not Love.

Clean. That will perhaps come afterwards; and I've heard say, that Love's often the fruit of Marriage.

Harp. No, this ought never to be ventured, and such things have often so unhappy Consequences that I'll never do it. If you had had any Inclination for her, you shou'd have had her; but it not being so, I'll proceed with my former Design, and Marry her my self.

Clean. Well Father, since things stand upon this Foot, I must reveal the Secret to you. The Truth is, I have lov'd her ever since I met her in the *Thuilleries*; 'twas my Design to have ask'd her of you to Wife, and nothing had hinder'd me from so doing but the Declaration of your Sentiments, and the fear of disoblighing you.

Harp. Have you visited her?

Val. Yes.

Harp. How often?

Val. As often as Opportunity wou'd permit.

Harp. Was you well receiv'd?

Clean. Very well, but without their knowing who I was; and 'twas that which caus'd *Mariana's* Surprize just now.

Harp.

Harp. Have you declar'd your Passion and your Design of marrying her?

Clean. I have, and made some Proposals to the Mother herself upon it.

Harp. How did she hearken to you?

Clean. Very civilly.

Harp. And the Daughter agrees to your Love?

Clean. If I may believe Appearances, I am persuaded she has some Respect for me.

Harp. I am glad I know this Secret, and this is just what I wanted. So Mr. *Cleanthes*, you must think no more of this Love; give over your Pursuits after a Person I intend for my self, and resolve to Marry her I chuse for you.

Clean. Ay, Father, do you serve me thus! Well, since 'tis come to this, I declare, I won't give over the Passion I have for *Marianna*, that there's no Extremity but what I'll undergo to dispute the Conquest of her with you, and that if you have the Consent of the Mother, I have other Helps perhaps that will strive for Me.

Harp. Sirrah, have you the Boldness to tread upon my Heels?

Clean. You tread upon mine; I have an Elder Title.

Harp. Am not I your Father? ought you not to respect me?

Clean. In these things a Son is not obliged to pay deference to his Father; and Love knows no body.

Harp. I shall make you know me, with a good Stick.

Clean. All your Threats will do no good.

Harp. Won't you renounce *Marianna*?

Clean. No.

Harp. Give me a Stick there presently.

SCENE IV.

Mr. James, Harpagon, Cleanthes.

Jam. What now Gentlemen? What's here to do?

Clean. I fear not that.

Jam. Good Sir, be quiet.

Harpce. Speak to Me with that Impudence!

Father

Fam. Pray, Sir.

Clean. I'll not Eat my Words, Sir.

Fam. What, to your Father?

Harp. Let me alone.

Fam. What, to your Son? Give over for my sake.

Harp. Mr. *James*, I'll make you Judge in this Business, to shew you how much I'm in the right.

Fam. I consent. Fall back a little.

Harp. I love a Young Gentlewoman and wou'd marry her, and the Rascal has the Insolence to love her too, and to pretend to her, notwithstanding my Orders to the contrary.

Fam. Ah?—He's certainly in the wrong.

Harp. Is it not a lamentable thing that a Son shou'd put himself in competition with his Father? Ought he not, out of Respect, to forbear interfering with my Inclinations?

Fam. Ah certainly. Let me speak to him, and stay you there. [*Goes to Cleanthes at t'other end of the Stage.*]

Clean. Well, since he has chosen thee for a Judge. I shan't except against it; it don't signify much who 'tis; and I'm very willing to let you decide our Difference, Mr. *James*.

Fam. Sir, You do me a great deal of Honour.

Clean. I am captivated by a young Person who answers my Love, and receives with Tenderness the Offers of my Faith. My Father takes it in his Head to disturb our Love; by asking her of her Mother in Marriage.

Fam. He's certainly in the wrong.

Clean. Should he not at his Age be asham'd to think of Marriage? Does Love sit well upon him? Shou'd not he have that Passion to the young?

Fam. You are in the right, he forgets himself. Let me speak to him. [*Returns to Harpagon*] Well, your Son is not as you say he is, he submits to Reason. He says he knows the Respect he owes you, that he was hurry'd on by his first Heat, and that he won't refuse to agree to whatever you please, provided you use him better than you do, and give him a Wife that he may be contented with.

So

The MISER.

Harp. Tell him, Mr. *James*, that notwithstanding this, he may expect any thing from me; and that, except *Mariana*, he may choose who he pleases.

Jam. [*Goes to the Son*] Let me alone — Well, your Father is not so unreasonable as you make him; he assures me that your Heat anger'd him; and that your Manner of Proceeding was what put him upon having her, and that he should be very inclinable to satisfy your Desires, provided you require it with Mildness, and pay him the Honour, Respect and Submission that are due from a Son to his Father.

Clean. Ah, Mr. *James*, you may assure him that if he grants me *Mariana*, he shall find me the most obedient of Sons; and that I'll never do any thing contrary to his Orders.

Jam. 'Tis done; he consents to what you say.

Harp. Why now 'tis as it ought to be.

Jam. All's concluded; he's content with your Promises.

Clean. Heaven be prais'd for't.

Jam. Gentlemen you need only talk together. You are now agreed; you quarrell'd only thro' a Misunderstanding of each other.

Clean. Honest Mr. *James*, I shall be eternally obliged to you.

Jam. You have no Cause, Sir.

Harp. You have done me a Service, Mr. *James*, that deserves a Recompence. I'll assure you I'll remember it. [*Pulls his Handkerchief out of his Pocket, which makes James think he's going to give him something.*]

Jam. Sir, your Servant.

SCENE V.

Cleanthes, Harpagon.

Clean. I beg your Pardon, Father, for the Heat I shew'd.

Harp. Oh, 'tis nothing.

Clean. I assure you I'm extremely sorry for it.

Harp.

The MISER.

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Harp. And I'm the most joyful Man in the World to see you grow reasonable.

Clean. What Goodness 'tis in you to forget my Faults so soon!

Harp. We soon forgive the Faults of our Children, when they return to their Duty.

Clean. What; Not to retain the least Resentment of all my Extravagancies!

Harp. 'Tis what your Submission and Respect has oblig'd me to.

Clean. I'll promise you Father, that to the Grave I shall preserve in my Heart the Remembrance of your Favours.

Harp. And I'll promise you that there's nothing but what you may obtain of me.

Clean. Ah, Father! I have nothing more to ask; you have given me enough in bestowing *Marianna* on me.

Harp. How?

Clean. I say, Father, that I'm too well satisfy'd already, and that all things are included in your granting me *Marianna*.

Harp. Who talk'd of granting you *Marianna*?

Clean. You, Father.

Harp. I?

Clean. Certainly.

Harp. How? Why, did not you promise to renounce her?

Clean. I promise to renounce her?

Harp. Yes.

Clean. Not at all.

Harp. You did not quit your Pretensions to her?

Clean. On the contrary, I am more firm than before.

Harp. How! Rascal, what again?

Clean. Nothing can change me.

Harp. Let me come to you, Sirrah.

Clean. You may if please.

Harp. I forbid you the sight of me.

Clean. With all my Heart.

Harp. I abandon you.

Clean. Do so.

Harp. I disown you for my Son.

Clean. Be it so.

Harp. I disinherit you.

Clean. Do as you please.

Harp. And I give you my Curse.

Clean. I have nothing to do with your Gifts.

SCENE VI.

Fleche out of the Garden with a Casket, Cleanthes.

Fleche. Well met, Sir. Follow me quickly.

Clean. What's the Matter?

Fleche. Follow me, I say; we're well enough now.

Clean. What now?

Fleche. Here's what we wanted.

Clean. What is't?

Fleche. What I've watch'd for all Day.

Clean. Prithee what is't?

Fleche. Your Father's Treasure.

Clean. How did you get it?

Fleche. You shall know all. Let's be gone, I----

SCENE VII.

Harpagon in the Garden, without his Hat.

Harp. Thieves, Thieves, Murther, Murther. Justice kind Heaven. I'm lost. I'm murder'd, my Throat's cut, somebody has stolln my Mony. Who can it be? Where can it be? What's become on't? Where is it hid? Where shall I do to find it? Where shall I run? Where shall not run? Is it not there? Is it not here? Who's that Stand. Restore me my Mony, Knave — [*Takes hold of his own Arm.*] Ah, 'tis my self, my Mind's disturbed, and I know not where I am, who I am, or what I do. Ah my poor Mony, my poor Mony, my dear Friend, thou have deprived me of thee; now thou art gone I have lost my Support, my Comfort, my Joy; all's gone from me and I've nothing further to do in the World. Without thee 'tis impossible to live. 'Tis done, I am no more. I'm dying; I'm dead; I'm bury'd. Will no body restore me to Life, by giving me my dear Mony again, or

tell

telling me who has got it? Ha? What say you? Alas 'tis no body. Whoever it be he has watch'd his Opportunity very carefully; and just pitch'd on the time I was talking to my Knave of a Son. I'll go to a Justice, and have all my Family, Servants, Footmen, Son, Daughter, and even my self put to the Rack. What an Assembly! I see no body but I suspect 'em, and every one seems the Thief. What are they a talking of there? of him that robb'd me? What Noise is that they make there? is it my Thief? If you know any Tidings of my Thief, for Godfake tell me. Is not he hid among you? They all look at me and set up a Laugh. I'll engage they go shares in the Theft. Come quickly, let's have Notaries, Provosts, Marshals-men, Judges, Racks, Gibbets, and Hang-men. I'll hang the whole World, and If I don't, get my Mony hang my self afterwards.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Harpagon, a Commissary and his Clerk.

Com. **L**ET me alone. I understand my Trade thank God: This is not the first time I've been concerned in discovering Thefts; and I wish I had as many Thousand Pound-bags as I have hang'd Thieves.

Harp. 'Tis the Interest of all the Magistracy to take this Business in Hand; and if my Mony be'nt restored to me, I'll demand Justice against Justice itself.

Com. We must make all requisite Pursuit. You say there was in the Casket—

Harp. Full ten Thousand Crowns.

Com. Ten Thousand Crowns?

Harp. Ten Thousand Crowns.

Com. The Theft is considerable.

Harp. No Punishment can be great enough for the Enormity of the Crime; and if it goes unpunish'd, the most Sacred things are no longer in safety.

Com. In what sort of Mony was this Sum?

Harp. In good *Louis d'Or*, and *Pistoles* of full weight.

Com. Who do you suspect?

Harp. Every body; first I'll have the City and Suburbs arrested.

Com. If you'll take my Advice, I wou'd not have you frighten any body, but try with Mildness to catch hold of some Proofs, then proceed by the Rigor of the Law to the Recovery of your Loss.

SCENE II.

*James, from the side of the Stage he last went out at;
and the rest.*

Jam. Let his Throat be cut immediately; let his Feet be singed; let him be put in scalding Water, and let him be hung up.

Harp. What? He that rob'd me?

Jam. I speak of a sucking Pig which your Steward has just sent me in, and I am thinking how I shall dress it for you.

Harp. That is not the Business; you must talk of something else to that Gentleman.

Com. Don't be afraid. I ben't one that will Scandalize you; things shall be carry'd on gently.

Jam. Is this Gentleman to be at the Supper then?

Com. You must hide nothing from your Master's Friend.

Jam. Sir, I'll shew him the utmost I can do; and will treat you the best I am able.

Harp. That is not the Business.

Jam. If I don't give you as good a Supper as I wou'd do, 'tis the Steward's Fault, who has clip'd my Wings with the Cissars of his OEconomy.

Harp. Rascal, we don't talk of Supper; tell me News of the Money that's stol'n from me.

Jam. Why, has any body robb'd you?

Harp. Yes, Knave, and I'll have you hang'd if you don't restore it to me.

Com. Don't use him ill. I see by his Countenance that he's an honest Man; and that he'll discover to you what you want to know without being sent to Prison. If you confess the Fact, Friend, no harm shall be done to you,
and

and your Master will give you a Reward. He's robb'd of some Mony, and perhaps you may know something of it.

Jam. [*aside*] This is just what I wanted to be reveng'd on our Steward; ever since he came he has been the Favourite, and the only one that cou'd be heard; besides, I han't yet forgot the Blows.

Harp. What are you thinking of?

Com. Let him alone, he'll content you; I said he was an honest Man.

Jam. Sir, since I must tell you, I believe 'tis your dear Steward has serv'd you this Trick.

Harp. Valerio?

Jam. Yes.

Harp. What, he that seem'd so faithful to me?

Jam. He himself; I believe 'tis he has robb'd you.

Harp. Why do you think so?

Jam. Why?

Harp. Yes.

Jam. I think so — Because I think so.

Com. But what induces you to think so?

Harp. Did you see him sauntering about the Place where I put my Mony?

Jam. Yes. Where did you put your Mony?

Harp. In the Garden.

Jam. Right. I saw him sauntering in the Garden. What was it in?

Harp. In a Casket.

Jam. Even so, I saw him with a Casket.

Harp. How was that Casket made? I shall soon see whether or no 'tis mine.

Jam. How was it made?

Harp. Yes.

Jam. 'Twas made — 'Twas made like a Casket.

Com. We know that. But describe it a little.

Jam. 'Tis a great Casket.

Harp. Mine was a little one.

Jam. Oh, yes, yes, 'twas a little one, if you mean so; but I call it great for what it contains.

Com. What Colour was it of?

Jam. What Colour?

Cam. Yes.

Fam. 'Tis of a Colour—— A certain sort of a—— Can't you help me to name it?

Harp. Ha!

Fam. Was it not red?

Harp. No, grey.

Fam. Oh, ah, ay; grey-red; that's what I meant.

Harp. 'Tis plain. 'Tis certainly the same. Write down his Deposition. Heaven! who's to be trusted! 'Tis unsafe to pass ones Word for any body, and I believe in a little while I shall rob my self.

Fam. Here he comes, Sir; pray don't tell him that I discovered it to you.

SCENE III.

Valerio, and the rest.

Harp. Come, confess the blackest Action, the most horrible Attempt that was ever committed.

Val. What would you have, Sir?

Harp. What, Traytor, don't you blush at your Crime?

Val. What Crime do you mean?

Harp. What Crime do I mean? as if you did not know? 'Tis in vain you pretend to disguise it. The Business is discover'd, I have just now heard all—— How could you abuse my Goodness thus, and get into my House on purpose to betray me? to serve me such a Trick!

Val. Sir, since you are told all, I won't try to equivocate, nor deny the Thing.

Fam. Ha ho; have I hit it, and never knew any thing of the Matter?

Val. 'Twas my Design to speak to you of it, and only wanted a favourable Opportunity; but since 'tis thus, I conjure you not to be disturb'd, but hear my Reasons,

Harp. And what fine Reasons can you give, infamous Thief?

Val. Sir, I don't deserve that Name. 'Tis true, I have committed an Offence against you; but after all, my Fault is Pardonable.

Harp.

Harp. How ! Pardonable ? Such a Crime deserves hanging.

Val. Pray don't put your self in a Passion. When you have heard me, you'll see the harm is not so great as you make it.

Harp. The Harm not so great as I make it ? What, my Blood, my Bowels, Sirrah ?

Val. Your Blood is not fal'n into ill Hands. I am one that it need not be ashamed of, and there's nothing in all this but what I can repair.

Harp. I intend you shall so, and restore me what you've taken from me.

Val. Your Honour, Sir, shall be fully satisfy'd.

Harp. What do you talk of Honour for — But tell me, what induced you to this Action ?

Val. Alas ! do you ask me that ?

Harp. Yes, I ask you that.

Val. A God that may excuse whatever he instigates us to do ! Love.

Harp. Love ?

Val. Yes.

Harp. Fine Love indeed ! The Love of my *Louis d'Ors*.

Val. No, Sir, 'tis not your Riches that tempted me ; I was not dazzled with them, and I protest that if you'll leave me in the quiet possession of what I have already, I'll never pretend to any thing else.

Harp. The Devil take me if I do — But how Insolent he is to pretend to keep what he has Stolen.

Val. Do you call that a Theft ?

Harp. Yes marry do I. Such a Treasure as that.

Val. 'Tis true, 'tis a Treasure, and the most precious that you have without doubt, but 'twill not be lost to you if you let me keep it. I beg of you on my Knees that most valuable Treasure ; and you must grant it me.

Harp. I'll do no such Thing ; what the deuce does he mean ?

Val. We have mutually promised Fidelity, and have sworn never to part.

Harp.

Harp. The Oath is admirable, and the Promise pleasant !

Val. Yes, we are engaged to be each other's for ever.

Harp. I shall hinder you, I'll assure you.

Val. Nothing but Death can separate us.

Harp. He's devilishly bewitched to my Money.

Val. I have already told you, that 'twas not Interest induced me to do what I have done. My Heart did not act by the Springs you imagine it did, and a more noble Motive inspired me with this Resolution.

Harp. I'll warrant you he'll tell you he lusts after my Money thro' Christian Charity; but I shall know how to deal with you, and Justice shall right me, you impudent Rascal.

Val. You may do as you please, I am ready to suffer whatever Violence you have a mind to inflict; but however I beg you to believe, that if there be any harm in it I only am faulty, and that your Daughter is not at all to blame.

Harp. So I believe. 'Twou'd be strange if my Daughter should be concern'd in this Crime. But I'll have what we speak of again, and you shall confess whither you have carry'd it.

Val. Not out of your House, I'll assure you.

Harp. O my dear Casket ! Not out of my House !

Val. No, Sir.

Harp. But tell me; You han't touch'd my dear Casket.

Val. I touch her? You do her wrong as well as me. I burn for her with an Ardor that's wholly pure and respectful.

Harp. Burn for my Casket !

Val. I'd rather dye than have the least Offensive Thought of her. She's too wise and virtuous for any thing like it.

Harp. My Casket too virtuous !

Val. All my Desires reach no further than to enjoy the Sight of her, and nothing Criminal has profan'd the Passion her fair Eyes has given.

Harp. The fair Eyes of my Casket ! He speaks of it as a Lover would do of his Mistress.

Val. *Claudia*, Sir, can testify the Truth of it, and ——

Harp. What, is my Maid an Accomplice in this [Affair ?

Val. Yes, Sir, she was Witness of our Engagement ; and after she knew my Flame was Honourable, she help'd to persuade your Daughter to give me her Word and accept mine.

Harp. Does the Fear of Justice make him rave ? Why the Deuce do you ding us in the Ears with my Daughter ?

Val. I say, Sir, I had all the trouble in the World to make her Modesty consent to what my Love required.

Harp. Whose Modesty ?

Val. Your Daughter's ; nor cou'd I till Yesterday make her resolve to sign me a Promise of Marriage.

Harp. Why, has my Daughter sign'd you a Promise of Marriage !

Val. Yes, Sir, as I on my part have sign'd her one.

Harp. O Heavens ! another Misfortune !

Fam. Write, Sir, write.

Harp. Addition of Evil ! Encrease of Despair ! Come, Sir, do the Office of your Place, and draw me up a Process against him, as a Thief and Suborner.

Val. These are Names not at all due to me ; and when 'tis known who I am ——

SCENE IV.

Eliza, Mariana, Frosina, and the rest.

Harp. Ah thou wicked Girl ! thou art unworthy such a Father as me. Is't thus you put in practice the Admonition I have given you ? You love an infamous Thief, and give him your Faith without my Consent ! But you shall be both deceived. Four good Walls shall secure your Conduct, and a Gallows Sirrah shall right me on your Audaciousness.

Val.

Val. I am not to be Try'd by your Passion, and shall be heard at least, before I am condemn'd.

Harp. I was in the wrong to say only a Gallows; for you shall be broke upon the Wheel.

Eliz. (Kneeling) Ah Father, pray assume more humane Sentiments, and do not drive to the utmost Violence of a paternal Power: Do not suffer your self to be hurry'd away by the first Heat of your Passion, but give your self time to consider what you do. Take the Pains to acquaint your self better with him you're offended with; He's quite otherwise than you judge him; and you'll think it less strange that I have given my self to him, when you know that without him you had long since lost me. Yes, Father, 'twas he who saved me from the Danger you know I was in upon the Water, and to whom you owe the Life of her — — —

Harp. All this is nothing; and it had been better for me if he had let you drown, than to do what he has done.

Eliz. Father, I conjure you by — —

Harp. No, no, I'll hear nothing; let Justice take its Course.

Fam. You shall pay dearly for the Blows you gave me.

Frof. Here's a strange Confusion!

SCENE V.

Anselmo, and the rest.

Ans. What now, Signor *Harpagon*, what troubles you?

Harp. Ah, Signor *Anselmo*, you behold the most unfortunate of Men; and there is a deal of trouble and disorder in your Contract with my Daughter. I am wounded in my Wealth, wounded in my Honour, and there's a Knave, a Rascal that violates the most sacred Rights, who got into my House under the Title of a Servant, to steal my Money, and suborn my Daughter.

Val. Who thinks of your Money, which you make such a Racket about?

Harp.

Harp. They have given each other a Promise of Marriage. This Affront regards you, Signor *Anselmo*; You ought to be a Party against him, and prosecute him, to revenge this Insolence.

Ans. 'Tis not my Design to marry by force, or to pretend to any share in a Heart that's already disposed of; but as for your Interests, I am as ready to embrace them as if they were my own.

Harp. There's an honest Commissary, who says he'll omit nothing of the Duty of his Office. Charge him as he deserves, Sir, and make things very criminal.

Val. I can't see what Crime can be made of the Passion I have for your Daughter, nor what Punishment I can be condemn'd to for our Engagement, when 'tis made appear that I am —

Harp. Away with these Stories; the World now is full of these Gentlemen Thieves, these Impostors who take Advantage of their Obscurity, and assume the first illustrious Name that comes into their Head.

Val. Know that I have too much Honour to adorn my self with any thing that does not belong to me, and that all *Naples* can give Testimony of my Birth.

Ans. Take care what you say; You run a greater risque here than you imagine, and you speak before a Man to whom all *Naples* is known, and who can easily perceive the Truth of the Story you are about to tell.

Val. (*Putting on his Hat proudly*) I am not a Man that's soon frightened; and if you are acquainted with *Naples*, you must needs know who *D. Thomas Alburci* was.

Ans. Without doubt I do so, and few know him better.

Harp. What do I care for Don Thomas, or Don Martin either? [*Seeing two Candles lighted, and thinking it Waste, blows out one.*]

Ans. Pray let's hear what he has to say —

Val. 'Twas he that gave me Birth.

Ans. He?

Val. Yes.

Ans. Go. You're deceived. Find out some other Story

ry that will be more credible; and don't pretend to save your self by this Imposture.

Val. Learn to talk better. 'Tis not an Imposture, and I advance nothing but what I can easily justify.

Ans. What, dare you affirm that you're Son to D. *Th. Alburci*?

Val. Yes I dare, and am ready to maintain it against any Man alive.

Ans. You're wondrous Bold—— Know, to your Confusion, that at least sixteen Years ago the Man you mention perish'd in the Sea, with his Children and his Wife, in flying from the cruel Persecution which accompany'd the Disorders of *Naples*, and which obliged several noble Families to go into Exile.

Val. Yes: but know, to Your Confusion, that his Son aged seven Years, with a Servant, was saved from that Shipwreck by a *Spanish* Vessel, and that that Son so saved is he ye talk to. The Captain, touch'd at my ill Fortune, took a fancy to me, brought me up as his own Son, and Arms were my Employment, so soon as I was capable of them. I have since heard that my Father is not dead as I always imagined; going this way in search of him, an Accident ordain'd by Heaven shew'd me the charming *Eliza*, and render'd me a Slave to her Beauty, the Violence of my Love, and the Severity of her Father made me resolve to introduce my self into his House, and to send another in quest of my Parents.

Ans. But what Testimonies, besides your own Mouth, have you to assure us that this is not a Fable founded upon some little Truth?

Val. The *Spanish* Captain; a ruby Seal which was my Father's; a Bracelet of Agat which my Mother put on my Arm; and old *Pedro*, the Servant that was saved with me.

Mar. Alas! by your Words, I can answer that you don't impose on 'em; and all you have said, plainly shews me that You are my Brother.

Val. Are you, then, my Sister?

Mar. Yes; my Heart was moved from the very Moment you open'd your Mouth; and our Mother, who will be ravish'd

wish'd to see you, has a thousand times related to me the Misfortunes of our Family. Heaven has saved Us from that dreadful Shipwreck; but tho' it saved our Lives, yet it threw us into Slavery; and those who took up my Mother and Me on a Plank of the Ship were Pirates. After ten Years Slavery a happy Fortune restored us our Liberty, and we return'd to *Naples*, where we found all our Estate sold, but cou'd get no News of our Father. We went to *Genoa*, where my Mother pick'd up some unhappy Remains of a torn Estate; and from thence, avoiding the barbarous Injustice of her Kindred, she came hither, where she has lived in a continual Sickness.

Ans. O Heav'n! How great are the Effects of thy Power! How well dost thou shew that it belongs to thee alone to work Miracles! Embrace me, my Children, and mix your Joy with that of your Father.

Val. Are you our Father?

Mar. Are you the Man whom my Mother has so much bemoaned?

Ans. Yes, Daughter; yes, Son, I am *D. Thomas Alarici*, whom Heav'n saved from the Waves with all the Money he had with him; and who, thinking you had been all dead for above these sixteen Years, prepar'd, after long Travels, to seek, in the Marriage of a Sage and good-humour'd Person, the Comfort of some new Family. The little Security my Life was in, if I return'd to *Naples*, made me renounce it for ever; and having found a way to sell all I had there, I settled here under the Name of *Anselmo*, and try'd to wipe away the Grief of the other Name, which has caused me to undergo so many Changes.

Harp. Is that your Son?

Ans. Yes.

Harp. Then I shall make you pay the ten thousand Crowns he has robb'd me of.

Ans. He robb'd you?

Harp. He himself.

Val. Who told you this?

Harp. James.

Val.

Val. Was't you that said so?

Fam. You see I say nothing.

Harp. Yes. There's the Commissary that took his Deposition.

Val. Could you think me capable of so base an Action?

Harp. Capable or not capable, I'll have my Money again.

SCENE VI.

Cleanthes, Fleche, and the rest.

Clean. Don't torment your self, Father: accuse no body. I have discover'd News of it, and come to tell you, that if you'll let me marry *Mariana*, your Money shall be restored to you.

Harp. Where is it?

Clean. Don't trouble your self about that. 'Tis in a place that's safe enough, and it all depends upon me. You must tell me what you resolve upon, and either give me *Mariana*, or lose your Casket.

Harp. Is it not at all diminish'd?

Clean. Not at all. Consider whether you'd best subscribe to this Marriage, and join your Consent to that of her Mother, who gives her liberty to chuse which of us she will.

Mar. 'Tis not her Consent alone will do; Heav'n, with a Brother whom you see, has given me a Father, of whom you are to obtain me.

Ans. Heav'n, my Children, does not restore me to you to oppose your Desires. Signor *Harpagon*, you know that if a young Person were to chuse, she'd rather take the Son than the Father. Come, let us have no Arguments to the contrary, but consent, as well as I, to this double Marriage.

Harp. I must see my Casket, that I may take Counsel of it.

Clean. You shall see it whole and sound.

Harp. I have no Portion to give my Children.

Ans.

Ans. Well, I have enough for them, don't let that disturb you.

Harp. Will you be obliged to defray the Charges of these two Weddings?

Ans. Yes, I will. Are you satisfy'd?

Harp. Yes, provided you make me a Suit of Cloaths against the Nuptials.

Ans. Agreed. Let us go and enjoy the Content this fortunate Day presents us with.

Com. So ho, Gentlemen. Who pays me for my Writings?

Harp. We have nothing to do with your Writings.

Com. But yet I design to be paid for them.

Harp. Take that Man there and hang him for your Payment.

Jam. Alas! What must I do? I am beaten for telling truth, and to be hang'd for telling a Lye.

Ans. Signor *Harpagon*, you must pardon him this Deceit.

Harp. Then you shall pay the Commissary.

Ans. With all my Heart. Now we'll go to give your Mother a share in our Joy.

Harp. And I to see my dear Casker.



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GEORGE DANDIN:

OR, THE

Wanton Wife;

A

COMEDY.



Printed in the Year MDCCXIV,

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

GEORGE Dandin, *a rich Peasant,
Husband to Angelica.*

Mr. Sotenville, *a Country Gentleman, Father
to Angelica.*

Clitander, *in love with Angelica.*

Lubin, *a Country-man, Clitander's Servant.*

Colin, *Dandin's Servant.*

W O M E N.

Angelica, *George Dandin's Wife.*

Mrs. Sotenville, *her Mother, and Mr. Sotenville's Wife.*

Claudina, *Angelica's Maid.*

S C E N E *is before George Dandin's House.*

GEORGE



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GEORGE DANDIN:

OR, THE

Wanton Wife.

ACT I. SCENE I.

George Dandin, *solus*.



HAT a strange thing is a Wife that's a Gentlewoman, and what an Example my Marriage ought to set to Peasants who would aspire beyond their Condition, and match like me in the Family of a Gentleman! Gentility is good in it self; 'tis a considerable thing without doubt, but 'tis accompany'd

with so many ill Circumstances, that the best way is not to meddle with it at all, I know it too well to my Cost, and understood the Meaning of Gentlemen when they receive us into their Alliance, 'Tis not our Persons but only our Wealth they marry, and as rich as I am, I'd better have taken some fresh Country Girl, than a Wife that esteems her self above me, is ashamed to be called by my

my Name, and thinks that with all my Riches I am not worthy to be her Husband. Ah *George Dandin*, *George Dandin*, thou hast committed the greatest Folly in the World. My House is now a Bugbear to me, nor do I ever go in to it but I meet with some Dissatisfaction there.

SCENE II.

George Dandin, Lubin.

Geo. (*Seeing Lubin coming out of his House.*) What Buff-
nells has that Looby there?

Lub. There's some Body looks at me.

Geo. He don't know me.

Lub. He pauses upon something.

Geo. He's a long while before he accosts me.

Lub. I'm afraid he'll go and tell that he saw me come out yonder.

Geo. Good Morrow.

Lub. Your Servant.

Geo. You don't belong to yon House, I suppose.

Lub. No, I only went thither to see about the Feast that's to be there to Morrow.

Geo. Tell me a little, pray. You say you come from that House?

Lub. Hush.

Geo. What's the Matter?

Lub. Peace.

Geo. What now!

Lub. Softly——You must not say you saw me come out thence.

Geo. Why?

Lub. What signifies why?

Geo. But tell me.

Lub. Soft——I'm afraid we are overheard.

Geo. No, no; we're safe enough.

Lub. Why, because I've been to speak with the Mistress of the House from a certain Gentleman that admires her; it must be kept secret——You understand me?

Geo. Yes, yes.

Lub. That's the Reason—I was charged to take care to let no Body see me; so pray don't say you saw me,

Geo. I'll warrant you.

Lub. I love to do things secretly as I was bid.

Geo. You do well.

Lub. The Husband, they say, is so jealous, that he would not have People make love to his Wife—Here would be the Devil to do if he should come to know it—You understand me?

Geo. Yes, yes,

Lub. He must not know any thing of all this.

Geo. No, no.

Lub. They design to put a Trick upon him—You understand me?

Geo. Yes, yes, perfectly.

Lub. If you should go and tell now, that you saw me come out there you'd spoil all—You understand me?

Geo. Yes, yes—What do you call him that sent you thither?

Lub. 'Tis the Owner of our Village, the Vicount of something—plague on't I can never remember how to pronounce that devilish Name—*Mr. Clit.*—*Clitander.*

Geo. What, the young Courtier that lives—

Lub. Ay, ay—By them Trees.

Geo. (*Aside.*) 'Tis for this then that that Spark came and lodged over against me, I had some Suspicion on't before.

Lub. 'Odsbud he's the honestest Gentleman you ever saw. He gave me three pieces of Gold only to go and tell the Gentlewoman that he's in love with her; and that he's very desirous of the Honour of speaking to her—The Money's easily earn'd—I should have got but ten Pence for my Day's Work.

Geo. Well; and have you done your Errand?

Lub. Yes. I met with one *Claudina*, who presently smelt what I wanted, and brought me to her Mistress.

Geo. (*Aside.*) Here's a Bitch of a Maid for you!

Lub. 'Snigs that *Claudina* is a pretty Wench, she has got my Friendship, and if she'll consent, 'tis a match.

Geo. But what Answer did the Mistress return?

Lub.

Lub. She bid me tell him — stay, I don't know if I can remember it all — that she's extremely obliged to him for his Affection; but because of her Husband, who is a suspicious Coxcomb, he must be Secret, and think of some means to get to converse with her.

Geo. Ah, damned Jade?

Lub. Faith 'twill be comical, for the Husband will think nothing of the Intrigue; and he'll be made a fine Fool of, with his Jealousie — won't he?

Geo. Ay, that he will.

Lub. Good buy — Mum — Keep the Secret that the Husband may know nothing of it.

Geo. Yes, yes.

Lub. As for me I'll pretend I know nothing — I'm cunning Blade, not easily Pump't.

SCENE III.

George Dandin, *solus.*

Geo. Well, *George Dandin*, you see how your Wife uses you. See what 'tis to marry a Gentlewoman; you are well help up on all sides, without being able to revenge your self; Gentility ties your Hands. Equality of Condition at least gives the Husband the Liberty of Resentment, and if she had been a Peasant you might have revenged your self with a good Stick. But you must be fingering Gentility forsooth, and you was weary of being Master in your own House. I could freely Box my self — What — impudently hear the Love of a Man, and at the same time promise to hold Correspondance with him? I'll not let slip such an Opportunity. I'll this Moment complain to her Father and Mother, and make 'em Witnesses what cause of Resentment their Daughter gives me — But here they both come in the Nick.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Mr. and Madam de Sotenville, Geo. Dandin.

Mr. Sot. How now, Son-in-Law? You seem disturb'd.

Geo. I have cause —

Mrs. Sot. Lord, Son-in-Law, how little Breeding you have, not to salute Persons when you approach 'em!

Geo. Mother-in-Law, I have other things to do than —

Mr. Sot. Again! — Is it possible, Son-in-Law, that you can have so little Knowledge of those you have to deal with, and that you can never learn how to live amongst Persons of Quality?

Geo. What now?

Mrs. Sot. Will you never leave off that familiar word, Mother-in-Law — can't you use your Tongue to say, Madam?

Geo. 'Sblood, if you call me Son-in-Law, I may call you Mother-in-Law sure.

Mrs. Sot. There may be a great deal said on the contrary; things are not upon an equal foot — 'Tis not for you to use that Word with a Person of my Quality; as much our Son-in-Law as you are, there's a great deal of difference between you and us; you ought to understand your self better.

Mr. Sot. Enough, my Dear; stop there.

Mrs. Sot. Lord, Mr. Sotenville, you are too indulgent — you don't make People give you your due.

Mr. Sot. 'Sheart, pardon me, I am not now to learn, and in my time I have show'd, by twenty vigorous Actions, that I am not a Man that will recede a jot from my Pretensions. But 'tis enough we have given him Notice. Let us know, Son-in-Law, what ails you.

Geo. Since then I must speak categorically, I tell you, Mr. Sotenville, that —

Mr. Sot. Soft, Son-in-Law. 'Tis not respectful to call Persons by their Name, you ought to say, Sir, to your Superiors.

Geo. Well — Sir, and not Mr. Sotenville, I must tell you my Wife gives me —

VOL. IV.

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Mr.

74 GEORGE DANDIN: Or,

Mr. Sot. You ought not to say Wife, when you speak of our Daughter.

Geo. What the Deuce, is not my Wife my Wife?

Mrs. Sot. Yes, Son-in-Law, she is your Wife; but you must not call her so; you could do no more had you married one of your Equals.

Geo. Ah! *George Dandin*, how art thou saddled?—pray lay aside your Gentility a little, and let me speak as well as I can. Deuce take the Tyranny of these Genealogies. In short, I'm not satisfied with my Marriage.

Mr. Sot. How so, Son-in-Law?

Mrs. Sot. What!—Speak thus of a thing you have received such great Advantages from!

Geo. And pray what Advantages, Madam, since you're thereabouts? The Match was well enough for you, for without me your Affairs, with your Permission, were very much entangled, and my Money served to stop a great many Holes; but pray what have I got by it, except a lengthning out of my Name, and instead of *George Dandin* I have received from you the Title of *Mr. Dandinniere*, alias *Ninnyhammer*.

Mr. Sot. Do you think the Advantage of being ally'd to the House of the *Sotenilles* nothing, Son-in-Law?

Mrs. Sot. And to that of the *Prudes*, from which I have the Honour to be descended; a House in which the Womb enobles, and which will make your Children Gentlemen.

Geo. And me a Cuckold—

Mr. Sot. What do you mean by that, Son-in-Law?

Geo. I mean that your Daughter does not live as she ought to live, but does things that are not honourable.

Mrs. Sot. Very fine. Take care what you say. My Daughter is of a Race too full of Virtue to do any thing that will stain her Honour; and that of the House of the *Prudes*, there has not been known in it a Woman for above these three hundred Years that has given occasion to be talk'd of, thank God.

Mr. Sot. 'Sheart, in the House of the *Sotenilles* there never was seen a Coquet, and Bravery is not more Hereditary to the Males, than Chastity to the Females.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sot. There was one *Jacqueline* in our Family, that refus'd to be Mistress to a Duke and a Peer, Governor of our Province.

Mr. Sot. There was one *Mathurina* of our Family, who refus'd twenty thousand Crowns which was proffered her by one of the King's Favourites, if she wou'd only speak to him.

Geo. Well, your Daughter is not so hard to be gain'd as that comes to, she's grown tractable since she has been with me.

Mr. Sot. Explain your self, Son-in-Law, we will not support her in ill Actions, but shall be the first to do you Justice.

Mrs. Sot. We are not to be jested with in Matters of Honour, and have brought her up with all possible Severity.

Geo. All I can tell you is, that there's a certain Courtier, whom you have seen, that attempts her under my Nose, and who has made Protestations of Love to her, which she has very favourably received.

Mrs. Sot. I'll strangle her with my own Hands, if she has degenerated from her Mother's Honour.

Mr. Sot. I'll stab both her, and her Gallant, if she has forfeited her Virtue.

Geo. I have told you what has passed, that I might have Satisfaction in this Business.

Mr. Sot. You shall have it, trouble your self no further: I am one that pushes hard. But are you certain of what you say?

Geo. Very certain.

Mr. Sot. Take care you be, for amongst Gentlemen these are ticklish Points; we must have a care we make no mistake.

Geo. I tell you I've said nothing but what's true.

Mr. Sot. My Dear, go you and speak to your Daughter, whilst I and my Son-in-Law go and speak to the Man.

Mrs. Sot. Can she forget her self thus, after the sage Example I have given her?

Mr. Sot. We must see the bottom of it. Follow me, Son-in-Law, and don't trouble your self, you shall see by what Wood we warm our selves in such an occasion.

Geo. Here he comes.

SCENE V.

Mr. Sotenville, Clitander and Geo. Dandin.

Mr. Sot. Sir, am I known to you?

Clit. Not as I know of, Sir.

Mr. Sot. I call my self *Mr. de Sotenville*.

Clit. With all my Heart.

Mr. Sot. My Name is known at Court, and I had the Honour in my Youth, to signalize my self amongst the first at the Rear-Ban of *Nanci*.

Clit. Be it so,

Mr. Sot. Sir, my Father *John Giles de Sotenville* had the Glory to assist in Person at the great Siege of *Montaubon*.

Clit. I'm glad on't.

Mr. Sot. And I had a Grandfather *Bertrand de Sotenville*, who was so considerable, that he had leave to sell his Estate, and go beyond Sea.

Clit. I'm willing to believe it.

Mr. Sot. I hear, Sir, that you love and pursue a young Person who is my Daughter, for whom I Interest my self, and for that Man who has the Honour to be my Son-in-Law.

Clit. Who, I?

Mr. Sot. Yes. And I shou'd be glad to know the bottom of this Business.

Clit. What a strange Slander this is. Who told you this, Sir?

Mr. Sot. One who thinks he knows it to be true.

Clit. That One lies. I'm a Man of Honour. Do you think me capable, Sir, of so base an Action? I love a young and handsome Person, who has the Honour to be Daughter to *Mr. Baron de Sotenville*? I have too much Respect for you. Whoever told you so is a Fool.

Mr. Sot. Come, Son-in-Law.

Geo. What?

Clit. He's a Knave and a Rascal.

Mr. Sot. Answer.

Geo. Answer your self.

Clit.

Clit. If I knew who it could be, I'd stab him before your Face.

Mr. Sot. Defend your self.

Geo. 'Tis true.

Clit. Is this your Son-in-Law, Sir, who —

Mr. Sot. Yes, 'tis he himself that complained to me.

Clit. 'Tis well he has the Advantage of belonging to you; otherwise I shou'd teach him how to use his Tongue another time.

SCENE VI.

Mr. and Mrs. Sotenville, Angelica, Claudina, Clitander, George Dandin.

Mrs. Sot. Jealousie is a strange thing — I have brought my Daughter to declare the truth of the matter openly.

Clit. Is it you then, Madam, that told your Husband, I was in love with you?

Ang. I! How shou'd I tell-him so? Is it so? I'd fain see you in love with me. Pray be so, you shou'd find who you spoke to; 'tis a thing I'd advise you to do. Have recourse to all the Tricks of Lovers; send me Messages and *Billet-doux*; watch for the Moments that my Husband's abroad, or when I go out, to mention your Love. You need only try, I'll promise you you shall be receiv'd as you ought!

Clit. Soft, Madam, you need not give me so many Lessons, nor be so much offended. Who told you that I thought of Loving you?

Ang. What know I of these tittle-tattle Stories?

Clit. They may say what they will: But you know I never mention'd Love to you.

Ang. Do it and welcome.

Clit. You need not frighten your self. I do not love to disoblige the Ladies, and I respect you and your Parents too much, to have a thought of being in Love with you.

Mrs. Sot. You see now.

Mr. Sot. Are you satisfy'd yet, Son-in-law?

Geo. All this is to trick you. I know what I know; and just now, since I must speak, she received a Message from him?

Ang. I receive a Message?

Clit. I send a Message?

Ang. Claudina.

Clit. Is this true?

Claud. 'Tis utterly false.

Geo. Peace, Baggage; I know your Tricks—'Twas you your self introduced the Messenger.

Claud. Who, I?

Geo. Yes you, as demure as you look.

Claud. Alas! how full of Slander the World is, to accuse me thus; me, who am Innocence it self.

Geo. Silence, Innocence! You seem a Saint; but I know you; you are more Knave than Fool.

Claud. Madam, is—

Geo. Peace, I say; you may pay dearer for your Impudence than the others. You are no Gentlewoman.

Ang. 'Tis so great a Falshy, and touches me so nearly, that I have hardly Strength to answer it; 'tis a sad thing to be accused by a Husband, when one has done nothing but ones Duty—If I am blameable for any thing, 'tis for using him so well as I do.

Claud. To be sure.

Ang. My fault is having too much Respect for him; I wish I were capable of suffering, as he says, the Gallantries of any one, I shou'd not then have so much Cause to complain. Adieu, I'll go in; I cannot bear to be abused thus. [Exit.]

Mrs. Sot. Go, you do not deserve such a virtuous Wife.

Claud. He deserves to be served as he believes he is, and if I were she, I wou'd not scruple it. Yes, Sir, to punish him you ought to make Love to my Mistress. I'll do all I can to serve you, since I am taxed too. [Exit.]

Mrs. Sot. You deserve all this, Son-in-law; your Proceeding sets every body against you.

Mrs. Sot. Go, use a well-born Gentlewoman better, and take care henceforth not to make such Blunders.

Geo. 'Tis the deuce to be in the wrong, when I'm in the right:

Clit. Sir, you see how falsely I'm accused. You are one that understand the Punctilio's of Honour; I demand Satisfaction for this Affront.

Mr. Sot. You are in the right; so we ought to proceed — Come, Son-in-law, give this Gentleman Satisfaction.

Geo. How do you mean Satisfaction?

Mr. Sot. You ought to do so, by the Rules of Honour, for having wrongfully accused him.

Geo. I shall never own that I have accused him wrongfully; I know what I think.

Mr. Sot. No matter. Think as you will, he has deny'd it, that's enough; you have no right to complain of a Man that retracts.

Geo. So that if I find him in Bed with my Wife, he is freed if he retracts.

Mr. Sot. No arguing. Excuse your self, as I bid you.

Geo. Shall I excuse my self after —

Mr. Sot. Come, I tell you, I'll have no hesitating; you need not be afraid of doing wrong, since I'm your Director.

Geo. I cannot —

Mr. Sot. 'Sdeath, Son-in-law, don't pvoke me; I shall join with him against you. Be govern'd by me.

Geo. Ah! *George Dandin!*

Mr. Sot. Your Hat in your Hand first; he is a Gentleman, and you are not so.

Geo. I can't bear it.

Mr. Sot. Say after me — Sir.

Geo. Sir.

Mr. Sot. I beg your Pardon. Ah!

[*Seeing his Son scruples to repeat it.*]

Geo. I beg your Pardon.

Mr. Sot. For the ill Thoughts I had of you.

Geo. For the ill Thoughts I had of you.

Mr. Sot. 'Twas because I had not the Honour to know you.

Geo. 'Twas because I had not the Honour to know you.

Mr. Sor. And I beg you'd believe——

Geo. And I beg you'd believe——

Mr. Sor. That I'm your Servant.

Geo. Wou'd you have me be the Servant of a Man that makes me a Cuckold?

Mr. Sor. How now!

Clit. 'Tis enough, Sir.

Mr. Sor. No, I'll have him say it; every thing shall be done as it ought. That I am your Servant.

Geo. That I am your Servant.

Clit. Sir. I'm yours with all my Heart, and shall forget what's past. As for you, Sir, good morrow to you; I'm sorry for the trouble you have had.

Mr. Sor. I kiss your Hands, and whenever you please, shou'd be glad of your Company to course a Hare.

Clit. You do me too much Honour.

Mr. Sor. You see, Son-in-law, how things are to be carry'd in such Cafes. Good-buy. You are ally'd to a Family that will uphold you, and not suffer you to be affronted.

SCENE VII.

George Dandin, solus.

Geo. Ah that——But 'tis my own fault, 'tis my own fault; *George Dandin* 'tis your own fault, you are rightly served, you have your Deserts——I may yet perhaps find some means to disabuse her Father and Mother.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Claudina, Lubin.

Claud. I Thought indeed you'd discover it to some body that wou'd tell my Master?

Lub. Faith I told but a little on't to a Man by the way, that he might not say he saw me; sure these People here are very tattling.

Claud.

Claud. Truly the Vicount has made a fine Choice, to chuse thee for his Messenger! he used no very lucky Person.

Lub. Another time I shall be wiser.

Claud. 'Twill be long enough first, I believe.

Lub. No more of that—attend.

Claud. What must I attend to?

Lub. Turn your Face towards me.

Claud. Well, what now?

Lub. Claudina.

Claud. Well?

Lub. Don't you know what I want to say to you?

Claud. No not I.

Lub. Sniggers, I love you.

Claud. Indeed!

Lub. The Devil take me else; sure you may believe me, now I swear.

Claud. In a good hour.

Lub. I feel my Heart go pit a pat when I look at you.

Claud. I'm glad on't.

Lub. How do you do to be so pretty?

Claud. I do as others do.

Lub. There don't go much Butter to a Quarter of a Pound. If you will you shall be my Wife, and I thy Husband.

Claud. You'll be jealous like my Master.

Lub. Not at all.

Claud. As for me, I hate suspicious Husbands, and wou'd have one that's so full of Confidence, and so sure of my Chastity, that he'd trust me in the middle of thirty Men, without the least uneasiness.

Lub. Well—all this will I do.

Claud. 'Tis the foolishhest thing in the World to distrust and torment a Wife. They get no good by it; it makes us think of evil, and the Husbands with their Suspicions often make themselves what they are.

Lub. Well, I'll give you leave to do what you please.

Claud. Why that's the way not to be deceived. When our Husbands leave us to our own Discretion, we take

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no more liberty than we ought; and 'tis with them as 'tis with those who open their Purse and say, take. We make a right use of the Liberty, and are soon satisfy'd. But those who vex us, oblige us to return it, and we never spare 'em.

Lub. I'll be like those that open their Purse — do but marry me?

Claud. We shall see what's to be done.

Lub. Come hither then, *Claudina*.

Claud. What wou'd you have?

Lub. Come hither, I say.

Claud. Softly, I don't love to be rumbled.

Lub. A little bit for Friendship.

Claud. Let me alone, I tell you; I don't understand Raillery.

Lub. *Claudina*!

Claud. Well.

Lub. How ill-natured you are to a poor Man. 'Tis not fair to refuse one. Are you not ashamed to be handsome, and not suffer your self to be caress'd?

Claud. I shall give you a box on the Ear.

Lub. Ah Tyger! Savage! cruel Jade!

Claud. You take too much liberty.

Lub. What harm wou'd it be to suffer me a little?

Claud. You must be patient.

Lub. A little Buss only, and we'll deduct it when we're marry'd.

Claud. Your Servant.

Lub. *Claudina*, pray now, let it be never so little.

Claud. No, no, I've been too often bit that way already; farewell. Go and tell the Vicount that I'll take care to deliver his Letter.

Lub. Adieu, Churlish Beauty.

Claud. An amorous Phrase!

Lub. Adieu, Rock, Flint, Oak, Stone, and all that's hard.

Claud. I'll go and deliver this to my Mistress — But here she comes with her Husband; I'll stay till she's alone.

SCENE

SCENE II.

George Dandin, Angelica, and behind 'em Clitander.

Geo. No, no, I am not so easily abused, nor am I very certain that what you say is true. I have better Eyes than you think for; your Gallimaufry has not dazzled me so much.

Clit. There she is, but her Husband's with her.

Geo. Thro' all your Grimaces I have perceived the Truth of what was told me, and the little Respect you have to the Knot that joyns us — [*She curtsies to Clit.*] Pray none of your Curtsies; 'tis not such Respect I speak of, neither ought you to Mock me.

Ang. I Mock? No truly don't I.

Geo. I know your Thoughts, and — [*Clit. and Ang. Bow and Curtsy without being perceived by Dan.*] Again? No more fooling, I say! I know, because of your Gentility, you think me very much below you, and the Respect I mean, is not to my Person--- I mean those which you owe to the venerable Marriage Knot--- [*Ang. makes a sign to Clit.*] You need not heave up your Shoulders; I don't talk Nonfence.

Ang. Who thinks of heaving up their Shoulders?

Gro. Do you think I'm blind--- I tell you once more, that Marriage is a Tye which cannot have too much Respect shewn it, and that you do very ill in using it thus; yes ill, I say, very ill; you have no need to shake your Head and laugh at me.

Ang. Me! I don't know what you mean.

Geo. But I know very well; and understand your Contempt--- If I am not a Gentleman by Birth, I am at least of a Race which is not despicable, and the Family of the Dandins---

Clit. [*Behind Angel. without being perceived by Dan.*] A Moment's Talk.

Geo. What now?

Ang. I did not say a Word, not I.

Geo. [*Turns round his Wife, and Clit. making a very low Bow to him goes off.*] There he is, always about you.

Ang.

Ang. Well, is it my Fault? What wou'd you have me do in it?

Geo. I'd have you act like a Wife that wou'd please none but her Husband. Say what you will, Gallants never lay Siege without Encouragement; there's a certain languishing Air that draws 'em, as Honey draws Flies; honest Women know how to drive them away presently.

Ang. Why shou'd I drive them away? I am not asham'd to be thought handsome; 'tis rather a Pleasure to me.

Geo. Yes, it may be so---- But what must a Husband do all this time?

Ang. Do like an honest Man, who is glad to see his Wife esteem'd.

Geo. I am your most humble Slave---- That is not my Humour, the *Dandins* are not accusom'd to that Fashion.

Ang. The *Dandins* might accusom themselves to it if they wou'd. For my part, I declare, my Design is not to renounce the World, and bury my self alive in a Husband. What——because a Man takes it in his Head to Marry us, must we presently give up all things and break off all Acquaintance with the Living? This is a strange Tyranny of the Husbands —— 'Tis mighty fine indeed, that we must be dead to all Diversions, and live only for them! —— I must beg your Pardon——I don't desigh to dye so young.

Geo. Is it thus you fulfil the Engagements of Faith you made to me in Publick?

Ang. I! I never made any to you willingly——you forced 'em from me. Did you ever ask my Consent before the Marriage? You only consulted my Father and Mother; so that 'tis to them properly speaking that you are married-- therefore you'd do well to complain to them always of the Wrongs you may receive —— As for me, who never said I'd Marry you, and whom you took without consulting my Opinion, I don't think my self at all oblig'd to submit like a Slave to your Will; and by your Leave, Sir, shall yet enjoy some few pleasant Day that Youth offers me; indulge to the Liberties my Age permits, see the *beaus-monde*, and take the pleasure of hearing fine things said to me--

There--

Therefore prepare your self for your Punishment, and be thankful that I don't do something worse.

Geo. Ah! Is this your way — I'm your Husband, and tell you I understand nothing of all this.

Aug. I am your Wife, and tell you that I understand it.

Geo. I have a great mind to spoil that Face of yours, and hinder it from having fine things said to it — *George Dandin* thou canst not refrain, therefore thou hadst better be gone.

SCENE III.

Claudiana, Angelica.

Claud. I was impatient till he was gone, Madam, to deliver you this from you know who.

Ang. Let's see it.

Claud. As far as I can see, she is not much displeased with it.

Ang. Ah *Claudina*, how gentle is this Letter! what an agreeable Air the Courtiers have in all they say and do! what difference there is between them and our Country Loobies?

Claud. I believe you have no great Love for the *Dandies* after you have seen them.

Ang. Stay here; I'll go and write an Answer —

Claud. I believe there is no great need of desiring her to let it be a good humour'd one — But here he is —

SCENE IV.

Clitander, Claudina, and Lubin.

Claud. Truly, Sir, you have made use of a very good Messenger.

Clit. I durst not send any of my own Servants — but dear *Claudina*, I must recompence you for the good Service you have done me. [Feels in his Pockets.]

Claud. Oh, Sir, there's no need of it. No, Sir, you need not give yourself the trouble; I serve you because you deserve

serve it, and because I have a natural Inclination to you! [Gives her Money.]

Lub. Since we are to be married, give me that, that I may put it to mine.

Claud. I'll lay it up for you, together with the Buſs.

Clit. Tell me, have you deliver'd my Letter to your fair Miſtreſs?

Claud. Yes, and ſhe's gone to Answer it.

Clit. But, *Claudina*, is there no way to have ſome Diſcourſe with her?

Claud. Yes, follow me, and I'll bring you to her.

Clit. But won't ſhe take it ill? ſhall I run no Riſque by it?

Claud. No, no, her Husband is not at home; beſides, 'tis not he that's to be managed, but her Parents; and if they're prepoſſeſs'd we have nothing elſe to fear.

Clit. I leave all to you.

Lub. Od I ſhall have a very cunning Wife; ſhe has Wit enough for four.

SCENE V.

George Dandin, Lubin.

Geo. Oh! here's my Man — Would I could get him to teſtifie to the Parents what they are ſo backward to believe.

Lub. Ah! are you there Mr. Babblor? I deſired you not to ſpeak of it, and you ſaid you wouldn't. You are a Blab, and went and told the Secret.

Geo. Who? I?

Lub. Yes, that you did. You went and told all to the Husband, who made the Devil to do. I'm glad to know you have ſuch a Tongue; I ſhall take care how I truſt you another time.

Geo. But hear me, Friend.

Lub. If you had not blabbed, I'd have told you what's doing now; but for your Punishment you ſhall know nothing on't.

Geo. Why, what's a doing?

Lub. Nothing, nothing. This it is to tattle; but I'll put it out of your Power to tell again.

Ger.

Geo. Stay a little.

Lub. Not at all.

Geo. I want to speak but one Word to you.

Lub. No, no, you have a mind to Pump me.

Geo. No, 'tis not for that.

Lub. Some foolish thing or other — I see what you want.

Geo. Quite another thing — Hear me.

Lub. No no — You'd have we tell you that the Vicount just now gave Money to *Claudina*, and that she carryed him to her Mistress — But I e'nt such an Als as that comes to neither.

Geo. Pray now.

Lub. No.

Geo. I'll give you —

Lub. Fiddle Faddle.

SCENE VI.

George Dandin solus.

I could not make use of this Booby as I designed — But what has scaped from him will do as well, and if the Gallant is at my House, that will serve to convince the Father and Mother of their Daughter's Impudence — The deuce on't is, I don't know how to be the better for this News. If I go in, the Spark will escape, and whatever I my self see to my Dishonour they'll never believe, but tell me I rave; on the other hand, if I go and fetch my Father and Mother-in-Law, without being sure the Spark's with her, 'twill be the same thing, I shall fall in to the same Inconveniency as before: Cannot I go softly and see the Truth on't. (*Looks thro' the Keyhole.*) Ah Heavens 'tis too true, there they are — Now I can confound 'em; and as luck will have it, here come my Judges.

SCENE VII.

Mr. and Mrs. de Sotenville, George Dandin.

Geo. Just now you would not believe me, and your Daughter gain'd the better. But now I can shew you how

how she uses me, and my Dishonour is at present so clear, that you can no longer doubt of it.

Mr. Sot. What! Son-in-Law, still harping upon that String?

Geo. Yes; but never with more Cause than now.

Mrs. Sot. Do you come again, to amuze our Heads with this?

Geo. Yes, Madam. But my Head is served much worse.

Mr. Sot. Are you never weary of importuning us?

Geo. No; but I'm very weary of being taken for a Cully.

Mrs. Sot. Will you never put away your extravagant Whims?

Geo. No, Madam; but I'd fain put away a Wife that dishonours me.

Mrs. Sot. Lord, Son-in-Law, learn how to express yourself.

Mr. Sot. S'heart, use less offending Expressions.

Geo. The Loser has no cause to laugh.

Mrs. Sot. Remember you have marry'd a Gentlewoman:

Geo. Yes, I do remember it to my Cost.

Mr. Sot. If you remember it, learn to speak of her with more respect.

Geo. First let her learn to use me more honourably. What——because she is a Gentlewoman has she the Liberty to make me what she pleases, and I must not dare to breathe, I warrant ye?

Mr. Sot. What's the matter with you? what have you to say of her? did she not plainly shew this Morning, that she did not so much as know the Man you spoke to me of?

Geo. Yes——But what would you say if I should now shew you that Spark with her?

Mrs. Sot. With her!

Geo. Yes, with her, and in my House.

Mr. Sot. In your House!

Geo. Yes. In my own House.

Mrs. Sot. If't be so, we should be against her.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sot. Yes. The Honour of our Family is more dear to us than any thing else; and if what you say be true, we shall disown her for our Daughter, and leave her to your Anger.

Geo. Only follow me.

Mrs. Sot. Take care you ben't deceived.

Mr. Sot. Don't do as you did before.

Geo. Lord, you shall see—There, did I lie? [*All go in.*]

SCENE VIII.

Scene draws, and discovers Angelica, Clitander and Claudina. Enter behind 'em Mr. and Mrs. Sotenville and George Dandin.

Ang. I'm afraid we shall be surprized, and I must keep some Measures.

Clit. Promise me then, Madam, to let me speak to you to Night.

Ang. I will, if possible.

Geo. Let's go softly behind them, and try not to be seen.

Claud. Ah! Madam, all is lost—Here's your Father and Mother, with your Husband.

Clit. Ah! Heavens!

Ang. Don't seem at all concern'd, I'll bring you off--What; dare you be so bold after this Morning's Work; do you dissemble your Thoughts in this Manner? I was told you were in love with me, and that you wanted to sollicit me; I shew'd my Anger upon it, and express'd my self clearly to you publickly; you denied it, and gave me your Word that you'd never have a thought of offending me; and yet the same Day you are so bold as to come and give me a Visit; to tell me you love me, and say a hundred foolish things to make me answer your Extravagancies; as if I were a Woman that wou'd violate my Marriage Vow, and go from the Virtue my Parent taught me. If my Father shou'd come to know it he'd teach you to go upon such Undertakings. But a Woman of Honour does not love a Noise. [*Beckons to Claudina to bring a Stick*] I shall not trouble him about it, but will

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H

shew

shew that as much a Woman as I am, I have Courage enough to Revenge myself of the Affronts that are put upon me. Your Actions are not Gentleman-like, neither will I use you like a Gentleman. [*Takes a Stick and beats her*

Husband, instead of Clitander who puts Dan. before him.
Clit. Hold, hold; enough.

Claud. Strike hard, Madam.

Ang. If you have yet any Scruple I'll answer it.

Claud. Learn another time who you Court. [*As to Clit.*

Ang. Ah Father, are you here?

Mr. Sot. Yes, Daughter, and see that in Wisdom and Courage you are a worthy Branch of the House of the *Sotenville*--- Let me Embrace thee.

Mrs. Sot. Embrace me too, Daughter--- Alas! I Weep for Joy; and see my own Blood in the things thou hast done.

Mr. Sot. Son-in-Law, how glad ought you to be, and how fortunate for you is this Accident--- You had, indeed, just cause to be alarmed, but your Suspicions are most advantageously dissipated.

Mrs. Sot. Certainly, Son-in-Law; and now you have reason to be the most contented Man in the World.

Claud. So he should. What a Wife there is! you are too happy in her; you ought to kiss the very Ground she goes on.

Geo. Traitefs!

Mr. Sot. What now, Son-in-Law? Why don't you thank your Wife for the Friendship you see she shews for you?

Ang. No, no, Father; there's no need of it. He has no Obligation to me for what just now happened; all I did was for the Love of my self only.

Mr. Sot. Where are you going, Daughter.

Ang. I am retiring, Father, to avoid his Compliments.

[*Exit.*

Claud. She has reason to be angry. She's a Wife that deserves to be adored; you don't use her as you ought.

Geo. Deceitful Jade!

Mr. Sot. She's angry at what happened just now; but 'twill soon be over if you fondle her a little --- Adieu, Son-in-Law, you have now no further Cause to be un-

casie

ease — Go and be reconciled, and try to appease her by laying the Fault on your Suspicions.

Mrs. Sat. You ought to consider she's one that's brought up to Virtue, and is not accustomed to be suspected of any base Action: Farewell. I am glad to see your Disorders quieted; how pleased ought you to be at her Conduct.

Geo. I say nothing; for what should I get by speaking? — Sure nothing was ever equal to my Disgrace — I admire my Ill luck and the cunning Trick of my damned Wife, to make her self appear in the right, and me in the wrong. Shall I always be outdone by her? Will Appearances always be against me, and shall I never convince 'em of my Wife's Audaciousness? Oh Heav'n, second my Designs and grant me the favour to let me discover my Dishonour publicly.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Clitander, Lubin.

Clit. **T**HE Night is far advanced, I'm afraid I've staid too long. I can't see my way 'tis so dark; *Lubin!*

Lub. Sir.

Clit. Is this the way?

Lub. I believe so — S'niggers 'tis a foolish Night, for being so dark.

Clit. 'Tis certainly in the wrong. But if on one hand it hinders us from seeing, on the other it hinders us from being seen.

Lub. That's true; Then it is not so much in the wrong — I would fain know, Sir, you who are a Schollar, why 'tis not Light at Night?

Clit. 'Tis a hard Question — You are curious, *Lubin.*

Lub. Yes — If I had study'd I should have thought of things that were never thought of.

Clit. I believe it—You look as if you had a subtle and penetrating Wit.

Lub. I do so—Stay—I can construe *Latin*, though I never learn't it; for t'other Day seeing COLLEGIUM written on a great Door, I guess'd it signified COLLEGE.

Clit. Did you so!—Why then you can read, *Lubin*?

Lub. Yes; I can read Printing, but I never learnt to read Writing.

Clit. We are over-against the House—This is the Signal that *Claudina* gives.

Lub. Faith that Girl is worth her weight in Gold: I love her dearly.

Clit. I brought you with me that you may talk to her.

Lub. Sir, I am ob—

Clit. Hush—I hear a Noise.

SCENE II.

Angelica, Claudina, Clitander, and Lubin.

Ang. Claudina.

Claud. Anon?

Ang. Leave the Door half open.

Claud. I have don't already.

Clit. 'Tis they—'St.

Ang. 'St.

Lub. 'St.

Claud. 'St.

Clit. (To Claudina.) Madam.

Ang. (To Lub.) What?

Lub. (To Ang.) Claudina.

Claud. Who is't?

Clit. (To Claud.) Ah! Madam how glad am I!

Lub. (To Ang.) Claudina, dear Claudina!

Claud. Soft; Sir!

[To Clit.

Ang. (To Lub.) Hold, Lubin.

Clit. Is it you, Claudina?

Claud. Yes.

Lub. Is it you, Madam?

Ang. Yes.

Claud. You have mistaken one for t'other.

Lub.

Lub. In the dark all Cats are grey.

Ang. Is it you, *Clitander*?

Clit. Yes Madam.

Ang. My Husband snores to the purpose; so I took this Opportunity to come to you.

Clit. Let's look for some place to sit down in.

Claud. 'Tis very well thought of.

[*They go and sit at the further part of the Stage on a Turf.*]

Lub. *Claudina*, where are you?

SCENE III.

Geo. Dandin and Lubin.

Geo. I heard my Wife steal down, so I dress'd my self quickly, and have followed her. Where can she be? Is she gone out?

Lub. [*Takes Geo. for Claud.*] Where are you, *Claudina*? Oh are you here. Faith your Master is finely caught, and I think this every whit as Comical as the Blows you told me were given him. Your Mistress says he is now snoring like any Devil; little does he think that the Vicount and she are together, whilst he sleeps. I'd fain know what he's dreaming of. 'Tis extremely comical? What good does he get now by being jealous of his Wife, and desirous to have her all to himself? 'Tis an impertinent Humour; the Vicount does him too much Honour. Why don't you speak, *Claudina*? Come let's follow 'em; give me thy pretty little Hand that I may kiss it—Ah, this is pure—I think I am eating of Sweatmeats. [*As he kisses Dandin's Hand, Dandin gives him a hard push on the Face.*]

Lub. Zblood, how you serve one. This pretty little hand is plaguy hard.

Geo. Who goes there?

Lub. No body.

Geo. He runs away, and leaves me inform'd of my Hussy's new Tricks. I must without delay send for her Parents; this Accident will give me a good handle to put her away—Soho, *Colin, Colin.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Colin at the Window, Geo. Dandin.

Colin. Sir.

Geo. Come down quickly.

Col. Here I am—— [*leaping out of the Window*] Would you have me be quicker?

Geo. Are you here?

Col. Yes, Sir. [*Whilst Dandin speaks on one side, Colin goes to the other.*]

Geo. Soft. Speak low. Harken. Go to my Father and Mother-in-Law, and tell them I desire they'd come hither instantly. Do ye hear. Why Colin, Colin.

Colin. [*On the other side.*] Sir?

Geo. Where the Devil are you?

Col. Here.

Geo. [*As they go to look one another they pass by each other.*] Pox take the Booby, where is he? I say, go immediately to my Father and Mother-in-Law, and tell 'em that I desire 'em to come hither presently? Do you hear? Answer----Colin, Colin.Col. [*On the other side.*] Sir!Geo. This hang Dog will make me mad--- come hither, I say. [*They jostle, and both fall.*] Ah Traitor! He has lamed me. Where are you? If I come at you I'll beat you like a Stock-fish. I believe he runs away from me.

Col. You may be sure I do.

Geo. Will you come hither?

Col. Who'd be Fool then?

Geo. Come hither, I tell you.

Col. No, you'll beat me.

Geo. Well no, I won't.

Col. Indeed won't you?

Geo. Indeed I won't. Come hither. You may be glad I stand in need of you. Go quickly from me, and desire my Father and Mother-in-Law to come hither as soon as possible, and tell 'em 'tis about an Affair of the utmost Consequence—— If they make any Scruple, because of the time of Night, be sure you press them, and let 'em

know

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know 'tis very requisite they shou'd come, whatever Condition they may be in. D'ye hear.

Col. Yes, Sir,

Geo. Go, and be back quickly—I'll go in again, and stay till---But I hear somebody---Is not it my Wife?---I'll make use of the Obscurity, and listen.

S C E N E V.

Clitander, Angelica, Claudina, Lubin, and Geo. Dandin.

Ang. 'Tis time to go in.

Clit. Why so soon?

Ang. We have had Discourse enough.

Clit. Ah! Madam; is it possible I shou'd ever have Discourse enough with you; or in so little time say all I have to say to you? 'Twou'd take me up whole Days to tell you all I think; nor have I yet told you the least part of what I wanted to say to you.

Ang. We'll hear the rest another time.

Clit. Alas! how you wound my Soul when you talk of parting, and how sorrowful do you leave me!

Ang. We shall find means to meet again.

Clit. Aye --- But then I consider that when you leave me you go to a Husband --- that Thought kills me, and the Privileges which Husbands take are cruel things to a real Lover.

Ang. Are you weak enough to have that Uneasiness, and do you think all Husbands are amiable? We marry them, because we can't help it, and it depends on the Will of our Parents, who regard nothing but Wealth, but we know how to fit them, and they are mightily deceived if they think we esteem them more than they deserve.

Geo. These are our blessed Wives!

Clit. How little worthy of you is he that possesses you, and what a strange Match there's made between one like you, and such a Fellow as him!

Geo. Poor Husbands! how are you used?

Clit. You deserve quite another Lot; Heaven never form'd you to be the Wife of a Peasant.

Geo.

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Geo. Wou'd she were thine, you'd change your Tone
----but I'll go in, I have heard enough.

Claud. Madam, if you mean to rail at your Husband
any more, make haste, for 'tis late.

Clit. How cruel you are, *Claudina*!

Ang. She's in the right. Let's separate.

Clit. Since you will have it so, we must. But at least
Pity me for the sorrowful Hours I shall spend.

Ang. Adieu.

Lub. Where are you, *Claudina*, I want to bid you good
Night.

Claud. Go, go, I can receive it here, and bid you as
much.

SCENE V.

Angelica, Claudina, George Dandin.

Ang. Let's go in again softly.

Claud. The Door is shut.

Ang. I have the Master Key.

Claud. Open it softly then.

Ang. 'Tis shut on the Inside; what shall we do?

Claud. Call the Boy that lies there.

Ang. Colin, Colin, Colin.

Geo. (*putting his Head out of the Window*) Colin, Colin?
Have I caught you, Madam Wife? You play fine Pranks
while I sleep. I'm glad to see you out at this time of
Night.

Ang. Well, and where's the great harm of taking the
Cool of the Evening?

Geo. Yes, yes. 'Tis a fine time to take the Cool in;
'tis rather a Heat, Huffy; we know the whole Intrigue.
We heard your gentle Discourse, and the great Praise each
of you gave me. But my Comfort is, I shall soon be re-
venged; your Father and Mother will now be convinced
of the Justice of my Complaint, and the Irregularity of
your Conduct. I have sent for them, they'll be here pre-
sently.

Ang. Ah Heav'ns!

Claud. Madam.

Geo.

Geo.
Now
in you
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Geo. I
Ang. D
Geo. D
sweet Hu
very glad
to fawn u
Ang. W
Displeasur
Geo. Al
this Accid
known.
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Geo. No doubt but 'tis a Mischance you little expected. Now I triumph, and have wherewithal to pull you down in your Wedding Shoes, and spoil your Tricks. Hitherto you have derided my Accusations, deceiv'd your Parents, and colour'd over your Misdemeanors. I might see what I wou'd, your Cunning always carried it over my Truth, and you still found out some way or other to make them believe that you were in the Right. But now, thank God, things will be shewn in a true Light, and your Impudence will be quite confounded.

Ang. Pray let the Door be open'd.

Geo. No, no, those I have sent for shall come first — I'll have them find you Abroad at this fine time of Night. While you stay for them I'd have you invent some Stratagem to get out of this Business too! Find out some means to put a gloss upon your Pranks. Imagine some Trick to make you appear Innocent. Some specious Pretence, of Nocturnal Pilgrimage, or of a Friend in Labour whom you went to help.

Ang. No, I don't intend to disguise any thing from you. I don't mean to defend my self, nor deny things, since you know them.

Geo. 'Tis only because you can find no way to do it, nor can invent any Excuse, but what may be convicted of Falshy.

Ang. Yes, I confess I'm in the wrong, and that you have cause to complain. But pray don't expose me to the ill-Humour of my Parents, but let the Door be open'd quickly.

Geo. I must beg your Pardon.

Ang. Dear, sweet Husband; I conjure you do.

Geo. Dear, sweet Husband! Ay, now I am your dear sweet Husband, because you find your self caught. I'm very glad on't, for you never took it in your Head before to fawn upon me.

Ang. Well, I'll promise never to give you any cause of Displeasure again, and —

Geo. All this will do no good. I'm resolved to improve this Accident, and it concerns me to have your Tricks known.

28 GEORGE DANDIN: Or,

Ang. Pray let me speak; I desire but a Moment's Audience.

Geo. Well? what have to say?

Ang. 'Tis true I have offended, I confess it again, and your Resentment is just. I took the Opportunity whilst you slept, and did give a meeting to the Person you mention. But these are Actions that are pardonable at my Age; Sallies of Youth, which has not yet had Experience, and is but just begun to see the World. Liberties which one takes without thinking any harm, and which at the bottom are not at all Criminal.

Geo. Yes, so you say; these sort of things you'd have me piously believe.

Ang. I don't go about to excuse my self from being faulty to you, and I desire you to forget an Offence for which I heartily beg your Pardon; do not expose me to the Reproofs of a Father and Mother. If you generously grant me the Favour I beg of you, that obliging way of proceeding, that Goodness which you'll shew me, will entirely gain me. It will touch my Heart, and breed in it a Love for you, which neither my Parents Power, nor my Marriage Vow cou'd ever produce. In a word, 'twill cause me to renounce all manner of Gallantry, and make me have no Love for any thing but you. I give you my Promise, that henceforwards I'll be the best of Wives, and will shew so much Friendship for you, that you shall be satisfied with it.

Geo. Ah Crocodile; Smile in my Face, and cut my Throat.

Ang. Grant me this Favour.

Geo. No more Words—I am inexorable.

Ang. Shew yourself Generous.

Geo. No.

Ang. For Heaven's sake.

Geo. No.

Ang. I conjure you from the bottom of my Heart.

Geo. No, no, no. I'll undeceive People in their Opinion of you, and will have your Confusion be Publick.

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Ang. Well — If you reduce me to Despair, I give you Notice that a Woman in such a Condition is capable of any thing, and that I'll do something you shall repent of.

Geo. And pray Madam, what will your Ladyship do?

Ang. I'll be upon Extreame, and with this Knife I'll Stab my self upon the Spot.

Geo. Ha, ha, ha. With all my Heart.

Ang. 'Twon't be so well for you as you imagine. Our Differences are known throughout all the Neighbourhood, as well as the continual Suspensions you have of me, When I am found dead, no body will doubt but that you murder'd me, and my Parents are not those that will let my Death go unpunish'd; they will inflict as severe a Punishment upon you as the Heat of their Anger can provoke them to. By this means I shall be reveng'd on you; nor shall I be the first that has had recourse to such a Revenge; for several have made no scruple to kill themselves, that they might destroy those that had the Cruelty to drive them to such Extremities.

Geo. Ho, Ho; Self Murther has been a great while out of Fashion.

Ang. You may depend upon't I'll do't; and if you persist in your Refusal, and do not let the Door be open'd, I Swear that immediately I'll shew how far the Resolution of one in Despair will reach.

Geo. Fillyfally — I en't so soon frighten'd.

Ang. Well; since it must be so, here's what will content us both, and shew whether I Jest or no — 'Tis done — Heaven grant my Death may be revenged as I desire — and that he who was the cause of it may receive a just Punishment for his Cruelty towards me.

Geo. Sure she won't be so Malicious as to kill herself that I may be hang'd — I'll take a Light and go down to see.

[Goes from the Window.]

Ang. St — Silence — Stand up close here by the Door.

Geo. Sure a Woman's Spight won't go so far. *[He comes out with a bit of Candle not perceiving them, they slip in and shut the Door.]* There's no body here. I thought so; the Jade ran away, seeing she cou'd not gain upon me either by Prayers or Threats. So much the bet-

ter; this will make things still worse, and her Parents when they come will see her Crime the plainer — The Door's shut. So, ho; open the Door there, somebody.

Ang. [*At the Window with Claudina*] What! is it you! Where have you been, Sirrah! Is this an hour to come Home at, when the Day is ready to appear. — Is this manner of Living fit for an honest Husband?

Claud. Very fine — Go out drunkening all Night, and leave a poor Young Wife alone at Home?

Geo. Why, have you the Impudence to —

Ang. Go, go, Traytor; I am weary of your Pranks, and will go this Minute and complain to my Father and Mother.

Geo. What, are —

SCENE VII.

Mr. and Mrs. Sotenville in their Night-Gowns lighted by Colin; Claudina, Angelica, and George Dandin.

Ang. Pray come and do me Justice upon the greatest Insolence in the World, on a Husband whose Brain is so disturb'd with Wine and Jealousy, that he neither knows what he says or does, and has himself sent for you to make you Witness of the strangest Extravagancy that was ever heard of. Here he comes Home as you see after he has made me wait all Night, and if you'll hearken to him he'll tell you that he has the greatest Complaints in the World to make of me; that whilst he slept, I stole from him to run a Whoring, and a hundred other Tales of the like Nature, which he's going to utter?

Geo. Here's a fine Baggage for you —

Claud. Yes — He'd fain make us believe that he was in the House, and we were Abroad; nor can we beat it out of his Head, but that it is so.

Mrs. Sot. What's the Meaning of this?

Mrs. Sot. 'Tis a great Piece of Impudence to send for us.

Geo. Never was —

Ang.

Ang. No, Father, I can no longer endure such a Husband. My Patience is quite tired out, and he has given me a hundred abusive Words.

Mr. Sot. 'Sheart, you're a base Fellow.

Claud. 'Tis a pity to see a poor Young Lady used thus — it cries to Heaven for Vengeance.

Geo. Can you —

Mrs. Sot. Go, you ought to dye with Shame.

Geo. Let me speak but two Words to you.

Ang. Ay, hear him. he'll tell you a fine Tale truly.

Geo. I shall run Mad.

Claud. He has drank so much, that there's no living with him--- Foh--- the Smell of the Wine reaches quite hither.

Geo. Father-in-Law, I conjure you---

Mr. Sot. Go further off--- You stink of Wine.

Geo. Madam, pray---

Mrs. Sot. Fy, don't come near me; your Breath cannot be borne.

Geo. Let me---

Mr. Sot. Go further off, I tell you ---- 'Tis not sufferable.

Geo. Pray let me----

Mrs. Sot. Fogh, you turn my Stomach. Speak at a Distance.

Geo. Well, then, I'll speak at a distance — I'll Swear I have not stir'd out of my House, but, 'twas she went Abroad.

Ang. Did not I tell you so?

Claud. You may see how probable it is.

Mr. Sot. Go — You Jest — Come down, Daughter.

Geo. I call Heaven to witness that I was in the House, and —

Mr. Sot. Hold your Peace; 'tis an insupportable Extravagance.

Geo. May Thunder strike me dead this Minute, if —

Mr. Sot. Don't trouble me any more with your Nonsense; but think of asking your Wive's Pardon.

Geo. Ask her Pardon!

Mr. Sot. Yes, this Moment.

Geo. What, shall —

Mr. Sot. S'heart if you reply, I'll teach you what 'tis to jest with us.

Geo. Poor *George Dandin*!

Mr. Sot. Come down, Daughter, that your Husband may ask your Pardon.

Ang. [*Comes down*] Can I ever pardon him what he has said to me? No, Father, 'tis impossible I shou'd ever do it, and I beg you'd separate me from a Husband with whom I can live no longer.

Claud. How can she?

Mr. Sot. Daughter, such Separations are always scandalous; you ought to shew yourself more wise than him, and be patient for once.

Ang. What! be patient after such unworthy Usage? no, Father; I can never consent to it.

Mr. Sot. You must, Daughter; I command you to do it.

Ang. That Word stops my Mouth; you have an absolute Power over me.

Claud. Gentle Creature!

Ang. 'Tis hard to forget such Injuries; but whatever Violence I do myself, 'tis my Duty to obey you.

Claud. Poor Lamb!

Mr. Sot. Come hither.

Ang. All you make him do will signify nothing; he'll fall to his old Trade again by to Morrow.

Mr. Sot. We'll take care about it. — Come--- upon your Knees.

Geo. Upon my Knees?

Mr. Sot. Yes, upon your Knees, immediately.

Geo. [*On his Knees*] Ah Heavens! what must I say?

Mr. Sot. Madam, I beg your Pardon.

Geo. Madam, I beg your Pardon.

Mr. Sot. For the Extravagance I have committed.

Geo. For the Extravagance I have committed--- in marrying you. [*aside.*]

Mr. Sot. And I promise to be better for the future.

Geo. And I promise to be better for the future.

Mr. Sot. See you be so; and know that this is the last of your Impertinences we'll bear with.

Mrs. Sor. If you relapse again, we'll teach you the respect you owe to your Wife, and those that gave her Birth.

Mr. Sor. The Day begins to appear. Farewell. Go in again and grow wiser--- Come, my Dear, we'll go to Bed.

SCENE VIII.

George Dandin, *Solus.*

I see I must desist, there's no Remedy; when any one like me has marry'd an ill Wife, the best thing he can do, is to go and fling himself headlong into the Sea.



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TARTUFFE;

OR, THE

HYPOCRITE.

A

C O M E D Y.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

TARTUFFE;
OR THE
HYPOCRITE
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Printed in the Year MDCCLXIV.

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P R E F A C E.

HERE is a Comedy which has made a great disturbance, and which has been a long time persecuted; the Persons whom it ridicules have plainly shewn themselves to be more powerful in *France*, than any I ever before lash'd. The Marquisses, the Affected Ladies, the Cuckolds, and the Physicians, have peaceably suffer'd themselves to be represented; and they have pretended to be diverted with the Descriptions that were made of them, as well as the rest: But the Hypocrites won't take a Jest; they were amazed that I should be so bold as to mock their Grimaces, and decry a Trade which so many Persons of Note profess. 'Tis a Crime they can never Pardon; and they all arm'd against my Play with a terrible Fury. They took care not to attack it on the side which offended them; they were more cunning than that comes too, and have more Policy than to discover the bottom of their Soul. According to their laudable Custom, they cover'd their own Interests with the Cause of God, and they pretend that the *Tartuffe* offends Piety, that it is full of Abominations from one end to t'other; and they can see nothing in it but what ought to be committed to the Flames. Every Syllable in it is impious; the very Gestures are faulty; and the least motion of the Eye, the least shake of the Head, the least Step, either to the right or left, conceals Mysteries, which they find a way to explain to my Disadvantage. My submitting it to the Judgment of my Friends, and the Censure of all the World, wou'd not do. The Corrections I made in it; the Judgment of the King and Queen, who saw it; the Approba-
tion

P R E F A C E.

tion of great Princes, and of the Ministers of State, who have honour'd it publickly with their Presence; the Testimonies of People of Virtue who think it of some use; all this had no effect upon 'em. They won't bate an Ace, and they still set on the undiscreef Zealots, who exclaim against me in publick, abuse me out of Piety, and damn me for Charity sake.

I shou'd not much care for any thing they cou'd say, if it were not for the Trick they have got of creating me Enemies whom I respect, and of seducing People that are truly good, whose Credulity they impose upon. and who, thro' their Zeal for the Interest of Heaven, easily receive the Impressions that are given 'em. This is what obliges me to defend my self. 'Tis only to the truly Devout that I mean to justify my self about the Conduct of my Comedy; and I conjure them not to condemn any thing 'till they have seen it; to lay aside Prejudice, and not to be Tools to the Passion of those whose Grimaces are a Dishonour to them.

If they will take the Pains to examine my Comedy impartially, they will certainly find that my Intentions throughout are all innocent, and that it does not at all tend to ridicule the things that ought to be revered; that I have handled it with all the Precaution that the Delicacy of the matter required; and that I have used all the Art and Care I cou'd to distinguish the Character of the Hypocrite from that of the truly good Man. Therefore I have employ'd two whole Acts to prepare the entrance of my Villain. He don't hold the Audience in Suspence a moment; he is presently known by the Marks I give him, and from one end to t'other he don't speak a Word, nor use an Action, but what describes to the Spectators the Character of a wicked Man, and sets off that of a truly good Man, which I oppose to him.

I know that in answer to what I say, those Gentlemen endeavour to insinuate, that such matters are not fit for the Stage: But, with their Permission, pray what may they ground this fine Maxim upon? 'Tis a Proposition which they only suppose, and which they do not give any Proof of; and certainly, it wou'd be no very hard mat-

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P R E F A C E.

ter to shew 'em that Comedy, amongst the Ancients, had its Rise from Religion, and was a part of their Mysteries; that the *Spaniards*, our Neighbours, hardly celebrate any Saint's Day without a Play; and that even amongst us it owes its Birth to a Religious Society, to which the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* still belongs; that 'tis a Place which was given to represent the most important Mysteries of our Faith in; that there are Extant to this Day, Comedies printed in *Gothick* Characters, by the Name of a Doctor of the *Sorbonne*; and without fetching our Arguments so far, that even in our Days there have been played some holy Pieces of *M. Corneille*, which have been the Admiration of all *France*.

If the Business of the *Drama* is to correct the Vices of Mankind, I don't see for what Reason any Vice should be privileged. This Vice is of a much more dangerous Consequence than all the others; and we have found that the Stage has a good Hand at Correction. The finest Strokes of a serious Morality are sometimes less effectual than those of Satire; and nothing reprehends most Men better than the Description of their Faults. 'Tis a great Blow to the Vicious, to expose 'em to the Laughter of all the World. People can endure to be reprov'd, but not to be ridiculed. They would willingly be Knaves, but not Fools.

I am reprov'd for putting Terms of Piety in the Mouth of my Impostor: And how could I help it, to represent the Character of a Hypocrite? I think 'tis enough that I shew the ill Motives that induce him to say things, and that I have kept him from consecrated Terms, which the publick could not patiently have suffered him to make an ill Use of: But in the fourth Act he Preaches up a pernicious Morality! But is that Morality, any thing more than what every Body has heard over and over again? does it teach any thing new in my Comedy? and need it be feared that Things so generally detested should make any Impression on People's Minds? that they are e'er the more dangerous, because I bring 'em on the Stage? that the Mouth of a Libertine gives 'em any Weight?

P R E F A C E.

Weight? There is no Likelihood in that; and the Publick must either approve the *Tartuffe*, or condemn all Plays in general.

And this is what has been mightily aimed at of late; the Stage was never so much rail'd at as it is now. I must needs own, there are some Fathers of the Church, who have condemned Plays; but then it must be granted me, that there are others among 'em, who have given it milder Treatment. Thus the Authority wherewith People endeavour to maintain the Censure is destroyed; and all the Consequence that can be drawn from this Diversity of Opinions in Minds enlightened with the same Understanding, is that they have taken Plays differently; and that the one have considered them in their Purity, when the others have looked upon them in their Corruption, and mixed with all those shameful Spectacles, which are justly called Spectacles of Filthiness.

And indeed, (since we ought to discourse of Things and not of Words, and since most Contrarieties proceed from a Misunderstanding, and from confounding opposite Things in one and the same Word,) we need only take away the Veil of Equivocation, and observe what Comedy is in it self, to see whether it be so blameable. It will then undoubtedly appear, that being only an ingenious Poem which agreeably reproves the Faults of Mankind, it cannot be censured without Injustice. And if we will in this Case give any heed to the Testimony of Antiquity, it will tell us that its most celebrated Philosophers have praised Comedy; they who professed such an Austere Wisdom, and who incessantly were crying against the Vices of their Time. It will shew us that *Aristotle* consecrated many of his Lucubrations to the Stage, and took the Pains to reduce the Art of Writing Plays into Rules. It will teach us that its greatest Men, and those of the first Rank, were proud of Writing 'em themselves; and that there were others who did not disdain to repeat those which they had composed; in publick; that *Greece* testified its Esteem for that Art by glorious Prizes, and by the noble Theatres with which it honoured it; and, to

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conclude, that in *Rome* that same Art has likewise received extraordinary Honours : I don't mean in *Rome* Debauched, and under the Licentiousness of the Emperors, but in *Rome* Disciplined, under the Wisdom of the Consuls, and in the Vigour of the *Roman* Virtue.

I own that there have been times wherein Comedy has been corrupted. And what is there in the World but what is daily corrupted? There is nothing so innocent but what Men may make criminal; no Art so wholesome, whose Intentions they are not capable to overthrow; nothing so good in it self, but what they can turn to an ill Use. Physick is a profitable Art, and every one reveres it as one of the most excellent Things we have, and yet there has been a time wherein it has made it self odious, and 'tis often made an Art of poisoning Men. Philosophy is a Gift of Heaven : It was given us to form our Minds to the Knowledge of a God, by the Contemplation of the Miracles of Nature; and yet 'tis evident that 'tis often made a contrary Use of, and that it has often been publicly employed to maintain Impiety. Even the most holy Things are not secure against the Corruption of Men; and there are some Villains who daily abuse Piety, and make it serve to the greatest Crimes; but yet we omit not to make the Distinctions that ought to be made. We don't confound in a false Consequence the Goodness of Things corrupted with the Wickedness of the Corrupters. We always separate the ill Use, from the Intention of an Art; and as no Body goes about to prohibit Physick, because it was banished from *Rome*; nor Philosophy, because it was publicly condemned in *Athens*, so no Body ought to interdict Comedy, because it has been censured in some Ages. That Censure had its Reasons, which would not subsist here. It confined it self to what it saw, and we ought not to stretch it beyond the Bounds it gave it self, to extend it further than we ought, and to make it include the innocent as well as the guilty. The Comedy which that meant to Attack, is in no wise the Comedy that we would defend. We should take care not to

con-

P R E F A C E.

confound the one with other. They are two Persons whose Manners are entirely opposite. They have no other Relation to one another, than Resemblance of the Name; and 'twould be a great Piece of Injustice to condemn *Olimpia*, who is a good Woman, because there has been an *Olimpia* who was a wicked one. Such a Sentence would without doubt breed a great Disorder in the World. Nothing could escape Condemnation; and since this Rigour is not used to so many Things which are daily abused, People ought to shew the same Favour to Comedy, and approve Theatrical Pieces, when Instruction and Virtue reign in 'em.

I know there are some so scrupulous, that they cannot endure any Plays; who say that those which are best are most dangerous; that the Passions which are described in 'em, are so much the more touching, as they are full of Virtue, and that the Soul is softned by such Representations. I can't see what great Crime there is in being moved at the Sight of a laudable Passion; and this Insensibility which they wou'd fain bring our Soul up to, is a high Flight of Virtue! I'm afraid such great Perfection is beyond the Strength of humane Nature; and I believe 'twould be better to endeavour to rectify and soften the Passions of Mankind, than to take 'em entirely away. I own there are Places which it is better to frequent than the Play-house, and if every Thing that does not directly regard God and our Salvation is to be blamed, it is certain Comedy ought to be included amongst them; and I am not at all against it's being condemn'd with the rest; but supposing, as it is true, that Exercises of Piety will allow of some Intermissions, and that Mankind has need of Diversions, I maintain that there cannot be a more innocent one thought of than Comedy is. But I grow too tedious. Let us conclude with the Saying of a great Prince upon the *Tartuffe*.

Eight Days after it had been forbid, there was acted before the Court, a Play call'd *Scaramouche turn'd Hermite*; the King going from it, said to that Prince,

P R E F A C E.

I wou'd fain know why the Persons who are so much of-
fended at *Moliere's* Play, don't say a Word of this of *Scar-*
ramouche: To which the Prince answer'd: "'Tis because
" the Play of *Scaramouche* mocks Heaven and Religion,
" which those Gentlemen don't so much value: but *Mo-*
" *liere's* ridicules Them, themselves; and that they can't
" endure.



VOL. IV.

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THE
BOOKSELLER
TO THE
READER.

AS the least things that proceed from Mo-
liere's Pen, have Beauties which the most
Delicate Tastes are never weary of admiring, I
thought it my Duty to take hold of the Oppor-
tunity to give you his Petitions; and 'tis most
proper to join them to the Tartuffe, since they
are chiefly occasion'd by that incomparable
Play.

FIRST

FIRST PETITION,

Presented to the King, relating to the *Tartuffe*, which had not then been acted publickly.

SIRE,

THE Business of Comedy being to correct Mankind, and to divert them at the same time; I thought that in the Employment I profess, I cou'd do nothing better than to attack the Vices of my Age by ridiculing them; and as Hypocrisie is certainly one of the most common, the most inconvenient, and the most dangerous; it was my Opinion, SIRE, that it wou'd be no small Service to all well-meaning Persons in your Kingdom, if I writ a Comedy that might put down the Hypocrites, and expose to View all the study'd Grimaces of those desperate good Men, all the conceal'd Knaveries of those false Coyners in Devotion, who endeavour to deceive the World by a counterfeited Zeal and adulterated Charity.

I have done it, SIRE, in this Comedy, with all the Care, I think, and all the Circumspection that the Delicacy of the Subject cou'd require; and the better to preserve the Esteem and Respect that is due to the truly Devout, I have distinguish'd the Character I was to draw, as much as possible from it; I avoided all double Meanings, I have taken away whatever might confound the Good with the Evil, and have used, in this Description, none but express Colours, and essential Strokes that at first sight bespeak a true and downright Hypocrite.

Yet all my Precautions have been in vain. Somebody, or other, SIRE, has taken Advantage of the Delicacy of your Soul in Matters of Religion; and has been so artful as to take you in the only Part in which you are to be taken; I mean in the Respect of holy Things. The Tartuffes have underhand had the Cunning to obtain Favour in Your Majesty's sight; and the Originals have at length got the Copy suppress'd, how Innocent soever it might be, and whatever Resemblance there was in it.

First Petition.

Tho' the Suppression of this Work was a very great Blow to me, yet my Misfortune was eased by the manner in which your Majesty expressed your self upon it; and I thought, SIR, that it left me no Cause of Complaint. you having been pleased to declare that you saw nothing in this Comedy to hinder me from producing it in Publick.

But notwithstanding this glorious Declaration of the greatest and most intelligent King in the World; notwithstanding the further Approbation of the Legate and of the greatest part of our Prelates, who all, in the particular Readings I made to 'em of my Work. agreed with the Sentiments of your Majesty; notwithstanding all this, I say, we see a Book written by the Curate of----; which loudly gives the Lye to all these august Testimonies. Your Majesty may say what you please; and Monsieur the Legate, and Messieurs the Prelates may give what Judgment they please, my Comedy, tho' he never saw it, is Diabolical, and Diabolical my Brain; I am a Devil cloathed in Flesh, and in the shape of a Man; an Atheist, an impious Fellow, and deserve an exemplary Punishment. 'Tis not sufficient, for the Fire to expiate my Offence publicly; I shou'd come off too well so. the charitable Zeal of that good Man won't stop there: He won't let me find Mercy in the sight of God; he will absolutely have it that I am damn'd; 'tis a Thing resolved upon.

This Book, SIR, was presented to your Majesty, and without doubt you your self judge how uneasy I am to see my self daily exposed to the Insults of those Gentlemen: What Wrong such Calumnies will do me in the World, if they are tolerated: and how much I am concern'd to clear my self from his Imposture, and to shew the Publick that my Comedy is nothing less than what tis reported to be. I shan't say, SIR, what I might demand for my Reputation, and to justify to the World the Innocence of my Work; such wise Kings as your Majesty have no need to be directed in what is desired of 'em; they like God, see what is needful for us, and know better than ourselves what is fit for them to grant. It is enough for me to put my Interests into your Majesty's Hands; and I wait with Respect for whatever you shall please to do in it.

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SECOND PETITION,

Presented to the King in his Camp before the City of *Lisle* in *Flanders*, by *de la Torilliere*, and *de la Grange*, his Majesty's Comedians, Companions of the *Sieur de Moliere*, concerning the Prohibition that was made on the 6th of *August*, 1667, to represent the *Tartuffe* 'till a new Order from his Majesty.

S I R E,

TIS a very rash thing in me to come and importune a Great Monarch in the midst of his Glorious Conquests; but in the Condition I am in, where, SIRE, can I find a Protection, but where I come to look for it; and who can I sollicite against the Authority of the Power that bears me down, but the Source of Power, but the just Dispenser of absolute Commands, but the Sovereign Judge and Master of all Things?

My Comedy, SIRE could not enjoy here your Majesty's Favour: In vain I produced it under the Title of *The Hypocrite*, and disguised the Character by the Dress of a Man of this World: 'Twas of no use to me to give him a little Hat, long Hair, a Neckcloth, a Sword, and laced Ruffles; to soften several Passages, and to leave out all that I thought might give the least Shadow of a Pretence, to the famous Originals of the Portrait I draw. The Faction roused themselves up only at the bare Conjectures they could make of the Thing. They found a way to surprise certain Spirits, which in all other Cases make a loud Profession of not suffering themselves to be surprised. My Comedy no sooner appear'd, but it was Thunder-struck by a Power which ought to impose Respect; and all I could do upon this Occasion to save my self from this Storm, was to say that your Majesty had had the Goodness to give me leave to act it, and that I did not think I need ask this Permission

Second Petition.

of any body else, since 'twas You alone had forbid me to represent it.

I don't doubt, SIRE, but the People whom I describe in my Comedy, will set a great many Engines at work with your Majesty, and will gain to their side, as they have already done, some truly good Persons, who are so much the more liable to be deceived, as they judge of others by themselves. They have the knack of setting a good Gloss upon all their Intentions; whatever Countenance they shew, it is not at all the Interest of God that sets 'em on; they have sufficiently shewn it by the Comedies they have suffer'd to be play'd so often in publick, without saying the least word about them. Those attack'd only Piety and Religion, which they don't care a Rush for; but this attacks them, and ridicules themselves, and that's what they cannot bear. They cannot forgive me for laying open their Impostures to the Eyes of the World; and without doubt they won't fail to tell your Majesty, that every one was shock'd at my Comedy: But the down right Truth, SIRE, is, that all Paris was only shock'd at its being prohibited; that even the most Scrupulous have thought the Representation of it useful, and that they were amaz'd that Persons of such known Probity, shou'd have so great a Deference for People who ought to be the Detestation of the whole World, and who are so opposite to the true Piety, which they make Profession of.

I wait with Respect for the Sentence that your Majesty shall daign to pronounce upon this Matter: But it is very certain, SIRE, that I must never more think of writing Plays, if the Hypocrites get their Ends; that they will after this Persecute me more than ever, and will find fault with the most innocent Things that proceed from my Pen.

May your Goodness, SIRE, give me a Protection against their invenom'd Rage, and may I, at your Return from so glorious a Campaign, divert your Majesty from the Fatigues of your Conquests; give you innocent Pleasures after such noble Labours, and make that Monarch laugh, who makes all Europe tremble!

THIRD

THIRD PETITION,

Presented to the King on the Fifth of
February, 1669.

S I R E,

A Very honest Physician, whose Patient I have the honour
to be, promises me, and will give me a Bond for
it, to make me live thirty Years longer, if I can obtain one
Favour of Your Majesty. I told him I did not desire so much
of him; and that I should be satisfy'd, provided he'd oblige
himself not to kill me. This favour, SIRE, is a Canonicate
of your Royal Chapel of Vincennes, vacant by the Death
of—

Dare I beg this further Favour of your Majesty; on the
very Day of the fam'd Resurrection of Tartuffe, raised to life
by your Goodness? I am by this first Favour reconciled to the
Devotees, and by this second, I shall be reconciled to the Phy-
sicians. These are certainly too many Favours at once for me;
but perhaps not too many for your Majesty; and I wait with
some respectful Hope for an Answer to my Petition.



Dra.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

ORGON, *Husband to Elmira.*

Damis, *Orgon's Son.*

Valerio, *in love with Mariana.*

Cleanthes, *Brother-in-law to Orgon.*

Tartuffe, *an Hypocrite.*

Mr. Loyal, *a Serjeant.*

Laurence, *Tartuffe's Servant.*

An Exempt.

W O M E N.

Madam Pernelle, *Orgon's Mother.*

Elmira, *Second Wife to Orgon.*

Mariana, *Daughter to Orgon, in love with Valerio.*

Dorina, *Woman to Mariana.*

Flipote, *Woman to Madam Pernelle.*

SCENE *is in* PARIS.

THE

VOL. I



THE HYPOCRITE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Madam Pernelle, and Flipote her Maid, Elmira,
Mariana, Dorina, Damis, Cleanthes.*

PERNELLE.



COME, *Flipote*, come along, that I may
get rid of them.

Elm. You walk so fast that I can't
keep pace with you.

Pern. Pray come no farther, Daughter-
in-law, there is no need of these Com-
pliments.

Elm. We do but our Duty. But, Mother, why do you
leave us so abruptly?

Pern. Because I can't bear to see your Management;
there's no care taken to please me. I leave you, not very
much Edify'd; I am contradicted in all my Advice; no-
thing's respected; you're all Talkers, and no Hearers;
your House is just like a Bear-garden.

Dor. If—

VOL. IV.

L

Pern.

Pern. Sweetheart, you are a beggarly impertinent Waiting-Woman, and are a little too forward in giving your Verdict.

Dam. But —

Pern. Son; in four Letters you're a Fool; I who am your Grand-Mother tell you so; and I have an hundred Times told my Son your Father, that I foresaw you'd be a Rake, and give him nothing but Vexation.

Mer. I think —

Pern. You are a demure Minx, Grand-Daughter; and look as if Butter would not melt in your Mouth; but the still Sow drinks up all the Draff, and you drive an underhand Trade, not much for your Honour.

Elm. But, Mother —

Pern. Daughter-in-Law, under Favour, your Conduct is utterly bad; you ought to set 'em a good Example; their Mother that's dead took a much better Method. You are expensive, and I abhor to see you go dress'd thus like a Dutchess. Whoever would please none but her Husband, Daughter-in-Law, has no need of so much Finery.

Clean. But, Madam, after all —

Pern. As for you, her Brother, I have a great Esteem for you, love you and revere you: But yet if I were my Son, her Husband, I should beg you to stay away from the House. You are always preaching up Maxims, which no honest Body ought to follow: I speak freely, 'tis my Humour; I never mince the Matter.

Dam. Your Mr. *Tartuffe* is sure very happy in —

Pern. He's a good Man, and ought to be listened to; I can't see him rail'd at by such a Fool as you, and not be angry.

Dam. What! Shall I suffer a Bigoted Critick to usurp a Tyrannical Power in our House? and must we take no Diversion unless he forsooth pleases?

Dor. If you'll believe him he'll tell you, you can do nothing but what's Criminal; for that Zealous Critick controuls every thing.

Pern. And what he controuls is very well controuled. 'Tis the way to Heaven that he would lead you in, and my Son ought to make you all love him.

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Dam. No; neither Father nor any thing else can oblige me to wish him well. If I said otherwise I should belie my Heart; his Manners provoke me every Moment; I foresee the Consequence, and I must come to some open Quarrel, with this Flat-foot Devotee.

Dor. 'Tis a shame that a Stranger should make himself Master here; and that a Beggar, who when he came had not Shoes to his Feet, and whose Cloaths all together would not fetch six Pence, should so far forget himself as to contradict every thing, and play the Master.

Pern. It would be much better if every thing was done by his pious Orders.

Dor. You believe him a Saint; but take my Word for't he's only an Hypocrite.

Pern. There's a Tongue for you!

Dor. I would not trust my self, without good Security, any more with him than with his Man Laurence.

Pern. I can't tell what the Servant may be, but I dare engage the Master's a good Man. You hate him only because he tells you your Faults. 'Tis against Sin that his Heart is provoked, and the Interest of Heaven is all that excites him.

Dor. But how comes it that of late he can't bear that any Body should come to see us! wherein does an innocent Visit offend Heaven, that there should be such a Noise about it? But, to tell you my Thoughts, I believe he's jealous of my Mistress.

Pern. Hold your Tongue, and take care what you say. 'Tis not he alone that blames these Visits and all this Hurry of Visitors; those Coaches which are always before your Door, and the noisie Assembly of so many Lacquies, make a sad Rout in the whole Neighbourhood. I believe at the bottom there's nothing in't; but 'tis talked of, and that is not as it should be.

Clean. Why, Madam, would you hinder People from talking? 'Twould be a dreadful Thing if because of foolish Tongues we must renounce our best Friends; and even tho' we should do it, do you think People would be e'er the more silent? There's no Fence against Slander. Therefore don't let us mind what Folks say, but endeavour

vour to live innocently, and then give Praters leave to talk their Fill.

Dor. Our Neighbour *Daphne*, and her little Husband forsooth, are always the first that speak ill of us. They, whose Conduct is most ridiculous, are always the first to condemn others; they never fail to catch at the least Glimmering of an Intrigue, to spread it abroad with a great deal of Joy, and to turn it just as they'd have People believe it. They think to cover their own ill Actions by speaking amiss of those of their Neighbours, and under the false Hopes of some Resemblance, to give an Air of Innocence to their own Intrigues, or cunningly endeavour to make others Partakers of that Blame which their own Families are loaded with.

Pern. These Arguments are not at all to the Purpose; 'tis well known *Oranta* leads an exemplary Life; all her Care is about Heaven, and I have been told she mightily condemns the Gang that comes after you.

Dor. An admirable Example truly! the Lady is mighty good; 'tis true she lives austerely; but 'tis Age that has put this burning Zeal into her Soul, and she's virtuous because she's Ugly. As long as she could attract Mens Adorations she enjoy'd all her Advantages; but seeing the Charms of her Eyes decay, she renounces the World, which indeed renounced her first, and with the pompous Veil of Wisdom endeavours to disguise the Weakness of her worn-out Charms. This is the way of the Coquets of the Age; 'tis painful for 'em to behold themselves deserted by their Gallants; and in this Trouble their only Refuge is the Profession of Virtue. The Severity of these godly Women censures every thing and pardons nothing; they publicly blame People, not out of Charity but Envy; not being able to endure that another should taste the Pleasures which their declining Age prohibits them.

Pern. These are the silly Stories that please you. Daughter-in-Law, one is obliged to be silent at your House; for this Gentlewoman engrosses all the Talk to her self; but I shall speak in my Turn. I tell you my Son never did a wiser thing than in taking home this devout Man; Heaven sent him

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him to reclaim you who were gone astray; you ought to hearken to him for your Salvation; he reprehends nothing but what ought to be reprehended. These Visits, these Balls, these Assemblies, are all Inventions of the Evil Spirit. One never hears the least good Word, all is idle Talk, Trifles and Tales of a Tub; one's Neighbour is always the Subject of their Scandal, and they slander every Body. In short, sensible People hate the Confusion of such Assemblies, as a Doctor very well said t'other Day, 'tis verily the Tower of *Babylon*, for every one babbles there very long; and to tell you a Story this brings into my Head — What? You're giggling already, are you, Spark? Go laugh at some body else — Goodbuy, Daughter-in-Law, I'll say no more. Know that I have not half the Esteem for your Family as I used to have, and that it shall be finer Weather before I set my Foot into't again. Come along; what, you're studying and gaping in the Air; but I shall rub your Ears for you. (*Gives Flipote a Box on the Ear.*) Come along, Hussy, come along.

SCENE II.

Cleantes, Dorina.

Cleant. I won't go, for fear she should scold at me again; how the good Woman —

Dor. 'Tis a pity she did not hear you call her so; she'd tell you she did not think her self old enough yet for that Title.

Cleant. How angry she was with us for nothing! And how fond she seems of her *Tartuffe*!

Dor. O, all this is nothing to what the Son does; if you had seen him you'd say 'twas much worse. The troublesome Times made him act like a wise Man, and he shewed Courage in serving his Prince: But he is quite besotted since he has been so fond of *Tartuffe*. He calls him his Brother, and in his Heart loves him an hundred times better than Mother, Wife, Son or Daughter; he is the only Confident of all his Secrets, and the Director of his Actions; he cockers him, embraces him; and I believe

no Body can have more Affection for a Mistress. At Table he places him at the Upper end, and is glad to see him Eat as much as six others, he must have all the tid Bits, and if he happens to Belch, he says to him, *God bless you.* [Note, 'tis a Servant speaks.] In short, he is bewitched to him, he's his all, he's his Hero, he is always admiring him, quotes him in all he says; his least Actions seems Miracles to him, and every Word he says is an Oracle. He, who knows his Cully and has a mind to make the best of him, has the Art of dazzling him by an hundred painted Outfides. His Hypocriteship is continually getting Mony of him, and assumes a right of commenting upon every one of us; his very Footboy takes upon him to lecture us. He sermonizes us with goggle Eyes, and throws about our Ribbons, Patches and Paint. The Rascal t'other Day tore an Hawkderchief of mine, because he found it lying on a Saint's Picture, telling us that we impiously mixed Holiness with the Devil's Ornaments.

S C E N E III.

Elmira, Mariana, Damis, Cleanthes, Dorina.

Elm. You are Happy in not having been at the Talk we had at the Door. But, I saw my Husband: since he did not see me, I'll go up and stay for him.

Clean. For want of something else to do I'll wait for him here, and bid him good Morrow.

Dam. Give him a Hint about my Sister's Marriage. I'm afraid *Tartuffe* opposes it, and obliges my Father to use these Put-offs; and you are not ignorant what Interest I take in't. If the same Ardor inflames my Sister and *Valerio*; his Sister you know is dear to me, and if —

Dor. Here he comes.

S C E N E IV.

Orgon, Cleanthes, Dorina.

Org. O Brother, good Morrow.

Clean,

Clean. I was going away; I am glad to see you return'd; the Country is not very pleasant yet I believe.

Org. Dorina — Pray stay a little Brother-in-Law; let me enquire a little into the News of our House — Has every thing pass'd well for these two Days? What has happened? How do all do?

Dor. My Mistress, the Day before Yesterday, had a Fever which lasted her till Night, together with a sad Head-Ake.

Org. And how does *Tartuffe*?

Dor. *Tartuffe*? Mighty well; Fat, fresh coloured and red-lip'd still.

Org. Poor Man!

Dor. She had lost her Stomach in the Evening, and could not touch a Bit of Supper, so severe was her Head-ake.

Org. And what did *Tartuffe*?

Dor. He sup'd alone, in her Presence, and very devoutly eat up two Partridges which half a Leg of Mutton hath'd.

Org. Poor Man!

Dor. She could not take a wink of Sleep all Night; the great Heats hindered her from sleeping, and we were forced to sit up with her till Day-break.

Org. And what did *Tartuffe*?

Dor. Being very sleepy he went from Table to his Chamber, and so into his warm Bed, where undisturbed he slept till next Morning.

Org. Poor Man!

Dor. At length we prevailed upon her to be blooded; and that soon eased her.

Org. And what did *Tartuffe*?

Dor. He took Courage; and (fortifying his Soul against all Evils) to repair the Blood my Mistress had lost, he drank for his Breakfast four large Draughts of Wine.

Org. Poor Man!

Dor. In short, both of 'em are very well; and I'll go to my Mistress to tell her before-hand, how glad you are of her Recovery.

SCENE V.

Orgon, Cleanthes.

Clean. She mocks you to your Face, Brother; and yet I must needs tell you, without designing to make you angry, you deserve it. Was ever such a Whim heard of? Has this a Man a Charm to make you forget every thing for Him? That after you have raised him from his Misery, you should carry it so far as to——

Org. Hold there, Brother-in-Law, you don't know him you talk of.

Clean. Well, I don't know him, since you will have it so; but because you know what a Man he is, must you——

Org. Brother, you'd be charm'd if you knew him, and your Joys wou'd never be at an End. 'Tis a Man——who——a Man——a Man——in a word, whoever follows his Rules tastes a profound Peace, and looks upon the World as Dirt. He unbinds the Soul from all Sensual Affections; and I cou'd behold Brother, Children, Mother, and Wife, die without caring that.

[Snaps his Fingers.]

Clean. Are these Sentiments human, Brother?

Org. Oh, if you had but seen him as I did first, you'd have loved him as I do. He came every Day to Church with a compos'd Mien, and kneel'd on both Knees just against me. He attracted the Eyes of the whole Assembly by the Ardor wherewith he put up his Prayers to Heaven; he sigh'd, run into Rapture, and every Moment with Humility kiss'd the Ground; and when the Service was over, he came before me to offer me Holy Water at the Door. Being inform'd by his Man, (who imitated him in every thing,) both of his Indigence and his Merit, I made him Presents; but he wou'd always modestly have return'd me part of 'em again; 'tis too much, says he, too much by half; I don't deserve your Pity; and when I refused to take it again, he went and gave it to the Poor in my sight. In short, Heaven prompted me to take him home, and since that time every thing seems to prosper in my House. He reprehends every body, and

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takes an extreme Interest even in my Wife herself. He tells me of those that ogle her, and appears ten times more jealous of her than I am. But you won't believe how far his Zeal extends, he thinks the least Trifle a Sin; a thing of nothing is almost sufficient to scandalize him; inasmuch, that to other Day he was angry with himself for having taken a Flea as he was praying, and in his Passion killing it.

Clean. Faith, Brother, I believe you're turn'd Fool; do you think these Trifles—

Org. Brother, what you say favours of Libertinism. You are a little tainted with it; and as I have often told you, you'll bring some ugly Business upon you—

Clean. This is the ordinary Cry of such as you. They'd have every body be as blind as themselves. To be clear-sighted is Libertinism, and he that don't adore empty Graces, has neither Respect nor Faith for Sacred Things. Go, all you can say don't terrify me, I know how I mean, and Heaven sees my Heart. I'll be no Slave to your Ceremony-monger; there are Pretenders to Devotion as well as to Courage; and as those that are truly Brave are not they that make the most Noise; so those that are truly Devout, who ought to be imitated, are not they that make most outward Shew. What! Do you make no Distinction between Hypocrisy and Devotion? Will you give the same Title and Honour to the Mask as to the Face? Will you equal Cunning to Sincerity; confound Appearance with Truth; esteem the Shadow as much as the Person, and false Money as much as good? What strange Tempers are most Men of! They are never as they ought to be; Reason's Bounds are too small for them. They exceed its Limits in every Character, and often spoil the noblest Thing in endeavouring to carry it too far. Let this be said *en passant*, Brother.

Org. Yes, you are certainly a Reverend Doctor; all the Knowledge in the World is in You; You are the only Wise Man, an Oracle, a *Cato* of the Age, and all Men are Fools in Comparison of You.

Clean. I am no Reverend Doctor, Brother, nor is all the Knowledge in me. But yet I can discern Truth from
Falsehood;

Falshood; and I think none are more to be prized than truly good Men. As nothing in the World is better or nobler than the holy Fervour of a true Zeal, so is nothing more odious than the plaister'd Outside of a specious One, than those arrant Quacks, those occasional Devotees, whose Sacrilege, and deceitful Grimace, abuse the World with Impunity, and at pleasure make a Jest of what Mankind esteems most Holy and Sacred. Those Men, who out of an abject interested Temper, make a Trade and Merchandize of Devotion, and wou'd purchase Credit and Dignity by false Turnings up of the Eyes and affected Raptures. Those Men, I say, who with an uncommon Ardor make Heaven a stalking Horse to compass their Ends by; who preach up Solitude in the midst of the Court; who know how to adjust their Zeal to their Vices, are hasty, revengeful, faithless, cunning, and who to destroy any one that stands in their way, insolently cover their fierce Resentment with the Interest of Heaven; so much the more dangerous in their Wrath, as they use against us Arms which are revered, and as their Passion assassinate us with a consecrated Sword. There are too many of this ill Character; but the truly Devout are easily known. Our Age, Brother, shews us some of 'em, who may serve us for a glorious Example. Look upon *Ariston*, *Periander*, *Oronte*, *Alcidamas*, *Polydor*, *Clytander*, that Title is not deny'd 'em by any; they are not Bullies in Virtue; we do not behold in them any insupportable Ostentation, and their Devotion is human and tractable. They do not censure our Actions; they think such Corrections savour too much of Pride; and leaving to others the Pomp of Words, reprehend *our* Actions by their *own*. They don't judge by Appearances, but think well of every body. There's no Caballing amongst 'em, no Intrigues; to live well is their only Care. They are never provok'd with the Sinner, but with the Sin only, and won't act like extravagant Zealots for the Interest of Heaven, but leave the Care thereof to Heaven it self. Give me such Men, this is the right Practice. This is the Example we ought to propose to our selves. But your Man is not of this Model. You cry up his Zeal with a good

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good Intention I believe, but you are dazzled by a false Lustre.

Org. Sir Brother, have you done yet?

Clean. Yes.

Org. Your Servant, then. [Is going.]

Clean. One Word with you, Brother. You know *Valerio* has your Promise to be your Son-in-Law.

Org. Yes.

Clean. You appointed a Day for his Marriage.

Org. 'Tis true.

Clean. Why do you defer celebrating it then?

Org. I know not.

Clean. Have you any other Design in your Head?

Org. Perhaps I have.

Clean. Wou'd you break your Word?

Org. I don't say that.

Clean. I believe nothing can hinder you from keeping your Promise.

Org. As it happens.

Clean. Is there need of all this Mysteriousness to speak one Word? *Valerio* sends me to you about it.

Org. Heaven be prais'd for it.

Clean. But what Answer shall I return him?

Org. What you will.

Clean. But 'tis necessary to know your Designs. What are they?

Org. What Heaven pleases.

Clean. But let's speak seriously. *Valerio* has your Word. Will you keep it or no?

Org. Goodb'ye.

Clean. I fear some Misfortune to his Love, and I must give him Notice of all that happens.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Orgon, Mariana.

Org. *Mariana..*
Mar. Father.

Org. Come hither. I have something to say to you in Secrer. *[Looks about.]*

Mar. What are you looking for?

Org. *[Looks into a little Closet.]* I am seeing whether no body's here to listen; for this little Place might easily conceal any body. So, we're safe. I always, *Mariana*, found Good-nature in you, and you were ever dear to me.

Mar. I am very much obliged to you for your Fatherly Love.

Org. You say well, Daughter; and to deserve it you ought to do nothing but what may content me.

Mar. 'Tis in that I place my chief Glory.

Org. Very well. What do you say of *Tartuffe* our Guest?

Mar. Who, I?

Org. Yes, you. Take care how you answer.

Mar. Alas! I'll say what you will of him.

Org. You speak wisely. Say then, Daughter, that a high Merit shines throughout all his Person, that he touches your Heart, and that you shou'd be glad to have him for an Husband.

Mar. *[Starts.]* Ha!

Org. What now?

Mar. Anon?

Org. What?

Mar. Was I mistaken?

Org. How?

Mar. Who is it, Father, you wou'd have me say is a Man of Merit? Who is it I must love and desire for an Husband?

Org. *Tartuffe.*

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Mar. I'll swear, Father, he has no share in my Heart; why wou'd you have me tell a Lie?

Org. But I'll have it a Truth; 'tis enough for you that I have pitch'd upon him.

Mar. What! Father, wou'd you have —

Org. Yes. Daughter, I intend to unite *Tartuffe* to our Family by your Marriage. He shall be your Husband, I have resolv'd upon it, and as I have an absolute Power over —

SCENE II.

Dorina, Orgon, Mariana;

Org. What do you there? Sure you're very curious to listen so.

Dor. Truly, I don't know, whether or no 'tis a Report that proceeds from some Ground, or by Guess; but I was inform'd of this Marriage, and laugh'd at it as a Trifle.

Org. What, then, is the thing incredible?

Dor. So much, that I wou'd not believe you yourself, Sir, if you shou'd tell it me.

Org. I know a way to make you believe it.

Dor. Yes, yes, you tell us a pleasant Story indeed!

Org. I tell you 'tis what you shall shortly see.

Dor. Pshaw, Pshaw.

Org. What I say, Daughter, is not in Jest.

Dor. Don't believe your Father, he Jest.

Org. I tell you —

Dor. No, you may do what you will, no body will believe you.

Org. My Anger —

Dor. Well, we believe you, and 'tis so much the worse for you. What! Is it possible, Sir, that with the Air of a wise Man, and that large Beard, you can be Fool enough to —

Org. Hark you, Hussy, you have taken some Liberties here I don't approve of.

Dor. Pray, Sir, let us speak without Passion. Can you be in Earnest in this Affair? Your Daughter is not for cut out a Bigot. He has other things to think of; and besides, what good can such an Alliance do you? Why shou'd a Man of your Fortune chuse a Beggar —

Org.

Org. Hold your Peace. The poorer he is, the more he ought to be respected. His Misery is certainly a virtuous Misery, and is preferrable to all worldly Grandeur, since he lost his Estate only by his too little Care for Temporal Things, and his powerful Affection for Things of Eternity; but my Help may put him in a way to get out of this Trouble, and regain his Estate. They are no ordinary Fiefs, and as poor as he is he's a Gentleman.

Do. Ay, so he says; and that Vanity, Sir, don't agree to the Piety he professes. He that embraces the Innocence of an Holy Life, ought not to boast so much of his Name and Birth; and the humble Proceeding of Devotion will not well endure that sort of Ambition. What good does this Pride do? — But this offends you. Let's talk of his Person and leave his Nobility. Could you have the Heart to make such a Man as he Possessor of a Girl like her? Ought you not to consider Decency, and foresee the Consequences of this Union? The Virtue of a Woman is in Danger when she has an Husband forced upon her, whom she don't like; the Design of living virtuously in that State depends upon the Qualities of the Husband that's given her; and those whose Foreheads are every where pointed at, often make their Wives be what they are. In short, 'tis very hard to be faithful to certain Husbands made of a certain Model, and he that gives his Daughter a Man she hates, is answerable to Heaven for the Faults she commits. Consider to what Dangers your Intentions expose you.

Org. I tell you she ought to learn of me.

Dor. You can't do better than to follow my Instructions.

Org. Don't let us amuse ourselves, Daughter, with those Trifles; I know what's best for you, and I am your Father; I gave my Word to *Valerio* for you, indeed; but, besides that I hear he's given to Gaming, I suspect him to be a sort of a Libertine, for I don't observe that he frequents the Church.

Dor. Would you have him run thither at your precise Hours, like those who go for nothing but to be seen?

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Org. I don't ask your Advice in it. In short, the other is rich enough, being so in the Eye of Heaven. This Match will prosper with you, and will be nothing but Sweetness and Pleasure. You'll live together, unanimously like two Turtle-Doves, you'll never have the least Quarrel, and you may make what you will of him.

Dor. She? She'll make nothing but a Fool of him, I'll assure you.

Org. How now!

Dor. I tell you he has the Look of one, and his Ascendant, Sir, will carry the Day from all your Daughter's Virtue,

Org. Give over interrupting me and hold your Tongue, without dipping your Oar in.

Dor. I only speak for your Good, Sir,

[She continually interrupts him every time he offers to speak to his Daughter.]

Org. O, you take too much Pains, pray hold your Tongue.

Dor. If I had not a Love for you——

Org. I desire none of your Love.

Dor. But I will Love you, Sir, in spite of your Teeth.

Org. Ah!

Dor. Your Honour is dear to me, and I can't bear that you shou'd suffer your self to be laugh'd at by the whole World.

Org. Won't you hold your Tongue?

Dor. 'Twou'd be a Sin to let you contract such an Alliance.

Org. Will you hold your Tongue, Serpent, whose Impudent——

Dor. O you are Devout, and shou'd not be in a Passion?

Org. Yes, this Folly provokes me, and I will absolutely have you hold your Peace.

Dor. Be it so. But if I don't speak I'll think ne'er the less.

Org. Think, if you will; but take care you don't speak.——Enough. *(Turning to his Daughter.)* I have deliberately weigh'd all Things.

Dor.

Dor. I wish I might speak.

[*She's silent when he turns his Head.*]

Org. Though Tartuffe is not a Beau, yet his Person is such——

Dor. Yes; he's a fine Piece indeed.

Org. That tho' you had not any regard for his other Gifts—— [*He turns to his Daughter and looks on her with his Arms across.*]

Dor. A fine Prize she'll get truly; but if I were in her Place a Man shou'd not Marry me by force, unpunish'd; and soon after the Nuptials I'd make him know that a Woman has always her Revenge ready.

Org. Then what I say is of no weight?

Dor. What do you complain of? I don't speak to you.

Org. What do you do to then?

Dor. I talk to my self.

Org. Very well. I must give her a Blow to chastise her Insolence? [*He puts himself in a Posture to give her a Blow, and Dorina at every cast of his Eye stands silent.*]
 Daughter, you shou'd approve of my Design—— Think that the Husband—— I have chosen—— Why don't you speak

Dor. I have nothing to say to you.

Org. One word.

Dor. I don't like him.

Org. I must take you in hand.

Dor. Faith he's a Fool.

Org. Daughter you ought to pay Obedience, and shew entire Deference for my Choice.

Dor. (*Running away.*) I wou'd be hang'd before I'd have such an Husband.

Org. (*Offers to give her a Blow and misses her.*) You have a plaguy Wench there, Daughter; I can't without sinning bear with her any longer. I am now in no proper Condition to proceed in my Discourse; her Insolence has enflamed me, and I'll go take the Air to settle me again.

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SCENE III.

Dorina, Mariana.

Dor. What ! Have you lost your Tongue ? Must I be obliged to play your Part ? to hear so foolish a Project without the least Answer !

Mar. What wou'd you have me do against the absolute Power of a Father ?

Dor. Something to avert his Design.

Mar. What's that ?

Dor. You shou'd have told him that no Body loves by Proxy ; that you Marry for your self, and not for him ; that you being the Person principally concern'd, the Husband ought to please you as well as him ; and that if he thinks *Tartuffe* so charming, he may Marry him himself.

Mar. A Father has so much Power over us, that I cou'd not say a word.

Dor. But let's come to the Point. *Valerio* has made a great many Steps in order to obtain you ; pray do you love him or no ?

Mar. How great, *Dorina* is your Injustice to my Love ! Ought you to ask me that ? Have I not an hundred times discover'd to you the secret Inclinations of my Heart.

Dor. How did I know if your Heart spoke by your Mouth, and if that Lover really touch'd you ?

Mar. You wrong me, *Dorina*, in doubting of it ; my Sentiments have too well appear'd.

Dor. You love him then ?

Mar. Extremely.

Dor. And he seems to love you no less ? Ha ?

Mar. I believe so.

Dor. And both of you are equally impatient to have each other ? Ha ?

Mar. Certainly.

Dor. What's your Design about this other Marriage ?

Mar. To kill my self, if I am forced to't.

Dor. Very well. This is not the Remedy I thought of ; I'd have you die then, and end all these Troubles.

VOE. IV.

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The Remedy is certainly wonderful! I hate to hear People talk thus.

Mar. What a Humour you are of, *Dorina*? You can't bear with People's Weakness.

Dor. I can't bear to hear such Bragging, you that are so timorous when there's Occasion for Boldness.

Mar. But what wou'd you have? I am Timorous, I own.

Dor. But Love requires Firmness and Constancy.

Mar. Do I want Constancy to *Valerio*? But 'tis his Business to obtain me of my Father.

Dor. But what if your Father's a downright Ass, so entirely fond of his *Tartuffe*, and breaks his Promise? Ought it to be laid to your Lover's Charge?

Mar. But shall I by a flat Refusal give him to understand that my Heart is otherwise engaged: Shall I for *Valerio* throw off my Sexes Modesty and a Daughter's Duty? And wou'd you have my Flame made publick——

Dor. No, no, I'd have nothing. I see you have a Mind to be Mr. *Tartuffe*'s; and I shou'd be in the wrong, now I consider better of it, to keep you from such an Alliance. Why shou'd I oppose your Inclinations? The Match in it self is very Advantageous. Mr. *Tartuffe*! Oh! Is he nothing? Sure Mr. *Tartuffe*, if we take it right, is no Fool; and 'tis no small Happiness to be his Spouse. Every one already crowns him with Glory; he is noble in his own Country, well made in his Person, his Ears Red and a Sanguine Complexion, you'll live but too contented with such an Husband.

Mar. Lord——

Dor. How joyful will you be, when you see your self the Wife of so fine a Husband.

Mar. Pray give over this Talk, and lend me your Aid against this Match. I'll do whatever you'll have me.

Dor. No, a Daughter must obey her Father; do you think he'd give her an Ape for a Husband? Your Lot is fall'n in a good Ground; what do you complain of? You'll go in a Stage-Coach down to his Borough, which you'll find fruitful in Uncles and Cousins. You'll be mightily pleas'd with talking with 'em. They'll carry you amongst the *Bean Monde*; you shall go Visit the Bril-

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liff's Wife, and Madam Assessor's, who will honour you with an Arm-Chair? There, in the Carnival, you may expect a Ball and a great Consort, to wit, two Bag-Pipes, and sometimes a Merry Andrew, and Puppet-Show: if however your Husband—

Mar. You kill me. You ought rather to give me your Advice.

Dor. I'm your Servant.

Mar. Pray, Dorina—

Dor. No, I must let this Affair go on, to punish you.

Mar. Dear Girl!

Dor. No.

Mar. If my Inclinations—

Dor. No, Tartuffe's your Man, and have him you shall.

Mar. You know I always confided in you; be so kind as—

Dor. No, Faith you shall be Tartuffe's.

Mar. Well, since I can't move you, henceforth leave me to my Despair, from that I'll borrow Aid. I know an infallible Remedy for all my Misfortunes. [Is going.

Dor. Well, well, come back; I'm appeased; I must take pity on you, I see.

Mar. If ever you expose me, Dorina, to that cruel Torment, I must die.

Dor. Don't trouble your self, we shall hinder—But here comes Valerio your Lover.

SCENE IV.

Valerio, Mariana, Dorina.

Val. I was just now told a very odd thing, Madam, which I did not know before.

Mar. What is it?

Val. That you're to Marry Tartuffe.

Mar. My Father has certainly such a Design in his Head.

Val. Your Father, Madam—

Mar. Has chang'd his Mind; he just now propos'd it to me.

Val. What? seriously?

Mar. Yes, seriously; he declares highly for this Marriage.

Val. And what's your Design, Madam?

Mar. I know not.

Val. A fine Answer! You know not?

Mar. No.

Val. No?

Mar. What wou'd you have me do?

Val. I shou'd advise you to accept of this Husband.

Mar. You advise me to it?

Val. Yes.

Mar. In good earnest?

Val. Yes. The Choice is Glorious, and deserves to be hearken'd to.

Mar. Well, Sir, I'll follow your Advice.

Val. It don't go much against the Grain, I believe.

Mar. No more than your giving it did with you.

Val. I gave it to please you, Madam.

Mar. And to please you I take it.

Der. So? what will this come to?

Val. Is this your Love then? 'Twas Deccit when you—

Mar. Pray let's talk no more of that. You told me freely that I ought to accept of him who was propos'd to me for an Husband; and I declare I intend to do it, since you give me the wholesome Advice.

Val. Don't excuse yourself upon my Intentions; you had already taken your Resolutions, and you catch at a frivolous Pretence to authorize your breaking your Word.

Mar. 'Tis true; you say well.

Val. Certainly; your Heart never had any true Ardor for me.

Mar. You may think so if you will.

Val. Yes, yes, I may; but my offended Heart may perhaps prevent you in your Design, and I know where to bestow both my Addresses and Hand.

Mar. I don't doubt it; the Ardors which Merit excites—

Val. Good now, no talk of Merit; I have certainly very little on't; but I confide in the Goodness another will have for me, and I know one whose Soul, open to my Repentance, will quickly repair my Loss.

Mar.

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Mar. The Loss is not great; you'll easily comfort yourself for this Change.

Val. If I can, I will, you may be sure on't. When a Lover forgets us, our Glory's concern'd : We must likewise endeavour to forget him. If we can't effect it, we must at least feign it, and 'tis an unpardonable Baseness to testify Love for one that abandons us.

Mar. The Sentiment is certainly noble and sublime.

Val. Every body will approve it. What! Would you have me always preserve my Flame? And behold you given to another, without placing elsewhere an Heart you have refused?

Mar. On the contrary, I'd have you do't, I wish 'twas done already.

Val. You wish it?

Mar. Yes.

Val. I am sufficiently Insulted, Madam, and will immediately content you. *[He goes a Step and returns]*

Mar. Very well.

Val. Remember, however, that you yourself oblige me to this.

Mar. Yes.

Val. And that my Design is only form'd upon your Example.

Mar. Upon my Example? be it so.

Val. Enough, you shall be punctually obey'd.

Mar. So much the better.

Val. This is the last time you shall see me

Mar. With all my Heart.

Val. *[Goes, and when he's got the Door, returns.]* Ha!

Mer. What?

Val. Don't you call me?

Mar. I? You dream sure.

Val. Well, I'll be gonethen. Farewel, Madam.

Mar. Farewel, Sir.

Dor. For my part, your Extravagance makes me think you have lost your Senses; I suffer'd you to Quarrel, only to see how far 'twou'd go. Soho, Valerio. *[She offers to hold him by the Arm, and he seems to make great Resistance.]*

Val.

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Val. What wou'd you have, *Dorina*?

Dor. Come hither.

Val. No, no, my Indignation has got the better. Don't hinder me doing what she wou'd have me do.

Dor. Stay.

Val. No, I'm resoly'd.

Dor. Ah!

Mar. My Presence drives him away; I had better leave the Place.

Dor. [*Leaves Valerio and runs to Mariana*] Where are you running?

Mar. Let me go.

Dor. You must come back.

Mar. No, no, *Dorina*; in vain you think to retain me.

Val. I find the sight of me disturbs her; I had better make her easie.

Dor. [*Leaves Mariana and runs to Valerio*] Again? Give over this Folly and come hither both of you.

Val. But what's your Design?

Mar. What do you mean to do?

Dor. To reconcile you. Are you mad to have such as Quarrel?

Val. Did not you hear how she talk'd to me?

Dor. Are you turn'd Fool, to be provok'd so?

Mar. Did not you see how he us'd me?

Dor. Fools alike. She has no other Desire, I can testify it, than to keep her self for you. He loves you alone, and wishes only to be your Husband; I'll answer for him.

Mar. Why shou'd he give me such Advice then?

Val. Why shou'd you ask me such a Question?

Dor. You are both Fools. Come, give me your Hands both of you. Yours.

Val. (*Giving Dorina his Hand*) What good will this do?

Dor. Oh! come yours.

Mar. (*Giving her Hand.*) To what end is all this?

Dor. Come, come, quickly. You both of you love more than you imagine.

Val.

Val. Don't do things with Uneasiness: look upon me without Hatred. *[Mariana turns her Eye upon Valerio, and smiles.]*

Dor. Lovers are very silly Creatures.

Val. Have I not Reason to complain of you? Were you not in the wrong to tell me so afflicting a Thing?

Mar. But are not you the most ungrateful Man—

Dor. Defer this Debate to another time, and let's think how to ward off this plaguy Match.

Mar. Tell us, then what Engines must we play.

Dor. We must use all manner of Engines. Your Father is mightily deceiv'd. But you had better seem to consent mildly to his Extravagance, that in Case of an Allarm you may the more easily defer this Match. We may remedy all by gaining time. Now, you may pretend you're seiz'd with a sudden Illness, which requires delay. Then you may pretend ill Omens: You met a dead Man, broke a Looking-Glass, or dreamt of Muddy Water. The best on't is, that you can never be married without saying Yes. But the better to succeed, I think it is not fit you should be seen together. *[To Val.]* Go, and without delay employ your Friend, to make him keep his Promise with you. We'll go and stir up his Brother, and get the Mother-in-Law of our side. Goodbuy.

Val. *[To Mar.]* Whatever Efforts may be used, my greatest hope is in you.

Mar. *[To Val.]* I won't answer for my Father's Will; but I'll never be any but Valerio's.

Val. How glad you make me! and—

Dor. Lovers are never weary of talking, I think. Go, I say.

Val. In short— *[He goes one Step and then returns.]*

Dor. What a Clack yours is! Go you this way; you t'other. *[Pushing each of 'em.]*

SCENE II.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Damis, Dorina.

Dam. **M**AY Thunder strike me dead, may I be every where used as the greatest of Villains, if any Respect or Power stop me from doing something Extravagant—

Dor. Pray moderate your Passion a little; your Father has only talk'd of it yet; Projecting is one thing, and doing another.

Dam. I must break the Designs of that Rogue, and speak a Word in his Ear.

Dor. Be calm; let your Mother-in-Law alone with him, as well as with your Father. She has some Credit with *Tartuffe*; he is Complaisant to all she says, and perhaps may have some Passion for her. Wou'd to Heaven it were so! 'Twou'd be a pure thing! In short, your Interest has put her upon sending for him: She intends to sound him about the Marriage that disturbs you, know his Sentiments, and tell him what fatal heart-burnings he may raise, if he lends any Hopes to this Design. His Servant says he's at Prayers but that he'd come down presently. Therefore pray be gone, and let me stay for him.

Dam. I may be present at all their Discourse.

Dor. No, they must be alone.

Dam. I'll say nothing to him.

Dor. You are deceived, we know your hot Temper, 'twou'd be the ready way to spoil all. Go.

Dam. No, I will see him without running into a Passion.

Dor. How troublesome you are! Here he comes. Be gone.

SCENE II.

Tartuffe, Laurence, Dorina.

Tart. (*Perceiving Dorina.*) *Laurence*, lock up my Hair-Cloth and my Discipline, and beseech Heav'n always to illumi-

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illuminate you. If any body comes to see me, I am gone to the Prisoners to distribute my Alms.

Dor. What Affectation and Villany this is!

Tart. What do you want?

Dor. To tell you——

Tart. (*Takes a Handkerchief out of his Pocket.*) Pray take this Handkerchief before you speak.

Dor. For what?

Tart. Cover that Bosom; I can't bear to see it: By such Objects the Soul is wounded, and they produce guilty Thoughts.

Dor. You're very subject to Temptation, sure, and the Flesh makes a great Impression upon your Senses, I can't tell what Heat you may have; but I am not so apt to take fire; and I cou'd see you naked from Head to Foot, without being tempted with your Hide.

Tart. Put a little Modesty into your Talk, or I'll leave you.

Dor. No, no, I'll leave You; I have but one word to say to you. My Mistress is coming down into this ParLOUR and desires to talk with you.

Tart. Alas! with all my Heart.

Dor. (*Aside*) How sweet is he upon it! Faith I believe I always guess'd true.

Tart. Will she come quickly?

Dor. I think I hear her. Yes 'tis she, I'll leave you together.

S C E N E III.

Elmira, Tartuffe.

Tart. May Heav'n in his infinite Goodness, always give you Health both of Soul and Body, and bless your Days as much as is wish'd by the most humble of those whom its Love inspires.

Elm. I am very much obliged to you for this pious Wish; but let's take a Chair that we may talk the more conveniently.

Tart. How do you find your self after your Illness?

Elm. Very well: This Feaver has soon left me.

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N

Tart.

Tart. My Prayers have not so much Merit as to draw down this Favour from above, but I never pray'd to Heav'n without making your Recovery the principal part of the Subject.

Elm. Your Zeal disturb'd it self too much for me.

Tart. Your precious Health is inestimable; I'd have given mine to have redeem'd it.

Elm. You are too Charitable. and I am very much obliged to you for all this Goodness.

Tart. I do much less for you than you deserve.

Elm. I wanted to speak to you secretly about a certain thing. and am glad no body is near to hear us.

Tart. I have an infinite Satisfaction in being alone with you. 'Tis a thing I have often beg'd of Heav'n, but 'till now it was never granted me.

Elm. All that I desire of you is, that you'd open your Heart to me with Freedom and Sincerity.

Tart. For this singular Favour, I'll discover to you my whole Soul; and I swear, that the Noise I make against the Visits which your Attractions are the Cause of, is not out of any Hatred to you, but rather a Transport of the Zeal which hurries me away, and of a pure Movement—

Elm. So I take it, and believe my Salvation gives you that Care.

Tart. (*Squeezing the Tip of her Fingers.*) Yes, certainly, Madam, and so great is my Fervour—

Elm. O, you squeeze me too hard.

Tart. 'Tis out of Excess of Zeal. I never had a design of doing you any harm, and I'd sooner —

[*Puts his Hand upon her Knee.*]

Elm. What does your hand do there?

Tart. I'm feeling your Gown; the Stuff is very soft.

Elm. Pray take away your Hand, I'm very ticklish.

[*She draws back her Chair, and Tartuffe pulls his after her.*]

Tart. How wonderful is the Work of this Point! They work miraculously now-a-days; they're come to the height of Perfection.

Elm. 'Tis true. But let's talk of our Business a little. 'Tis thought that my Husband designs to go from his

Word,

Word, and give you his Daughter. Tell me, is it true?

Tart. He mention'd it to me; but to tell you the Truth, Madam, that is not the Happiness I sigh for; and I see elsewhere the wonderful Charms which alone can make me happy.

Elm. That is because you love no earthly Things.

Tart. My Breast does not enclose an Heart of Stone.

Elm. For my part, I believe that your Sighs tend all to Heav'n, and that nothing here below can engage your Desires.

Tart. The Love which binds us to the eternal Beauties, does not keep us from the Love of temporal Ones. Our Senses may easily be charm'd with the perfect Works which Heav'n has form'd. Its reflected Charms shine in such as you; but it displays in your Person its rarest Wonders, and upon your Face has diffused Beauty which surprises the Eye, and transports the Heart; I could not behold you, perfect Creature, without admiring in you the Author of Nature, and feeling my Heart touch'd with a burning Love for the finest of the Portraits wherein himself is painted. At first I fear'd that this secret Ardor was a Temptation of the evil Spirit; and therefore resolv'd even to avoid looking on you, thinking you an Obstacle to my Salvation; but now I know, O amiable Beauty, that this Passion cannot be blameable; that it may be made congruous with Virtue, and that's what makes me abandon my Heart to it. I confess, 'tis a great boldness in me to dare to offer my Heart to you; but 'tis your Goodness alone gives me hope, and no sense of Merit in my self. In you is all my Hope, my Happiness, my Ease; on you depends my Torment, or my Beatitude, and by your sole Decree I shall be either happy or miserable.

Elm. The Declaration is extremely gallant; but to tell you the Truth, 'tis a little surprising. I think you ought to arm your Breast better, and argue a little with your self upon such a Design. A Devout Man like you, and who is every where call'd —

Tart. I'm ne'er the less a Man because I'm Devout; and when one beholds your heav'nly Charms, a Heart suffers it self to be caught without reasoning with it self. I know such a Discourse will look strange in me; but, Madam, after all, I am no Angel; and if you condemn this Confession, you ought to impute it to the Force of your own Beauty. So soon as I beheld their more than human Splendor, you became Sovereign of my Faculties: The ineffable Sweetness of your Divine Looks broke thro' the Resistance my Heart made; it surmounted my Fastings, Prayers, Tears, and turn'd all my Desires towards your Charms. My Eyes have a thousand times told it you, and, for a further Explication, I now use my Voice. If therefore you contemplate with Benignity the Tribulations of your unworthy Slave, if your Goodness will deign to comfort me, and to descend to my nothingness, I shall for ever, O celestial Miracle, have an unparallel'd Devotion for you. Your Honour runs no risque with me, and has no Disgrace to fear. All those Court Galants, whom Women are so fond of, are noisie in what they do, and vain in what they say: They are continually boasting of their Progress; they receive no Favours but what they divulge; and their indiscreet Tongue dishonours the Altar on which they Sacrifice their Hearts: But Men like us burn with a discreet Flame, and a Secret's always safe with us. The Care we take of our Reputation, is a secure Pledge to the Person beloved: And 'tis in us they find, when they accept our Hearts, Love without Scandal, and Pleasure without Fear.

Elm. I hear you, and your Rhetorick sufficiently explains it self. But are not you afraid that I shou'd acquaint my Husband with this Galantry? And that the speedy Notice of such a Passion may alter the Friendship he has for you.

Tart. I know you have too much Goodness, and that you'll pardon my Rashness. Excuse my human Frailty, and consider I am not blind, and that Man is Flesh and Blood.

Elm. Perhaps another wou'd not take this as I do; but I'll shew my Discretion: I won't tell it to my Husband:
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But in return you must do one thing for me, 'tis to press the Union of *Valerio* with *Mariana*, to renounce the unjust Power which wou'd enrich you with another's Goods, and——

SCENE IV.

Elmira, Damis, Tartuffe.

Dam. (*Coming out of a little Closet into which he had retired*) No, Madam, no, this must be discover'd; I was conceal'd in this place where I over-heard all; and Heaven's Goodness seem'd to have conducted me thither to confound the Pride of a Traytor that seeks my Ruin; to open me a way to take Revenge of his Hypocrisie and Insolence; to undeceive my Father, and shew him in its true Light, the Heart of a Rascal that talks to you of Love.

Elm. No, *Damis*, 'tis enough that he grow wiser, and try to deserve the Favour I engage my self to. Since I have promised him, don't make me break my word. 'Tis not my Humour to make Confusion; a married Woman laughs at such Follies, and never molests an Husband with 'em.

Dam. You have your Reasons for doing so; and I have mine too for doing otherwise. 'Tis a Jest to think of sparing him; and the insolent Pride of his Hypocrisie has triumph'd but too long over my just Wrath, and made but too much Disorder here. The Rascal has govern'd my Father too long already, and has been too Potent an Obstacle to mine and *Valerio's* Flame. 'Tis fit he should know this Perfidious Wretch, and Heav'n offers me an easie way to let him do it. I am obliged to it for this Opportunity, and it is too favourable a one to be neglected. I shou'd deserve to lose it, if, now I have it in my Hand, I did not make use on't.

Elm. Damis ——

Dam. No, I must do as I say. My Soul is now at the height of its Joy; and you in vain try to make me quit the Pleasure of being revenged. Without going any farther, I'll end the Affair, and here he comes.

SCENE V.

Orgon, Damis, Tartuffe, Elmira.

Dam. Father, we'll regale you with an Incident piping hot, which will mightily surprize you. You are well rewarded for all your Careffes; and this Gentleman repays your Tendernefs finely. His great Zeal for you, juft now declared it felf. 'Tis neither more nor lefs than to difhonour your Bed, and I surprized him making a Declaration of Love to my Mother. She is of a mild Temper, and too Difcreet, and wou'd have kept it fecret; but I wou'd not encourage fuch Impudence, and think that to conceal it from you is an Offence.

Elm. Yes, I think we ought never to break an Husband's Reft with fuch idle fluff: Honour does not depend upon that, and 'tis enough for us if we know how to guard our felves. Thefe are my Sentiments, and if I could have prevail'd upon you, you fhould have faid nothing of the matter.

SCENE VI.

Orgon, Damis, Tartuffe.

Org. O Heav'ns! Is this credible?

Tart. Yes, Brother, I am a wicked Wretch, an unhappy Sinner, full of Iniquity; the greateft Villain that ever was. Every moment of my Life is full of Blots, 'tis nothing but a heap of Crimes and Filthinefs; and I fee that Heav'n, for my Punifhment, defigns to mortifie me on this Occafion. How great foever the Forfeit of this may be. I won't defend my felf. Believe what's told you, arm your Wrath, and drive me out of your Houfe as a Criminal; I cannot be put to fo much Shame as I have deferved.

Org. (To his Son.) Ah! Traytor, dare you by this Falfhood endeavour to tarnifh the Purity of his Virtue?

Dam. What! Can the feign'd Mildnefs of this Hypocrite make you difbelieve—

Org. Hold your Tongue, Rascal.

Tart.

Tart. O, let him speak, you chide him wrongfully; you'd better believe what he tells you. Why shou'd you be so favourable to me upon such an occasion? After all, do you know what I may be capable of? Do you confide in my Exterior, Brother? Do you think me e'er the better for what you see of me? No, no, you suffer your self to be deceived by Appearances; and, alas! I am not what you think me. Every body takes me for a Saint; but the truth is, I am a meer Devil. (*Turning to Damis.*) Yes, my dear Son, speak on, call me Perfidious, Infamous, Lewd, Thief, Murderer; overwhelm me with Names yet more detestable; I don't say but I have deserved 'em, and upon my Knees I'll suffer the Ignominy of 'em, as a thing due to the Crimes of my past Life.

Org. (*To Tartuffe.*) Brother, 'tis too much. (*To his Son.*) Won't this work upon you, Villain?

Dam. What! Do his Words so far deceive you——

Org. Hold your peace, Rogue. (*To Tartuffe.*) Pray, Brother, rise. (*To his Son.*) Rascal!

Dam. Can——

Org. Hold your Tongue.

Dam. I can't bear it! What! shall I suffer——

Org. If you say a word more I'll break your Bones. Sirrah.

Tart. Brother, in the Name of God don't be angry. I'd rather suffer the greatest Trouble, than he should receive from me the least Scratch.

Org. (*To his Son.*) Ungrateful Wretch!

Tart. Let him alone. If I must ask his Pardon upon my Knees, I'll——

Org. (*To Tartuffe*) You Jest? (*To his Son.*) See his Goodness, Knave.

Dam. Then——

Org. Peace.

Dam. What! I——

Org. Peace, I say; I know what makes you insult him thus. You all hate him; Wife, Children and Servants are all set against him. They impudently practise every thing to remove that devout Person from me; but the more they try to get him away, the less easie they shall

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find me to part with him, and therefore I'll go hasten this Marriage with my Daughter, that I may confound the Pride of my whole Family.

Dam. Do you think to oblige her to accept of him?

Org. Yes, Villain; and this very Evening too, on purpose to spight you. I'll brave you all, and make you know that I'm to be obeyed, and am Master. Come, eat your Words, and throw your self at his Feet to ask his Pardon; immediately, Sirrah.

Dam. Who? I ask Pardon of that Impostor, who by his Cheats —

Org. What! do you resist, Beggar, and abuse him? A Stick, a Stick. (*To Tart.*) Don't hold me. (*To his Son.*) Out of my House presently; and don't dare ever to set foot into it again.

Dam. Yes, I'll go, but —

Org. Quick, leave the Place. I disinherit you, Sirrah, and give you my Curse.

S C E N E VII.

Orgon, Tartuffe.

Org. To offend an holy Person in this Manner!

Tart. O Heav'n! pardon him the Trouble he gives me. (*To Orgon.*) If you did but know how uneasy it makes me that I should be blacken'd, Brother! —

Org. Alas!

Tart. The sole Thought of this Ingratitude is so great a Punishment to me — The Horror of it is inconceivable. — My Heart is so swoln, that I can't speak, and I believe 'twill kill me.

Org. (*Runs in Tears to the Door, out of which he drove his Son.*) Knave! I'm sorry my Hand spared you, and did not break your Bones upon the Spot. Be your self, Brother, and don't be grieved.

Tart. Let us break the Course of these grievous Disturbances. I see what Trouble I cause here, and think I had best be gone, Brother.

Org. How! What do you say?

Tart.

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Tart. I am hated here, and I see they endeavour to make you suspect me.

Org. What signifies it? you see how I mind them.

Tart. They certainly won't fail to pursue it: and these same Stories which now you reject, may another time perhaps be hearkened to.

Org. No, Brother, never.

Tart. O, Brother, a Wife may easily mislead an Husband.

Org. No no.

Tart. Let me, by removing from hence, take away the Cause of their attacking my Reputation thus.

Org. No, you shall stay.

Tart. Well, then, I must mortifie my self. Yet, if you will —

Org. Fye.

Tart. Be it so, let's mention it no more. But I know what I must do in it. Honour is nice, and Friendship engages me to prevent Reports, and give no Ground for Suspicion. I'll avoid your Wife, and you shan't see me —

Org. No, in spite of 'em all, you shall frequent her. My greatest Joy is to cross the World, and I'll have you be continually seen with her. This is not yet all; the better to brave 'em, I'll have no other Heir than you; and I'll go immediately, and sign you a Deed of Gift of all my Estate. A good Friend is much more dear to me than Son, Wife or Kinsfolk. Will you accept of what I propose?

Tart. Heaven's Will be done in all things.

Org. Alas poor Man! Come, let's get a Deed drawn quickly, and may Envy burst 'em all!



ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cleanthes, Tartuffe.

Clean. YES, 'tis in every Body's Mouth, and you may believe me. This Report is not much to your Honour; and I'm glad I met with you thus, Sir, that I might tell you my true Thoughts about it. I won't examine the Truth of what's reported, I pass that by, and take the thing at the worst. Suppose *Damnis* did amiss, and accused you wrongfully; is it not the part of a Christian to pardon Offences, and to extinguish all Thoughts of Revenge? And ought you to suffer a Son to be banished from his Father's House, because of your Jars? I must tell you again, there's neither great nor small but what are ashamed of it; and if you'd take my Advice you'd pacify things, and not insist any longer upon this. Sacrifice to Heaven your Resentment, and restore the Son again into his Father's Favour.

Tart. Alas! For my part, I'd do it with all my Soul I have no Hate to him in the least, Sir; I pardon him every thing, blame him for nothing, and would serve him to the utmost of my Power: But the Interest of Heaven cannot consent to it, and if he comes hither again I must be gone. If after such an Action I should live with him, such a Commerce might give Offence: God knows what every one would presently imagine; they'd think it pure Policy in me; and 'twould be every where reported that finding my self to blame, I feign a Charitable Zeal for my Accuser; that my Heart misgave me, and that I tried to engage him to Silence.

Clean. These Excuses are good for nothing; all your Reasons, Sir, are too far-fetch'd. Why do you take Heaven's Interests upon you? Has Heaven need of us to punish the Guilty? Leave to It the Care of its Revenges, think of nothing but the Pardon it enjoins to Offences, and don't value what Men say when you follow the Sovereign Orders of Heaven. How! shall the weak Pretence of

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what People may think hinder us from doing well? No, no, let us always do what Heaven prescribes, and not trouble our Heads with any thing else.

Tart. I have already told you that my Heart pardons him, and that is what Heaven commands, Sir. But after this Scandal and Affront, Heaven does not order me to live with him.

Clean. And does it order you, Sir, to hearken to what pure Caprice prompts a Father to? and to accept the Gift he makes you of an Estate which you have no Right to?

Tart. Those that know me won't believe it the Effect of an interested Soul. All the Riches in the World have no Charms for me; I am not dazzled with their deceitful Lustre; and if I do resolve to receive of the Father the Gift he designs me, 'tis only (to tell you the Truth) because I'm afraid this Estate will fall into Hands that may make an ill Use on't; and not employ it, as I design, for the Glory of Heaven and the Good of my Neighbour.

Clean. O, Sir, don't have these nice Fears, which may cause a Lawful Heir to complain. Let him, without troubling your self with any thing, be at his own Peril the Possessor of his Estate; and consider that 'twere better he misused it, than you be accused of depriving him of it. I am amazed that you could receive the Proposal on't without Confusion. For has true Zeal any Maxim which directs the disinheriting the lawful Heir? And if Heaven has put in your Heart an invincible Obstacle against living with *Damis*, had you not better, like a discreet Person, make an honourable Retreat from this House, than thus suffer unreasonably an only Son to be turned out of Door upon your Account? Believe me, Sir, this will bring an Imputation upon your Integrity, and —

Tart. 'Tis half an Hour past three, Sir; certain pious Duties calls me up Stairs, and you'll excuse me if I leave you so soon.

Clean. Oh ho!

SCENE

SCENE II.

Elmira, Mariana, Dorina, Cleanthes.

Dor. Pray, Sir, lend us your Assistance; the Match her Father has concluded for to Night, drives her almost to Dispair. He is coming; pray let us join our Endeavours, and try to alter, either by Force or Cunning, the unhappy Design that has disturb'd us all.

SCENE III.

Orgon, and the rest.

Org. O, I'm glad to see you all together. (*To Mariana.*) There's something in this Contract that will make you smile; you already know what it means. Ha?

Mar. (*On her Knees.*) Father, in the Name of Heaven which knows my Grief, and by all that can move your Heart, abate a little of your paternal Power, be pleas'd to dispence with my Obedience in this Particular. Don't compel me, by this hard Law, to complain against Heaven for what I owe you. Do not, Sir, render the Life you have given me unhappy. If, contrary to an agreeable Hope which I may have formed, you hinder me from being his whom I have dared to love, at least I implore you on my Knees, save me from the Torment of being his whom I abhor, and do not drive me to Despair by using your whole Power over me.

Org. (*A little mollified.*) Be firm, my Heart; shew no humane Weakness.

Mar. 'Tis not your Tendernefs for *Tartuffe* that disturbs me. Shew it, give him your Estate, and if that is not enough, join all mine to it, I consent with all my Heart, and leave it to you; but at least don't go so far as my Person. Suffer that a Nunnery may wear out the Days Heaven has decreed me, in Austerity.

Org. Ah! You're one of that sort of Nuns, who fling themselves into a Monastery rather than that their Father should cross 'em in their Love. Get up. The more it goes against you to accept of him, the more Desert it will

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will be in you to take him. Mortifie your Senses with this Marriage, and don't ding me in the Ears about it any more.

Dor. But——

Org. Do you hold your Tongue. Speak when you're spoken to. I forbid you speaking a Word.

Clean. If you'll suffer one to answer——

Org. Brother, your Advice is extremely good, and I have a great Value for it; but I must beg your Pardon, if I don't take it.

Elm. [To her Husband.] I don't know what to say to this, I wonder at your Blindness. Sure you're mightily bewitch'd, and prepossessed in his Favour to disbelieve what happen'd just now.

Org. I'm your Slave, and believe Appearances. I know your Complaisance for my Rascal of a Son, and you were afraid to disown the Trick he wou'd have play'd that poor Man. You look'd too easie to be believed, you shou'd have appear'd disturb'd.

Elm. Must our Honour for the simple Confession of an amorous Transport play the Termagant so much? And cannot we answer all that touches it, without Fire in our Eyes and Invectives in our Mouth? For my part I only laugh at such things, and don't care to make a Noise upon such Occasions. I think we shou'd shew ourselves wise with Mildness, and am not at all for those Savage Prudes, whose Honour is arm'd with Claws and Teeth, who at the least Word are for scratching out People's Eyes. Heaven preserve me from such Rigidness! I'd have a Virtue that's not Diabolical; and think that the discreet Coldness of a Refusal is powerful enough to repulse an amorous Attack.

Org. I know the whole Thing, and the Trick won't do.

Elm. Again I admire this strange Weakness; but what wou'd your Incredulity say, if I shou'd make you see that 'twas Truth?

Org. See it?

Elm. Yes.

Org. Pshaw, Pshaw.

Elm.

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Elm. But what if I shou'd shew it you plainly?

Org. Trifles.

Elm. What a Man you are ! however, answer me. I won't desire you to believe me ; but suppose we cou'd shew you, and let you hear from a certain Place ; what wou'd you say then of your pious Man ?

Org. Then, I'd say—I'd say nothing; for it can't be.

Elm. The Error lasts too long, and you condemn me too much of Falshood. For Diverfion, and without stirring from hence, I must make you Witness of all that's told you.

Org. Be it so; I take you at your Word. We shall see your Cunning, and how you can fulfil this Promise.

Elm. Fetch him to me.

Dor. He's very sharp, and perhaps 'twill be hard to surprise him.

Elm. No, no, a Man's easily gull'd by what he likes, and self-Love often helps to deceive us. Send him down to me; and do you be gone. [*To Clean. and Marian,*

SCENE IV.

Elmira, Orgon.

Elm. Get you under this Table.

Org. How?

Elm. 'Tis necessary for you to hide your self.

Org. But why under this Table?

Elm. Do as I'd have you, I have my Reason for't, and you shall judge of it. Get under it, I say; and take care that you are not seen nor heard.

Org. I must own my Condescention is very great in this; but we must see the End of your Undertaking.

Elm. You will have no Reason to disbelieve me, I fancy. [*To Orgon who is under the Table.*] I am going to carry my self in a strange manner; but, however, don't you be at all offended at it. Whatever I may say ought to be permitted me, since 'tis to convince you, as I have promised. I will, by Mildness, since I am reduced to't, make this Hypocrite lay aside the Mask; flatter the Impudent

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dent Desires of his Love, and give an open Field to his Rashness. As 'tis only to satisfy you, and to confound him, that I am now going to correspond with his Desires, I may give over when you appear, and things will go no further than you please to let 'em. It lies in you to stop his mad Pursuit, when you think the Affair carried far enough to spare your Wife, and not to expose me to any more than is necessary to disabuse you: and—here he comes; be still, and take care you be not seen.

S C E N E V.

Tartuffe, Elmira, Orgon *under the Table.*

Tart. I was told you wanted to speak with me.

Elm. Yes, I have a Secret to reveal to you. But shut that Door first, and look about for fear of a Surprise: Such an Affair as happen'd just now wou'd be very dangerous to us. Never was Surprise like mine. *Damis* made me very much afraid for you; and you saw I did my Endeavours to break his Design, and calm his Fury. 'Tis true, I was so full of Disturbance, that I had not the Quickness to contradict him; but thank Heaven every thing was the better for that, and things are the more secure. The Esteem you are held in dissipated the Storm, and my Husband can have no Suspicion of you. The better to set ill Tongues at defiance, he'll have us be continually with each other; and by that means I may, without fear of blame, be shut up alone with you here, and boldly open to you my Heart, which perhaps is a little too much inclined to accept of your Passion.

Tart. This Language is very hard to be comprehended, Madam; you used another sort of Style a little while ago.

Elm. If such a Refusal makes you Angry, how little are you acquainted with a Woman's Heart, and how ignorant in what you are to understand, when a Woman makes so weak a Defence! Our Modesty upon such Occasions always acts counter to our real Sentiments. We at first defend our selves; but we sufficiently shew by the
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Air we do it that our Heart yields; that our Mouth opposes our Desires out of a Point of Honour, and then such Refusals promise every thing. This is doubtless a very free Confession to you, and a departure from the strict Rules of Modesty; but since it must out, shou'd I have try'd to keep *Damis* from speaking? Shou'd I have taken it as I did, if I had not been pleas'd with it? And when I my self desired you to refuse the Match that wou'd be propos'd to you, what ought you to have understood by it; but the Interest I had in you, and the trouble 'twou'd be to me if that Tye, which was concluded on, shou'd chance to divide an Heart I desired to have wholly to my self?

Tart. 'Tis certainly, Madam, an extreme Pleasure to hear these Words from a Mouth one loves; their Hony diffuses thro' all my Senses a Sweetness that I never before tasted. The Happiness to please you is my chief Study, and my Heart places all its Blessing in you; but that Heart desires the Freedom of doubting a little its Felicity. I may believe these Words an honourable Artifice to oblige me to break off the Marriage that's preparing; and if I may freely express my self to you, I won't confide in such gentle Words, unless a few of your Favours, after which I sigh, assure me of all you have said, and plant in my Heart a constant Belief of the charming Goodness you have for me.

Elm. [*She Coughs to give her Husband Notice.*] What! Are you so hasty, and have you a Mind to exhaust all the Tendernefs of an Heart at once? I put a force on my self to make you the softest Confession; yet this won't satisfy you; and 'tis not enough unless the thing's driven to the last Point?

Tart. The less one deserves an Happiness, the less one dares hope for't; our Desires can hardly be assured by Words alone; one is apt to suspect a Destiny that's perfectly full of Glory, and one would enjoy it before we believe it. As for me, who think my self so little deserving of your Goodness, I suspect the Happiness of my Temerity, and I'll believe nothing, Madam, 'till you have convinced my Flame by Realities.

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Elm. How like a Tyrant your Love acts! and into what a strange Trouble it puts me! What a furious Sway it exercises over one! And how violently it asks what it desires! What! cannot one parry your Pursuit; will you not give me time to breathe? Does it become you to carry it with so high an Hand? To give no Quarter? and thus by your pressing, Endeavours to abuse the Weakness you see People have for you?

Tart. But if you behold my Addressees with a pityful Eye, why do you refuse me certain Testimonies of it?

Elm. But how can I consent to what you desire, without offending Heaven which you so often talk of?

Tart. If nothing but Heaven obstructs my Happiness, I can easily remove that Obstacle; don't let that hinder you.

Elm. But we are so much threaten'd with Heav'n's Judgment —

Tart. I can dissipate those ridiculous Terrors, Madam; I have the Art of satisfying Scruples. Some sort of Contentments [*Remember, Reader, 'tis an impious Wretch that speaks*] are indeed forbidden; but there are ways of making up the Matter with Heaven. In some cases there's a way to stretch the String of our Conscience, and to rectify the Action by the Purity of our Intention. I can instruct you in these Secrets, Madam; be rul'd by me, indulge my Desires, and don't be afraid; I'll answer for all, and will take it on myself. You Cough mightily, Madam.

Elm. Yes. 'tis very troublesome.

Tart. Will you please to have a bit of this Liquorish.

Elm. 'Tis an obstinate Rheum; and all the Liquorish in the World will do no good.

Tart. 'Tis certainly very disturbing.

Elm. More than I can express.

Tart. In short, your Scruple may easily be destroy'd, you may depend upon its being kept profoundly secret; and the Harm lies only in its being reveal'd; the Scandal of the World is what makes the Offence, and sinning in Private is no Sin.

Elm. (After having cough'd) I see I must yield to grant you every thing, and that nothing less will content you. 'Tis indeed hard to go that Length, and I do it against my Will; but since you're resolved to have it so, and all that can be said won't do, and since more convincing Testimony is requir'd, I must resolve to satisfy you; and if this Consent has any thing guilty in it, so much the worse for him that forced me to it; the Fault certainly ought not to be laid at my Door.

Tart. Yes, Madam, I take it upon me, and the thing in it self—

Elm. Pray open the Door, and look if my Husband is not in that Gallery.

Tart. What need is there of that Care about him? Between Friends, he's a Man we may lead by the Nose. He'll Glory in all our Conversations, and I have brought him to that pass that he would not believe it tho' he saw it.

Elm. No matter, pray go out a Moment, and look nicely all about there.

SCENE VI.

Orgon, Elmira.

Org. (Coming from under the Table) I must confess this is an abominable Man. I can't come to my self, it amazes me so.

Elm. What! Do you come out so soon? What do you mean? Go under the Table again, 'tis not your time yet; stay 'till the end of things, and don't confide in simple Conjectures.

Org. No, nothing more wicked ever came out of Hell.

Elm. Lord, you shou'd not believe on so light a Ground; be convinced before you own it, and don't be so hasty for fear of being mistaken.

[She puts her Husband behind her.]

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Tartuffe, Elmira, Orgon.

Tart. Every thing conspires to my Satisfaction, Madam: I have carefully survey'd all this Apartment; no Body's there, and my ravish'd Soul——

Org. (Stopping him) Soft and fair; you pursue your amorous Desire too fast, and you should not be so hot. Ah, ha, my Saint, you'd hornify me, would you? How you give your self up to Temptations! Marry my Daughter, and lust after my Wife! I long have believed that this was false, and always thought they wou'd change their Note: but this is pushing the Proof of it far enough. But I'll ha' no more of this.

Elm. (To Tartuffe.) 'Tis against my Inclination that I do all this; but I was obliged to use you thus.

Tart. What! Do you believe——

Org. Come; pray no more Noise, but march without Ceremony.

Tart. My Design——

Org. This Discourse is unseasonable; you must leave my House immediately.

Tart. 'Tis you that must leave it, you that speak so magisterially. I'll make you know that the House belongs to me, and will shew you that your using these base Tricks to pick a Quarrel with me, won't do; that you won't gain your Ends in abusing me; that I can confound and punish the Cheat, revenge Heaven which is offended, and make those who bid me be gone repent it.

SCENE VIII.

Elmira, Orgon.

Elm. What does he mean by this?

Org. Faith, I'm confounded, and can't laugh.

Elm. How!

Org. I see my Fault by what he says, and the Deed of Gift troubles me.

Elm. The Deed of Gift ?

Org. Yes, 'tis done ; but something else disturbs me too.

Elm. What ?

Org. You shall know all ; but let's see as soon as possible if there be a certain Casket above.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Orgon, Cleanthes.

Ch. **W**HERE are you running ?

Org. How do I know ?

Clean. I think we had better consult together what's to be done in this Case.

Org. That Casket is my greatest trouble ; it disturbs me more than all the rest.

Clean. That Casket then is some important Mystery ?

Org. 'Tis a Depositum which *Argas*, that dear Friend, himself put into my Hands as a great Secret. Me he chose to leave it with, when he fled ; and he told me, they were Papers which concern'd his Life and Fortune.

Clean. Why did you let 'em go out of your hands then ?

Org. 'Twas out of a Motive of Conscience. I let my Traitor know of it, and he perswaded me to give him the Casket to keep. That in case 'twere sought for I might have an Equivocation to deny it, whereby my Conscience might safely swear contrary to the Truth.

Clean. If one may believe Appearances, you're but in an ill Condition, and this Deed of Gift, and letting him know the Secret, were unadvised Steps in you. Things may be carry'd a great way by such Pledges, and this Man having such great Advantages over you, it was another piece of Imprudence in you to turn him out ; you ought to have made use of some gentler Method.

Org. What ! under so fair an Outside to conceal an Heart so Double, so wicked a Soul ? I, who took him up

from

from a Beggar, and——'Tis past enduring, I renounce all good Men. I shall henceforth have a great Horror for 'em. and will be worse than a Devil to 'em.

Clean. Aye, these are your Extravagances. You never can keep a Medium, but run out of one Excess into another. You see your Error, and have found that you were deceived by a pretended Zeal; but why, as a Punishment on your self, shou'd you fall into a greater Error, and confound all good Men with a perfidious Rascal? What! Because a Knave impudently Cheats you under the specious shew of an austere Grimace, do you think that all are like him, and that there are no truly Devout Men now-a-days? Leave these foolish Inferences to Libertines, make a difference between real Virtue and what only seems so, never venture your Esteem too soon, and always keep the Mean. Take care, if possible, not to honour Imposture, but then don't injure true Zeal; and if you must needs fall into any Extream, rather let it be that you were lately in.

SCENE II.

Damis, Orgon, Cleanthes.

Dam. What! Father, is it true that you are thus threaten'd by a Villain? that he forgets all your Favours; and that his base Pride turns your Goodness into Arms against your self?

Org. Yes, Son, and it gives me inconceivable Vexation.

Dam. Let me alone, I'll cut off his Ears. His Insolence is unpardonable. 'Tis my part to rid you of him at one Blow, and in order to put an end to the Business, I'll knock his Brains out.

Clean. You talk just like a young Man. Pray moderate these Transports; we live under a Reign wherein Violence is the worst course a Man can take in his Affairs.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Madam Pernelle, Mariana, Elmira, Dorina, Orgon, Cleanthes, Damis.

Pern. What now ? I hear terrible News.

Org. They are Novelties which my Eyes are witness of; you see how I'm rewarded for my Goodness. I zealously pick up a Man in his Misery, I lodge him, and esteem him as my Brother ; load him daily with Kindnesses, and give him my Daughter and all I have, and at the same time the perfidious, infamous Wretch, attempts to seduce my Wife, and not content with that, has the boldness to threaten me with my own Favours, and to my Ruin uses Advantages which my too good nature arm'd him with, to drive me from my Estate, which I made over to him, and to reduce me to that very Condition I relieved him from.

Dor. Poor Man !

Pern. Son, I can't believe that he cou'd be guilty of so black an Action.

Org. How !

Pern. Good People are always envy'd.

Org. What do you mean by this, Mother ?

Pern. There's strange Doings in your House, and the Hate they bear to him is but too well known.

Org. What has this Hate to do with what you're inform'd of ?

Pern. I have an hundred times told you, when you were little, that Virtue is always persecuted in this World ; the Envious may die, but Envy never.

Org. But what's this to the present Purpose ?

Pern. They may have forg'd an hundred foolish Stories against him.

Org. I have already told you that I saw it all myself.

Pern. The Malice of Scandalous People is very great.

Org. You'll make me mad, Mother. I tell you I saw the audacious impudent Crime with my own Eyes.

Pern.

Pern. Their Tongues are always scattering their Poison abroad, and nothing here below can escape it.

Org. This Discourse is void of Sense; I have seen it, I tell you, seen it, with my own Eyes seen it, what you call seen; must I tell it you an hundred Times;

Pern. Appearance often deceives. You must not always judge upon what you see.

Org. I can't bear this.

Pern. Nature is subject to groundless Suspicions. And Good is often interpreted Evil.

Org. What? I ought to interpret his Desire of embracing my Wife, as a Piece of Charity.

Pern. You ought to have just Cause before you accuse any Body, and you should have stay'd till you had seen things certain.

Org. What the Devil, how could I be more certain? You'd have had me stay'd, Mother, till in my sight he had——You'll make me utter some Folly.

Pern. In short, his Soul is smitten with too pure a Zeal, and I can't imagine how he could attempt what you say he did.

Org. I don't know what I shou'd say to you, if you were not my Mother, so much you provoke me.

Dor. A just Return, Sir, on my Word. You wou'd believe no body, and now no body will believe you.

Clean. We lose time in Trifles, when we shou'd employ it to take some good Measures; we ought not to sleep when a Knave threatens.

Dam. What! Shall his Impudence rise to that Pitch!

Clean. He'll be cunning enough to give a Colour of Reason to what he does; and in less things than this the Inventions of a Cabal involve People in strange Labyrinths. I tell you once more, that you were in the wrong to make such a Noise about it.

Org. 'Tis true; but how was it to be help'd? I cou'd not master my Resentment at the Traytor's Pride.

Clean. I shou'd be very glad of an Accommodation between you methinks.

Elm.

168 *The* H Y P O C R I T E.

Elm. If I had known he was so well arm'd, I wou'd not have given Occasion for such a Noise, and ——

Org. What does that Man want? Go ask him; I'm in a fine Condition to be visited, truly.

S C E N E IV.

Mr. Loyal, and the rest.

Loy. Good-morrow, Child, Pray let me speak to your Master.

Dor. He is in Company, and I am afraid he can see no body now.

Loy. I don't come to be troublesome. I believe my coming will not displease him; I come about a thing that he'll be very glad of.

Dor. What's your Name?

Loy. Only tell him I came from *Mr. Tartuffe*, for his good.

Dor. 'Tis a Man that comes peaceably from *Mr. Tartuffe*, about a Thing which he says you'll be very glad of.

Clean. We must see who this Man is, and what he wants.

Org. Perhaps he comes about an Accommodation; how shall I bear myself to him?

Clean. You must not let your Anger break out; if he speaks of Agreement, hear him.

Loy. Save you, Sir. Heaven destroy those that mean you harm, and be as favourable to you as I wish.

Org. This mild Beginning agrees with my Judgment, and presages some Accommodation.

Loy. Your Family was always dear to me, and I was Servant to your Father.

Org. Sir, I'm ashamed, and beg your Pardon, that I know neither you nor your Name.

Loy. I am call'd *Loyal*, a Native of *Normandy*, and am in spite of Envy an Apparitor; I have for forty Years, thank Heaven, had the Happiness to exercise the Office with a great deal of Honour; and I come to you, Sir, by your Leave, to signify the Execution of a certain Warrant,

Org.

Org. What ! Do you come to——

Loy. Sir, no Passion; this is only a Summons, an Order to be gone from hence you and yours, to carry out your Goods and make room for others without delay or Put off, as need requires——

Org. Be gone from hence?

Loy. Yes, Sir, if you please. The House at present, every body knows, belongs to the good Mr. *Tartuffe*, without Dispute. Henceforth he is Master and Lord of your Estate, by Virtue of a Deed that I have in keeping. 'Tis in the proper Form, and can't be gain'd.

Dam. I admire this Impudence.

Loy. Sir, I have nothing to do with you; but with this Gentleman who is reasonable and good humour'd; he knows the Duty of a good Subject too well to oppose Justice.

Org. But——

Loy. Yes, Sir, I know you wou'd not rebel for a Million, and that like an honest Man, you'll let me execute my Order.

Dam. You may happen to pull down a Cudgel upon that black Gown, Mr. Apparitor.

Loy. Sir, let your Son either be quiet or be gone; I shou'd be sorry to be oblig'd to pull out my Note-book, and see you put into my verbal Process.

Dor. This Mr. *Loyal* looks very Disloyal.

Loy. I have a great Tenderness for all good Men, Sir, and shou'd not have taken the Papers, only to oblige you and do you good; to hinder somebody's being chosen for it, who not having the Zeal I have for you, might have proceeded less mildly.

Org. And what can be worse than bidding People be gone out of their House?

Loy. You are allow'd time. And till to Morrow I shall suspend the Execution of the Warrant, Sir. I'll only come and spend the Night here with half a score of my Men, without Scandal or Noise. For form sake you must, if you please, bring me the Key of your Door before you go to Bed. But to morrow Morning you must be ready to empty th. House of all things. My Men shall help you; and I'll

chuse strong ones, that they may be of more Service to you. I think you cannot be better used, and as I treat you with great Indulgence, I conjure you, Sir, that I may not be disturb'd in the Execution of my Duty.

Org. I'd with all my Heart give an hundred of the best *Louis D'Ors* I have left, for a hearty Blow on that Face.

Clean. Be quier.

Dam. This Boldness is too much; I can hardly contain myself; I had best be gone,

Dor. Faith, Mr. *Loyal*, a few Bastinadoes wou'd fit very well upon your Back.

Loy. Such infamous Words are punishable, Sweet-heart, and there are Warrants against Women too.

Clean. Let's end here, Sir, 'tis enough; Pray give us that Paper, and leave us.

Loy. Goodbuy, till I see you again. May Heaven keep you all in Joy.

Org. May he confound you, and him that sent you.

SCENE V.

Orgon, Cleanthes, Mariana, Elmira, Madam Pernelle, Dorina, Damis.

Org. Well, Mother, you see whether I was in the right or no: and you may judge of the rest by the Summons. Are you sensible of his Treachery now?

Pern. I am amaz'd.

Dor. You complain without a Cause, and blame him wrongfully. His Pious Designs are hereby confirm'd. His Virtue is consummate in his Love for his Neighbour; he knows that Riches often corrupt a Man, and therefore out of pure Charity he will remove all that may hinder your Salvation.

Org. Peace! You always want that Word to be said to you,

Clean. Let's see what's to be done.

Elm. Go and publish the Audaciousness of the ungrateful Wretch. This Proceeding destroys the Vallidity of the Deed; and his Disloyalty will appear too black for him to gain his Ends.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Valerio, Orgon, Cleanthes, Elmira, Mariana.

Val. Sir, with Regret it is, that I come to afflict you; but I am oblig'd to't by the pressing Danger: A dear Friend of mine, who knows the Interest I ought to take in you, has for my sake violated the Secrecy that's due to State Affairs, and sent me a Warning, the Consequence of which reduces you to a sudden Flight. The Cheat, who has long impos'd upon you, accus'd you to the King about an Hour ago, and put into his Hands, amongst his other Accusations, the important Casket of a Criminal against the State, of which he says, in Contempt of a Subject's Duty, you have kept the dangerous Secret. I don't know the Particulars of the Crime he lays to your Charge, but an Order is issued out against your Person, and he himself is to accompany him that Arrests you,

Clean. Thus are his Pretensions arm'd, and by this the Traitor tries to gain your Estate.

Org. He is indeed a wicked Creature.

Val. The least delay may be fatal to you. My Coach is at the Door to carry you away, and I here bring you a thousand *Louis D'Ors*. Let's lose no time, this is a weighty Affair, and such Blows are avoided by flying. I'll conduct you to a Place of Security, and accompany you to the End of your Flight.

Org. What do I not owe to your obliging Diligence! There must be another time to thank you; and I beg Heaven to be propitious to me, that I may one Day or other acknowledge this generous Service. Farewell, take care——

Clean. Go quickly, we'll take care of all that's necessary, Brother.

S C E N E *the Last.*

The Exempt, Tartuffe, Valerio, Orgon, Elmira, Mariana, &c.

Tar. Hold, Sir, don't run so fast, you shan't go far to find your Lodging, and you are made the King's Prisoner.

Org. Traytor, you reserv'd this Stroke for the last. This is the Blow, Rascal, by which you dispatch me, and this crowns all your Perfidiousness.

Tart. Your Abuses have nothing in 'em that can provoke me, and I have learnt to bear any thing for the sake of Heaven!

Clean. Mighty Moderation, indeed!

Dam. How impudently the Villain plays with Heaven.

Tart. All your Passion can't move me; I mind nothing but doing my Duty.

Mar. You are to expect great Glory indeed from this; this Employment is very honourable in you.

Tart. An Employment cannot but be Glorious, when it comes from the Power that sends me hither.

Org. But do you remember, ungrateful Wretch, that my charitable Hand rais'd you from a miserable Condition?

Tart. Yes, I know what Succour I have receiv'd from it; but my Prince's Interest is my chief Duty: That Sacred Obligation stifles in my Heart all other Acknowledgement; and I'd Sacrifice to such Powerful Ties, Friend, Wife, Kindred, and my self with 'em.

Elm. Hypocrite!

Dor. How, like a Traytor, he makes a Cloak of all that's Sacred.

Clean. But if that Zeal, which moves you, and which you adorn your self with, be so perfect as you say it is, how came it to delay shewing itself till he found you out Courting his Wife? and that you did not discover it, till for his Honour he was oblig'd to turn you away? I don't say this, out of a Thought that 'twill deprive you off the Gilt
he

he gave you; but since you use him as a Criminal, why do you consent to take any thing of him?

Tart. [To the Exempt] Deliver me from this Brawling, Sir, and be pleas'd to execute your Order.

Exempt. Yes, I delay executing it too long indeed. You call on me to fulfil it very seasonably, and in order to it follow me immediately to the Prison you are to have for your Lodging.

Tart. Who, I Sir?

Ex. Yes, you Sir.*

Tart. Why to Prison?

Ex. 'Tis not to you that I'll give the Reason for it. Be yourself, Sir, after so hot an Alarm. We live under a Prince that's an Enemy to Fraud, a Prince whose Eyes penetrate to the Heart, and who cannot be deceived by all the Impostors in the World. His great Soul, provided with a discerning Judgment, always takes a right View of Things: Never any thing gets too much footing in that, and his firm Reason falls into no Excess. He gives to good Men an immortal Glory, but he shews this Zeal without Blindness; and his Love for the truly Pious, don't shut his Heart against the Horror which those that are falsely so, ought to inspire. This Man was not able to Surprize him, and he guards himself from the most cunning Snares. He immediately by his quick Perception pierc'd all the foldings of his Heart. Coming to accuse you, he betray'd himself, and discover'd himself to the Prince to be a renown'd Cheat, of which he was inform'd under another Name; and his Life's nothing but a Series of black Actions, which might fill Volumes of Histories. In a Word, that Monarch detests his base Ingratitude to you. He sends me hither, under him, only to see how far his Impudence wou'd go, and to make him give you full Satisfaction. Yes, he wills that I take away all the Papers, which that Traytor calls himself Master of, and give 'em to you. By his Sovereign Power he breaks the Obligation of the Deed of Gift, and pardons you that secret Offence wherein the Retreat of a Friend involv'd you; and this is the Reward of the Zeal which heretofore you shew'd in maintaining his Rights; to let you know that, when 'tis least expected,

his Heart can reward a good Action; that Merit, with him, never loses any thing, and that he remembers the Good better than the Bad.

Dor. Heav'n be praised!

Pern. Now I breathe.

Elm. Favourable Success!

Mer. Who cou'd have imagined it?

Org. (To Tartuffe.) Now, Traytor——

Clean. O Brother, hold, and don't descend to Indignities. Leave a miserable Wretch to his ill Destiny, and don't you add to his Remorse. Rather wish that his Heart may now make an happy Return into the Bosom of Virtue; that he may correct his Life, by detesting his Vice, and lenise the Justice of that great Prince; whilst you go, and on your Knees render to his Goodness what so generous a Treatment requires.

Org. You say well; let's go joyfully and throw our selves at his Feet, to shew our Satisfaction for the Goodness he displays to us. Then, when we have done this first Duty, let us provide for the just Cares of another; and let an happy Marriage crown, in *Valerio*, the Flame of a generous and sincere Lover.



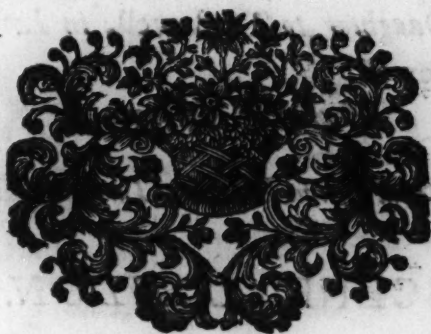
Monf. *de Pourceaugnac*:

O R,

Squire *TRELOOBY*.

A

C O M E D Y.



Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

printed 4th 1704

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Monsieur de Pourceaugnac, *or Squire*
Treelooby.

Tradewell, *a Merchant.*

Lovewell, *in Love with Julia.*

Wimble, *a Neapolitan, a Man of Intreague*
Physicians.

Rhubarb, *an Apothecary.*

W O M E N.

Julia, *Daughter to Tradewell, in Love with*
Lovewell.

Nerina, *a Woman of Intreague.*

Countrymen and Women, Lawyers, &c.

SCENE LONDON.

Mon-

Corner
Ful
and tal
Ner
Minds.
Ful.
to fave



Monfieur de Pourceaugnac:

O R,

Squire TRELOOBY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Julia, Lovewell, Nerina.

JULIA.



RAY, *Lovewell*, let us take care we
ar'n't surpriz'd — Bless me! how I
tremble, for fear we shou'd be seen
together! — and then — all wou'd
be ruin'd after I've been so severely
forbid —

Lov. I tell thee I've lookt in every
Corner; there is not a Mouse stirring —

Ful. Prithee *Nerina*, have an Eye upon the Watchmen,
and take care no Body comes —

Ner. Depend upon me — and spare not to speak your
Minds.

Ful. Well, *Lovewell*, have you thought of any thing
to favour our Design? And do ye believe we shall be able
to

178 *Monsieur de* POURCEAUGNAC :

to set aside this hideous Match my Father's Head's so bent upon?

Lov. At least we'll have one tugg for't — and I already have prepared a good Number of Batteries to overturn this ridiculous Design —

Ner. Undone! — here's your Father —

Ful. You that way — and I this — quick, quick —

Ner. No, no, stay, stay; I was mistaken.

Ful. What a Fool you are, *Nerina*, to frighten a Body so?

Lov. Yes, my charming *Fulia*, we have rais'd for the purpose several Machines, and shall not fail to work 'em all, with your Leave. Do not you enquire into the several Springs we shall cause to play — yours be the Diversion of it — and as, in Comedies, 'tis good to defer the Pleasure of a Surprise, and not to anticipate what will be afterwards seen, so 'tis enough to let you know that we have in hand several Stratagems all ready to produce upon Occasion, and that the ingenious *Nerina* and the dextrous *Wimble* are concerned in th' Affair.

Ner. I can't but laugh to think how the old Gentleman, your Father wraps himself up with Conceits of his Son-in-Law, that is to be — the *Cornish* Attorney — 'Squire *Trelooby*, one that he never saw in all his Life — and comes by the Coach to carry you off in spite of our Teeth. What, shall four or five hundred dirty Acres be put in the Scale with a Man that loves you and is belov'd? and is a Woman of your Person made for a *Cornish* Hug? If they must marry, e'en let 'em take some of their own Blowfabelles, and not come among us Christians! — The very Name of *Trelooby* has given me the Spleen — and I hate him mortally, — it shall cost me a Fall, or I'll break off the Match, if it were only for the name, — Madam *Trelooby*! — Foh! there's a Name indeed — 'tis n't to be born, — *Trelooby* is such a thing that I cannot bear — Well — I'll say no more — but — I'll twirl my Apornstrings to pieces, but I'll send him to the Land's end again, — or the Devil's Arse i'th' Peak — 'Squire *Trelooby*!

Lov. But — here comes my subtil *Neapolitan* — and he'll tell us News.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

To them, Wimble.

Wimb. Sir ——— your Man's come --- just come --- I saw him at the Inn --- I observed him a good half Hour, and have him by heart; as for his Figure, I shall say nothing of it --- you'll see him *in puris naturalibus* --- and I think, the Fancy of his Dress is every way answerable --- But for his Wit, I must tell you before hand, there's no coming near it, the Scull's so thick --- And -- he's made of a matter so malleable, and so ductile, that we shall have but very little trouble to make him believe 'en what we please.

Lov. Say'st thou so?

Wimb. If I have any Skill in Men.

Ner. [*Pointing to Wimb.*] Madam --- A most excellent Man this! Your Business could not be put into better Hands. He's the Hero of the Age for Exploits of this Nature. A Man, who Twenty times in his Life, to serve his Friends, has generously affronted *Bridewell*; who with peril of his Arms and Shoulders, knows sovereignly well how to put an end to Adventures the most difficult; and for all he looks so, was banisht from his Country, for I know not how many honourable Actions.

Wimb. O dear Madam, I'm confounded at the Praises with which you honour me, but I could with more Justice enlarge upon the Miracles of your Life, and principally upon the Glory you acquir'd, when with so much Honour you put the Dice upon a young foreign Lord that was lodg'd at your House, and won five thousand Crowns of him --- when with so much Gallantry you trump't up a false contract, and ruin'd a whole Family; when with so much Grandeur of Soul, you could deny a certain Deposit that was entrusted with you; and how generously ready you were to lend your Evidence to hang a couple of innocent ---

Ner. Pshaw --- These are trifles, not worth the speaking of --- And your Commendations make me blush.

Wimb. Well, I shall spare your Modesty, and talk no more of that --- But to the Business in hand --- Away go I,
and

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and find our Countryman, while you make it your Business to get all the rest of the Actors ready.

Lov. And, good Madam, remember your part--- and the better to cover the Game, you'll feign yourself well pleas'd with your Father's Resolutions.

Ful. If that were all, Matters would go well enough.

Lov. But my *Julia*, --- put the case, if all our Endeavours should fail, which God forbid ---

Ful. Why then--- I'll declare my real Sentiments to my Father.

Lov. But if after that---he should be obstinate?

Ful. I would threaten to throw my self into a Nunnery.

Lov. Yet for all that--- if he should force you to this Match?

Ful. What shall I say to you?

Lov. What shall you say to me?

Ful. Ay---

Lov. What one would say, that really loves---

Ful. As how?

Lov. Why that nothing shall constrain you, and that in spite of all your Father's Efforts, you promise to be mine.

Ful. Why are you thus pressing, and tempt the future resolutions of my Heart? Teaze not my Duty with Proposals of a terrible Extremity, which perhaps we shall have no occasion for. And if it comes to that---suffer at least that I be carry'd away by the Consequence of Things.

Lov. Well ---

Wimb. Faith, here comes my Chap---now look to thy hits, *Wimble*.

Ner. What a Comical cut he's of!

SCENE

SCENE III.

Squire Trelooby coming forward, turns himself back to some People who seem to follow him and laugh at him, and among 'em Wimble.

Trel. Why what's here to do? — What's the matter? a murrain take the foolish Town, and all the Fools that are in it! Why what a dickens, can't a Man pass along but he must have a parcel of *Tom-ladles* staring and gigling at him? Pray Master Cockny, mind your own Business, and let other Folk go along without laughing in their Face — What again! The first Man that I see laugh--- Devil take me if don't hit'n a Douse o'th' Chops.

To him, Wimble.] Why, pray Gentlemen — what d'ye mean by this? what wou'd ye be at? — what strange Usage this is, to use Strangers at this rate? fie, fie, I'm asham'd on't.

Trel. A very considerate Person this!

Wimb. 'Fore God I'm amaz'd. — Why what is it you can find to laugh at in this Gentleman?

Trel. Why, ay, What can you laugh at?

Wimb. Is there any thing ridiculous in him?

Trel. Right —

Wimb. Isn't he like other Men?

Trel. Am I crooked? Am I hump-back'd?

Wimb. Indeed, indeed, you shou'd learn better Manners.

Trel. Well said.

Wimb. The Gentleman has a Mien to be respected.

Trel. Why true.

Wimb. A Man of Condition.

Trel. And a Gentleman of Cornwall.

Wimb. A Man of Wit.

Trel. That has study'd the *Laa* —

Wimb. He does ye too much Honour to come into your City.

Trel. No doubt on't.

Wimb. The Gentleman is no such Person to cause Laughter.

Trel.

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Trel. No, indeed.

Wimb. The next Man that shews his Teeth, I'll dash 'em down's Throat—that I will—I won't see the Gentleman abus'd.

Trel. Sir, I'm mightily oblig'd to ye.

Wimb. I'm not a little troubled, Sir, to see a Person of your Appearance no better received; and, Sir, I beg your Pardon on behalf of the Town.

Trel. Sir, I'm your Servant—You're the Recorder then, I judge.

Wimb. No, Sir, But I seeing you this Morning, with the Coach,—and observing with how much Grace you eat your Breakfast, I immediately propos'd to my self a great Happiness in your Friendship. And as you're but new come into these Parts and a Stranger, I was very desirous to wait on you, and to offer you my Service upon your arrival, and to be assisting to you among a People who sometimes have not all the consideration they ought to have for Men of worth.

Trel. Introth, Sir, you do me too great a Favour—

Wimb. Sir, as I said before,—from the Moment I saw you I felt an Inclination—

Trel. I'm oblig'd to ye—

Wimb. Your Phiz pleas'd me.

Trel. These are great Honours.

Wimb. I saw something of Ingenuity—

Trel. Your Servant.

Wimb. Something lovely—

Trel. Oh! Sir.

Wimb. Gracious.

Trel. Good now!

Wimb. Sweet:

Trel. Away,—

Wimb. Majestick.

Trel. Something manly, as one may say—

Wimb. Frank!

Trel. And Cordial.

Wimb. Sir, I do assure you—I'm yours entirely.

Trel. I have a great many Obligations to you—

Wimb.

Or, Squire TRELOOBY. 183

Wimb. 'Tis from my Heart's bottom I speak——

Trel. I believe it.

Wimb. If I had but the Honour to be known to ye,
you'd find me to all intents and purposes sincere, and——

Trel. I don't doubt it.

Wimb. An Enemy to Fraud.

Trel. I'm perswaded of it.

Wimb. And one that cannot disguise his Thoughts——

Trel. I dare say it.

Wimb. You see indeed, Sir, the Cut of my Cloaths is
not of this Country Mode——for, Sir, I'm originally of
Naples, at your Service; and tho' in a Foreign Kingdom,
I was willing to preserve the Sincerity of my Country, by
adhering to the Plainness of its Habit.

Trel. You're in the right on't truly——for my part, I
was resolv'd for the Honour of my Country to put my
self into the Mode of the Court——

Wimb. Faith, Sir, you out-do all the Courtiers——

Trel. So my Tailor tells me; the Suit, to say Truth, is
neat and rich, and will make a great Show here.

Wimb. Without doubt, you'll go to St. James's.——

Trel. Ay, what else?

Wimb. The Queen will be ravish'd to see you.

Trel. I believe it.

Wimb. Have you pitcht upon a Lodging? ——

Trel. No, I was looking out for one.

Wimb. I shall rejoyce to wait on you for that purpose:
and I know the whole Town.

SCENE IV.

To them Lovewell, pretending to know Trelooby.

Low. Hah! what's this——who do I see! lucky Ren-
contre! Squire Trelooby! How glad am I to see you! What!
not remember me!

Trel. Sir, I'm your Servant.

Low. Is it possible that five or six Years shou'd thus
wipe me out of your Memory? thus to forget one of the
best Friends to the Family of the Treloobies?

Trel. Pardon me. Faith, I don't know him. [*To Wimb.*

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Lov. There is'nt a *Trelooby* at *Pensanze* in the Hundred of *Penwith* in the County of *Cornwall*, but I know 'em from the first to the last; I kept company with no Body else all the time I was there, and had the Honour to see you almost every Day.

Trel. Sir, the Honour was mine——

Lov. Do not you recollect my Face?

Trel. Oh! oh!—— God I don't know him. [*To Wimb.*]

Lov. Don't you remember how we us'd to dust it about when we drank——

Trel. Excuse me.---I know nothing of it. [*To Wimb.*]

Lov. How d'ye call that jolly Fellow's Name, mine Host there at the---*Golden*---

Trel. What! Little *John* by the Windmill, at the Sign of the *Globe*.

Lov. The same, the *Golden Cabbage* I took it for. Well, we have been very merry there; I forget the Name of the fine long Walk in *Pensanze*.

Trel. I believe you mean *Church lane*.

Lov. Right, where I have past many a pleasant hour in your agreeable Conversation. Don't you remember it?

Trel. Sir, my Memory is weak, very weak.---Devil take me if I remember a tittle on't. [*To Wimb.*]

Wimb. Alas, Sir, a thousand such things as these slip out of one's Mind.

Lov. Let me embrace you, dear Friend, let me embrace you, and renew the Knots of our ancient Friendship!

Wimb. This Gentleman loves you mightily. [*To Trel.*]

Lov. Dear Friend, tell me some News of all the good Family. How does the good Gentleman---your---the best humour'd---best spoken Man---

Trel. What, my Brother *Gervase*, the Counsellor?

Lov. Right.

Trel. Oh! he's mighty well---

Lov. I joy to hear it. And likewise that good humour'd worthy Man---there---your---well, he's never out o' humour.

Trel.

Or, Squire TRELOOBY. 185

Trel. Oh! my Cousin Baily.

Lov. The same.

Trel. As full of his Jokes as ever; let him alone.

Lov. In truth I'm very glad to hear it. And Mr.---
your Uncle---The---

Trel. I have no Uncle.

Lov. But you had then.---I'm sure you call'd him so.

Trel. No, I have nothing but an Aunt.

Lov. Oh! Dear,---how does she do?---As good a Lady
as lives --

Trel. She has been dead this long while.

Lov. Poor Gentlewoman! so Pious, and Devout---

Trel. We had like to ha' lost my Nephew the Curate
by th' Small-pox.

Lov. Oh! that's a great pity.

Trel. Why do you know him too?

Lov. We were Hand and Glove. A handsom, jolly,
lusty---

Trel. None of the biggest.

Lov. No, but very well made.

Trel. Why ay---

Lov. He's your Nephew---

Trel. Right.

Lov. Your Sister and Brother's Son.

Trel. True.

Lov. Curate of.---I shall think on't presently---

Trel. St. Steven's.

Lov. The same, I know no other---

Trel. He names all the whole Family---

Wimb. He knows you better than you think for---

Trel. By what I see, you liv'd a long time in our
Town.

Lov. Two Years entire.

Trel. Then you was there when my Cousin Recorder's
Child was Christned.

Lov. I was one of the first invited---

Trel. 'Twas a gallant Bout---

Lov. As ever I saw---

Trel. Then you remember the Quarrel I had there with
a Sawcy Londoner---

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Q

Lov,

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Lov. Particularly well——

Trel. But he met with his Match——ha!

Lov. Hah, hah, hah——'twas a foolish Fellow——
But, Sir, I hope you have no Thoughts of being any
where else but with me while you remain in Town.

Trel. Indeed, Sir, but I shan't trouble you.

Lov. Pray, Sir, nothing of that——Sure I shan't suffer
my best Friend to make any other House his own.

Trel. But, Sir——

Lov. Nay, as I hope to be saved, you shall.

Wimb. [*To Trel.*] Since the Gentleman is so obstinately
bent upon it, I advise you to accept of his Offer.

Lov. Pray, Sir, where are your things?

Trel. I left 'em with my Servant where I was set
down.

Lov. We'll send some body for 'em.

Trel. No, no, I forbid him, unless I went my self, for
fear of some Mistake.

Wimb. 'Twas well caution'd.

Trel. This Town needs it——

Lov. Where Men of Wit abound.

Wimb. [*To Lov.*] I shall wait on the Gentleman, where
you shall please.

Lov. I shall only give a few Orders, and then expect
you at that House——there——

Wimb. We shall trouble you presently.

Lov. I expect you with Impatience.

Trel. Why this is an Acquaintance I didn't dream
of.

Wimb. He looks like a very honest Gentleman. [*Exeunt.*]

Lov. In good faith, Squire, *Trelooby*,—— We shall not be
wanting in our Respects to you——Matters are ready, and
we want only to give the Word.

SCENE IV.

Apothecary, Lovewel.

Lov. I believe, Sir, you're the Doctor I sent to speak
with.

Apoth.

Apoth. No, Sir, I'm no Doctor, that Honour does n't belong to me. I'm only an Apothecary, an unworthy Apothecary, at your Service.

Lov. Pray then, — Is the Doctor within?

* *Apoth.* Sir, he's something busie in dispatching a few Patients — but I shall tell him that you are here.

Lov. By no means, Sir, I shall wait till he's at leisure: It is to put into his Hands a certain Relation we have, that you have heard speak of, — who is a little distempered in his Head — Foolish — and we would fain have him cured, if it might be, before he's marry'd, Sir.

Apoth. Oh! I remember — I remember — I was with the Doctor when he was spoke to about this Mat-
tet. — Take my Word for't, Sir, you could not have ap-
ply'd to a more able Man — he's a Man that understands
Physick fundamentally, the very Chris-cross-row of it,
Sir; and tho' it were to save a Man's Life, would not
bate an Ace of the ancient Rules. Ah, Sir, he always
follows the high Road, the great Tract, and never looks
for high Noon at two a Clock; and for the World, —
I'm sure he would n't cure any Body with other Physick
than what the Faculty prescribes.

Lov. He's certainly in the right. A Patient ought not
to desire to be cured any otherwise.

Apoth. It is not because there's a Friendship between
us, that I speak it, — I hope you don't think so: But
— there's a Pleasure, there's a Pleasure in being his Pa-
tient; and I'd rather chuse to die of his Physick, than to
recover by any other Man's: for, come what will come,
you're sure his things are always in order; and if you
die under his Hand, your Heirs would not find any fault
With you.

Lov. That's a very great Consolation to be sure for a
dead Man.

Apoth. Certainly. One would be glad to die methodi-
cally. — Nor is he one of those Physicians who Hus-
band their Patients Diseases; for he's an expeditious Man,
a very expeditious Man, and loves to dispatch his Pati-
ents, and when they are to die, 'tis done with a Jirk.

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Lov. Why, faith, as you fay, there's nothing like difpatch in every thing.

Apoth. True, for what fignifies hagling, and beating about the Bafh?—what fignifies it? 'tis good to know the long or the fhort on't.

Lov. You fay right.

Apoth. Why---three of my Children, whom he did me the Honour to take in hand, dy'd in lefs than four Days, and I'm fure in any other Man's Hands, they would ha' languifhed three or four Months.

Lov. It's a rare thing to have fuch a Friend in a Corner.

Apoth. No doubt on't. I have but two Children left now, and he takes as much care of 'em as if they were his own. He handles 'em and governs 'em as he thinks fit, without any Advice of mine,——and I never come near 'em, but I find 'em either Bleeding or Purging every Day.

Lov. A moft obliging, careful Man?

Apoth. Here he is, here he is---here he comes.

SCENE VI.

Physician, Countryman and Woman.----Lovewell, Apothecary.

Countrym. Sir, I tell you it all fignifies nothing, he complains of his Head---the moft grievoufeft Pains---

Phys. Why the Patient's a Sot and a Fool---fo much the more for that his Diftemper lies not in's Head, according to *Galen*, but his Spleen-- His Head's fafe enough, I'll warrant you.

Countrym. However it be, Sir,---he has had a loofenefs thefe fix Months.

Phys. Good, that's a fign his Body's open. I'll come and fee him in two or three Days; but if he fhould die before, don't fail to give me notice on't, for a Physician ought not to vifit the Dead.

Countrym. What fhall I do, Sir, my Father grows worfe and worfe?

Phys.

Or, Squire TRELOOBY. 189

Phys. That's none of my fault, Woman, I give him Medicins----Why won't he be cured? --- Why won't he be cured? How many times has he been blooded?

Countryw. Fifteen times, Sir,---within this fortnight.

Phys. Fifteen times blooded within this fortnight!

Countryw. Yes.

Phys. And does n't he mend?

Countryw. No, Sir.

Phys. That's a sign his Distemper is n't in his Blood-- We shall purge him as many times, to see if it does n't lie in's Humours; and if that won't do, we'll send him to the Bath.

Apoth. That's the Craft, the very Craft of Physick.

Lov. [To the Dr.] Sir, I sent to speak with you some time ago touching a Relation of mine, a little troubled in Mind, whom I would fain have you to undertake, and to be at your own House, that he might be cured the more conveniently, and be seen by as few People as possible.

Phys. Ay, Sir,---I have already disposed all things, and promise you to take all imaginable care of him.

Lov. Here he is.

Phys. It happens very well, for I have an ancient Friend within, with whom I shall gladly advise upon his Distemper.

SCENE VII.

To them, Trelooby.

Lov. A small Concern has fall'n out, which obliges me to leave you; but I put you into the Hands of a Person, who, for my sake, will take care to use you after the best manner that's possible--

Phys. The Duty of my Profession obliges me to that, ---and 'tis enough for you to commit the care of him to me.

Trel. This is his Steward to be sure; he must be some Man of Quality.

Phys.

Phys.

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Phys. Sir, I do assure you—I 'shall treat the Gentleman Methodically, and with all the Regularities of our Art.

Trel. Dear Sir, there's no occasion for all these Ceremonies—I would n't come here to incommode you.

Phys. I rejoice at nothing so much as to be so employed.

Lov. Here are six Pistoles by way of Advance, in part of my Promise.

Trel. Nay, Sir, if you please, I don't understand that you should put your self to any Expence—to send to buy any thing for me.

Lov. Pray, Sir, give me leave to do as I think fit.

Trel. I hope, Sir, you'll use me as a Friend, and make no Stranger of me.

Lov. That's my intent, Sir, and no other. [*To the Phys. whispering.*] I recommend to you above all things not to let him get out of your hands, for at times he'll be endeavouring to make his Escape.

Phys. Do you take no care for that.

Lov. [*To Trel.*] I beg you'll pardon my Incivility.

Trei. You do me too great a Favour. [*Exit Lov.*]

SCENE VIII.

Two Physicians, Trelooby, Apothecary.

Phys. It is a very great Honour for me, Sir, to be made choice of to serve you.

Trel. I'm your Servant.

Phys. Here's one of my Fraternity, a very able Man, with whom I'm going to consult after what manner we shall treat you.

Trel. Pray, Gentlemen, don't give your selves all this Trouble; I tell you, I'm one that can take up with any thing.

Phys. Chairs there.

Trel. These are sorrowful sort of Domesticks for a young Gentleman. [*Looking upon the Apothecary, &c.*]

Phys. Come, Sir, take your Seat—There—
When they are sat, the two Physicians take each of 'em one of his hands, to feel his Pulse.

Trel. [*Giving his Hands.*] Gentlemen, your very humble Servant—I suppose this is the Fashion here.

Physic,

1 *Physic.* Do ye eat well, Sir?

Trel. Yes——and drink much better.

1 *Physic.* So much the worse; that great Appetition of frigid and humid, is an indication of Heat and Aridity within. Do ye sleep well?

Trel. Yes, after a good Supper.

1 *Physic.* Do ye Dream?

Trel. Sometimes.

1 *Physic.* Of what nature are your Dreams?

Trel. Why, of the Nature of all Dreams. I Dream now I think! What a Devil's here to do?

1 *Physic.* Your Dejections, pray how are they?

Trel. Hoop, hoop, why sure the Men are betwattled. Give me something to drink, will ye?

1 *Physic.* Patience a little. —We are going to reason together upon your Matter, and to be the better understood by you, we shall do't in *English*.

Trel. I wonder what great matter of reasoning is requir'd to eat a bit——

1 *Physic.* Since therefore so it is, that there's no curing any Distemper without knowing it perfectly; since also there's no perfect knowing of it, without well establishing the particular Idea of it, and true Species——by Signs Diagnostick, and Prognostick; you, my ancient Friend, will permit me, to enter upon the consideration of the Distemper now under hand, before that we touch upon the Therapeutic part, and the Remedies necessary to be applied for the perfect curation thereof. I say therefore, Sir, with permission, that our Patient here present, is unhappily attack'd, affected, possess'd, agitated with that sort of Folly, which we very well term, Melancholy Hypochondriac, a Species of a very dreadful Folly, and which requires no less than an *Æsculapius*, as you are, consummate in our Art; you I say, who are grown, as it were, grey in it, and through whose Hands so much Practice has pass'd. I call it Melancholy Hypochondriac to distinguish it from the two others; For the celebrated *Galen* hath establish'd very learnedly (as he's wont) three Species of this Distemper, which we call Melancholy, so call'd not only

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only by the *Latins*, but also by the *Greeks*; which by the way is very material for us to observe in the present Case: The first, proceeding from the proper vitiosity of the Brain; the second, proceeding from the whole Mass of Blood, made and become atrabilious; the third, call'd Hypochondriac, which is ours: The which ariseth from a Fault of some part in the lower Ventricle and from the inferior Region, but particularly from the Spleen, whereof the Heat and Inflammation sends up to the Brain of our Patient abundance of fuliginous Particles of a crass Nature; whereof the Vapour being black and malignant, causes a depravation in the Functions of the prime Faculty, and — constitutes the Distemper wherewith (by our Ratiocination) he is manifestly tainted and convicted. And for an incontestable Diagnostic thereof, you may only observe that great Seriosity of Countenance with which he views us; that Sorrowfulness of Face attended with Fear and Distrust, Signs pathognomick and individual of this Malady, so well mark'd by the Divine old Man *Hippocrates*; that Physiognomy, those Eyes red and haggard, that Beard over-grown, that plight of Body, wasted, washy, black, and hairy, the which Symptoms denote him very much touch'd with this Distemper arising from an Error in the Hypochondria; the which Malady by lapse of time being naturaliz'd, antiquated, habituated, enrol'd and made free of his Body, might well degenerate either into Madness, or Ptisic or Apoplexy, or in fine, into Phrenzy and Distraction. All this being premis'd and suppos'd, and since a Malady well known is half cur'd, for *ignoti nulla est curatio morbi*, it will not be difficult for you to concur upon Remedies applicable to the Case in hand. First, To remove the Obthurant Plethory of his Body, and that Luxuriant Cacochimie of his Humours, I advise that he be liberally Phlebotomiz'd; that is to say, that his Bleedings be frequent and plentiful; and first, in the *Vena basilica*, next in the *Vena cephalica*, and if the Disease prove obstinate, to open him a Vein in the Forehead, and that the Orifice be large, in order for the gross Blood to issue forth; and at the same time to purge him, disopilate, and evacuate by Catharticks proper and

conve-

convenient; that is to say, Cholagogues, Melanagogues, &c. and as the true Source of every Distemper is, either a gross and feculent Humour, or a black and crass Vapour, which obscurifies, muddifies and infects the Animal Spirits; it is necessary that he afterwards use a Bath of pure and clean Water, with a great quantity of fine Whey, to purifie by the Water the Feculence of the dreggy Humour, and to clarify by the Whey the Nigridity of the black Vapour; but before all things, I hold it good to exhilarate him by agreeable Conversations, Songs and Instruments of Musick, whereunto it will not be improper to adjoin Dancers, to the end that their Movements, Disposition, and Agility may excite, stir up, and awaken the Laziness of his supine Spirits, which occasions the Thickness of his Blood, from whence proceeds his Distemper. This is what I propose, whereunto may be added a great deal more, and much better, by you, Sir, our Master and ancient Friend, according to the Experience, Judgment, Lights and Sufficiency which you have acquir'd in our Art. *Dixi.*

2 *Phys.* God forbid, Sir, that it shou'd enter into my Thoughts to add any thing of mine to what you ha'been arguing. You have so well discoursed upon all the Signs, Symptoms, and Causes of the Patient's Distemper; the Ratiocination which you have made thereupon is so learned and elegant, that it is impossible it shou'd be otherwise with him than as you say, foolish and hypochondriacally Melancholy; and tho' he were not so, he must needs become so, for the Beauty of the things which you have utter'd, and the Justness of the Argument which you made. Yes, Sir, you have most graphically describ'd, *graphice depinxisti*, every thing that appertains to this Distemper; nothing can be more learnedly, sagely, ingeniously conceiv'd, excogitated, imagin'd, than what you have pronounc'd with relation to this Distemper, whether as to the Diagnostic, Prognostic, or Therapeutic; and nothing remains for me to do here, but to felicitate the Squire upon being fall'n into your Hands, and to acquaint him, 'tis his great Happiness that he is distemper'd, thereby to have an Opportunity of experiencing the Efficacy and

Sweetness of the Remedies which you have so judiciously propounded. I approve 'em all, *manibus & pedibus defendendo in tuam sententiam*. All that I wou'd have is, that his Bleedings and Purgations be of an odd Number, *numero Deus impare gaudet*: to use Whey before the Bath; to have a Forehead Cloth, or a Headstall made him, with Salt in it: Salt is a Symbol of Sageness: To Cause his Chamber-walls to be whiten'd, *Album est disgregativum visus*, and to give him presently a small Glyster, to serve by way of Prelude and Introduction to these judicious Remedies, from which (if he will be cured) he cannot but receive great Comfort. God grant that these Prescriptions, Sir (which are yours) do succeed according to our Intention upon the Patient.

Trel. Gentlemen, 'tis an Hour since you began, and so long I've heard you. — Pray satisfie me, whether or no you aren't playing a Comedy here?

1 Physf. Not i'th' least, Sir, we're in earnest.

Trel. What a Devil wou'd ye be at, with your Gally-maufry and Blockheadisms?

1 Physf. So, so, injurious Language! This is a Diagnostic which we wanted for a Confirmation of his Distemper; this may turn to Distraction.

Trel. For God's sake, in what Company am I got?

[*He spits two or three times.*]

1 Physf. Another Diagnostic. Frequent Sputum.

Trel. Come, enough, enough; pray let us be gone.

1 Physf. There's another: Inquietude, to shift place.

Trel. What is the meaning of all this? what wou'd you have?

1 Physf. Have you cur'd, Sir, according to our Orders.

Trel. Cure me!

1 Physf. Ay —

Trel. 'Sblood, I a'n't Sick.

1 Physf. A bad Symptom! — a Sick Man not to be sensible of his Illness!

Trel. I tell you that I'm as well as any Man in England.

1 Physf.

1 *Phys.* Sir, we know better than your self how it is with you. We are Physicians, and see clear thro' your Constitution.

Trel. If you're Physicians, avant! I have nothing to do with you, I laugh at Physick.

1 *Phys.* Humph, — the Man's more Mad than we thought for —

Teel. My Father nor Mother never wou'd take Physick, and they dy'd both of 'em without the Assistance of the Doctor.

1 *Phys.* I don't wonder then they got such a Fool to their Son. Go to, proceed we now to the Curation, and by the exhilarating Sweetness of Harmony let us dulcify, lenify, and obtund the Acrimony of his Spirits, which I see ready to be inflam'd.

SCENE IX.

Squire Treelooby.

Trel. What in the Devil's Name can all this mean? Are the People of this Country all stark mad? I never saw the like in my Life. I can't imagine. —

SCENE X.

Mr. Gellier and another Musician (habited like Physicians a la Grotelque, follow'd by eight Buffoon-Dancers) sing the following words in Italian, with Instrumental Musick.

The two Musicians sitting down on Chairs on each side the Squire.

2 Musicians.

BON di, Bon di, Bon di,
Non vi lasciate uccidere,
Dal Dolor Melanconico,
Noi vi faremo ridere,
Col nostro Canto harmonico,

[They rise and bow to him.]

R 2

Sol

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Sol' per guarirvi
Siamo venuti qui,
Bon di, Bon di, Bon di. [They rise and bow to him.

1 Musician.

Altro non è la pazzia
Che Malinconia.

Il malato

Non è desperato,

Se vol pigliar un poco d'allegria

Altro non è la pazzia
Che Malinconia.

2 Musician.

Su cantate, ballate, ridete
Et se far meglio volete,
Quando sentite il deliro vicino,
Pigliate del vino,
Equalche volta un poco di tabac
Alegramente Monsu Pourceaugnac.

Which (being only Jocular) I have put into English, lest
some People shou'd think there's more matter in't than real-
ly there is.

2 Musicians.

Good Morrow, Sir, good Morrow,
Good Morrow, Sir, good Morrow, [They rise and
Kill not your self, kill not your self with Grief, bow.
Nor be cast down with Sorrow.
Kill not your self with Grief,
We're come to your Relief,
With Bagpipe and with Fief,
Good Morrow, Sir, good Morrow, &c.

[They rise and bow.

1 Musician.

Melancholly,
Sir's a Folly
No wise Man can endure.

Cast

Cast away Care,
And you needn't despair
Of a Cure.
Melancholy,
Sir's a meer Folly,
A fruitless idle Folly.

2. *Musicians.*

To cure the Spleen
You must laugh and sing,
And dance and kiss —
And if after this
You find the Devil in ye
Drive him out,
Like the Gout,
With a good drunken bout,
And a Pipe of pure *Virginia*.

SCENE XI.

Apothecary and Trelooby.

Apoth. Here's a small Med'cine, Sir, — a small Med'cine
— which you must take, Sir, if you please, if you
please —

Tre. Sir ! I have no occasion, Sir, —

Apoth. 'Tis order'd. Sir, 'tis order'd —

Trel. Is the Devil in the People ?

Apoth. Take it, Sir, take it ; it will d'ye no harm, it
will d'ye no harm —

Trel. Sir, you talk like an Apothecary, and your Con-
versation's a meer Drug.

Apoth. 'Tis a small Glyster, a small Glyster, benign,
benign ; it is benign, benign ; there, take it, take it, take
it, Sir, — 'tis abstersive, abstersive, Cathartic —

*The two Musicians, with the Buffoon Dancers and Instruments,
dance round about Trelooby, and then stop just before
him, singing and making at him with their Glyster-
Pipes.*

198 *Monsieur de POURCEAUGNAC:*

* *Piglia-lo-su*
Signor Monsu,
Piglia-lo, Piglia-lo, Piglia-lo su,
Che non ti farà male
Piglia-lo-su questo servitiale,
Piglia-lo-su,
Signor Monsu,
Piglia-lo, Piglia-lo, Piglia-lo su.

Trel. The Devil take you all. — [Trellooby taking up the Chair he sits upon, runs off with it, to defend his Posteriors —]

The Apothecary, two Musicians, and the Buffoon-Dancers follow him, with each a Glyster pipe in his hand.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Wimble, 1 Physician.

1 Physic. HE has forc'd his way thro' all the Obstacles I had plac'd, — and has withdrawn himself from the Remedies I was going to administer to him.

Wimb. Why, he's his own Murtherer, to avoid Remedies so salutiferous as yours —

1 Physic. Mark of a Brain that's overset, and Reason dismounted, not to be willing to be cur'd.

Wimb. You shou'd have forc'd him to't,

1 Physic. Right, tho' there were a Complication of Distempers, thirteen to the Dozen.

Wimb. Humph---he has lost ye fifty Pistoles ready cut and dry'd---

1 Physic.

* *Piglia-lo-su, &c. is nothing more than Take it--Sir, — Take it-- us'd by these Apothecaries when they made at him with their Glyster.*

1 *Physic.* Excuse me, I don't mean to lose 'em,--- I'll cure him in spite of his Teeth. He's ty'd and bound my Patient, and I'll have him seiz'd where-ever I find him, as a Defterter and Infringer of my Prescriptions---

Wimb. Why ay, your Physick is Money at any time, so that he has stole your Cash---

1 *Physic.* Where can I hear of him ?---

Wimb. At Mr. Tradewell's, to be sure, whose Daughter he's going to marry ; and he, poor Man, knowing nothing of these Infirmities of his Son-in-Law that-is-to-be, is hastning the Marriage all he can.

1 *Physic.* I'll go talk with him this minute.

Wimb. You can't do a better thing.

1 *Physic.* His Body is mortgag'd to my Management; and it shall never be said, a Patient has got the better of his Physician---

Wimb. Well said,--- And were I in your place, I wou'd not suffer him to be marry'd, before I had physick'd him my Belly full---

1 *Physic.* Let me alone---

[Exit.

Wimb. Away go I and play another Battery; the Father-in-Law is as great a Cully as the Son-in-Law---

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Tradewell and 1 Physician.

1 *Physic.* There's a certain Gentleman, one Squire Trelooby, who is to marry your Daughter---

Trad. Yes, I expect him hourly, he comes out of Cornwall---

1 *Physic.* The same,--- He has elop'd and run away from my House, after I had taken him in hand; but I forbid you, on the behalf of the Faculty, to proceed in this Marriage, until that I have duly prepar'd him for it, and set him in a Capacity of procreating Children of a good Complexion both in Mind and Body.

Trad. How's this !

1 *Physic.* Your intended Son-in-Law is constituted and inducted my Patient ; his Distemper which was given me to cure, is a Chattel that appertains to me, and which I

reckon part of my personal Estate; and I do hereby declare unto you, that I will not have him marry'd till such time as he shall have made ample Satisfaction to the Faculty of Physick, and undergone the Prescriptions I shall make.

Trad. Doe's he ail any thing, say you?

1 *Physic.* Yes---

Trad. Pray, what sort of Distemper?

1 *Physic.* Don't you trouble yourself about that---

Trad. Is it a---

1 *Physic.* Physicians are obliged to Secrefie. Let it suffice that I enjoin both you and your Daughter, not to celebrate (without my consent) your Nuptials with him, upon pain of incurring the displeasure of the Faculty, and suffering the worst Diseases we can inflict.

Trad. Nay, if it be so with him, I shan't break my Neck for haste to marry 'em.

1 *Physic.* He was put into my Hands, and he's oblig'd to be my Patient.

Trad. With all my Heart.

1 *Physic.* He may run away, as much as he pleases-- I'll have a Decree against him, to oblige him to be cured by me---

Trad. All in good time. ---

1 *Physic.* Yes, I'll either cure him, or be the Death of him.

Trad. You have my consent.

1 *Physic.* And if I don't find him, I'll come upon you, you shall take the Physick for him.

Trad. I've no need on't.

1 *Physic.* No matter for that, Sir, I must have a Patient, and I'll take him where I can find him, --- the Physick is prepar'd and won't keep ---

Trag. E'en take whom you can, --- I'm sure I won't be your Fool --- a pretty sort of an Argument!

S C E N E

Wimb.
one litel
to dema

Trad.

Wimb.
you plee

Trad.

Wimb.

Trad.

Wimb.

vat you

Trad.

Wimb.

you plee

Trad.

Wimb.

Trad.

Wimb.

Trad.

Wimb.

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Trad. H

SCENE III.

Enter Wimble, dress'd like a Foreign Merchant.

Wimb. [To *Trad.*] Sire, vit your permissieng, I am one litel peece of a Franch Marshand, and you'd be glaud to demaund one small News.

Trad. What's that, Sir?

Wimb. Sire, you pleeze, be couvart, poot on your Haut, you pleeze--

Trad. Pray Sir, let me know your Business.

Wimb. Me say noting, Montfir, if you no poot your Haut.

Trad. Well then. [Putting on his Hat.

Wimb. You know one certain Shantelman in dis Toone, vat you call him? Maitre *Tradwell*—

Trad. Yes, I do know him.

Wimb. Eh bien, vat Man is he, Sire, vat foort of Maun you please?

Trad. Why he's a Man like other Men I think.

Wimb. I you demaund, Sire, is he reesh, has he L'argent?

Trad. Yes.

Wimb. Has he beaucon L'argent, is he ver reesh?

Trad. Yes.

Wimb. Ah, Ah, [Flings up his Hat for Joy.

Trad. Why do you ask, Sir?

Wimb. Far one litel raizoon of Stat pour moi.

Trad. But pray,---

Wimb. It be dis--- Dey say de Marshand *Tradwell* is resolv to give his Doter in mauriage to Squeer *Trelooby*.---

Trad. Well--

Wimb. Vish Squeer *Trelooby*, is one Man dat ow great deal ver mush to too tree four Franch Marshands, dat becoom hidder.

Tart. Do's Squire *Trelooby* owe three or four Merchants?—

Wimb. Ouy, Montfir; and vittin dis eight Mont we have obtin'd one lireel sentance aggainst him, ver'pon he assign'd to his Creditours all de Fortune vish Montfir *Tradwell* give his Shild.

Trad. How, how, has he assign'd there, to pay his Creditors?

Wimb.

102 *Monsieur de POURCEAUGNAC.*

Wimb. Yes, Sire, and yit graund Devotion we expect
his Marriage.

Trad. This Advice is well tim'd. Good morrow to you,
Sir.

Wimb. Me thank you, Sir, for de graund fauver--

Trad. Your very humble Servant. [Exit.]

Wimb. I aum, Sire, more den very musth oblig'd for
de good News --- This dosn't go ill at all; now we shall
lay by this Habit to think of something else, and endeavour
to sprinkle the Seed of Discord and Suspicion between the
Father, and Son-in-Law, to break off the Match. They're
both Gudgeons enough to swallow any Bait; and among
us Sharpers of the first form, 'tis but whistling to such
sort of Game, and they fly to your Cage.

SCENE IV.

Squire Trelooby and Wimb.

Trel. *Muttering.*] Pilla--lo--su, -- piglia--lo--su, Signor
Monfu. What a Devil's that? Hah!

Wimb. What's the matter, Sir?

Trel. Every thing I see, methinks is a Glyster.

Wimb. How!

Trel. You don't know (it may be) what has happen'd to
me in that Lodging where you left me.

Wimb. No truly, what was it?

Trel. I expected to be regaled—for my part—

Wimb. Well--

Trel. (*Telling how he was used at Lovewell's.*) Now I
leave you in such a Gentleman's Hands---Physicians cloath'd
in black. In a great Chair feel your Pulse. So be it, the
Man's mad. Two great bloated Faced Fellows, flapping
Hats: Bon di, Bon di. Six Pantaloons, Ta, ra, ta, ta,
Ta, ra, ta, ta; Alegramento Monfu *Trelooby*, an Apothe-
cary, a Glyster. Take it, Sir, take it, take it---'Tis be-
nign, benign, benign; Abstersive, Abstersive; Piglia---so-
su, Signor Monfu, Pigila---lo, Piglia---lo, Piglia---lo---lu.
Never was Man so impertinently punisht, sure.

Wimb.

Wimb.
Trel.
of ours,
nafty De
me.

Wimb.
Trad.
and I ha
their Cl
Wimb.
shoud
'Tis my
Cheats i
Trad.

me.
Wimb.
Trad.
are full
Pipes air
Wimb.
should b
Trel.
I shall b
Wimb.
and you
Trel.
Wimb.
Trel.
Wimb.
Trel.
kenly?
Wimb.
Trel.
Wimb.
fast.
Trel.
Wimb.
Trel.

Wimb. Pray, Sir, what's the meaning of all this?

Trel. The meaning of it is, that this pretended Friend of ours, with all his fine Protestations, is a rascally little nasty Dog, and carries me to a House on purpose to abuse me.

Wimb. Is it possible?

Trad. I'm sure there was a dozen of Devils after me; and I had all the difficulty in the World, to get out of their Claws.

Wimb. Bless me! how deceitful are Mens looks! I shou'd ha' thought him the most Affectionate Friend--- 'Tis my amazement, that 'tis possible there shou'd be such Cheats in the World!

Trad. Don't I favour something of a Glyster? pray tell me.

Wimb. Eh, something very like it.

Trad. My Imagination, my Smelling, and all my Senses are full of it; and methinks I still see a dozen of Glyster Pipes aiming at me.

Wimb. Why this was such a piece of Villany, that Men should be such false, traiterous---

Trel. Pray be so kind as to shew me Mr. *Tradewell's*--- I shall be glad to be there as soon as possible---

Wimb. Ah, ah, you're of an amorous Complexion I see; and you have heard talk of Mr. *Tradewell's* Daughter.

Trel. Why ay, I'm come to marry her.

Wimb. Humph---marry her, say ye!

Trel. Yes.

Wimb. In Marriage?

Trel. How otherwise?

Wimb. I was thinking---but I beg your pardon---

Trel. What's the meaning of your speaking so brokenly?

Wimb. Nothing, nothing.

Trel. But pray?---

Wimb. Nothing. I tell ye, I only spoke a little too fast.

Trel. I beg you'll tell me something of this matter.

Wimb. No, it is not necessary.

Trel. Good now!

Wimb.

204 *Monsieur de POURCEAUGNAC:*

Wimb. No, I desire you'll excuse me.

Trel. She wasn't concern'd in the Piglia-lo su, sure.

Wimb. No matter.

Trel. Are not you my Friend?

Wimb. I desire any Man to be more so.

Trel. Then you ought not to hide any thing from me.

Wimb. But 'tis a thing wherein the interest of our Neighbour is concern'd.

Trel. I find I must open a Passage to his Heart, (*Aside.*) some other way — Pray, Sir, give me your Hand — so now turn your Head another way, — I would not for the World put you to the uneasiness of a Blush. (*Trel. takes Wimb's Hand under his Arm, and puts a Diamond Ring upon's Finger.*) Sir, I desire you'll keep it for my sake. — Nay, upon my Word, Sir, I won't touch it again — I'll lose my Life first.

Wimb. Sir, I rather chuse to be rude and take it, than troublesome in refusing it. Humph, let me see, — let me see. — Here's Conscience pulls one way, and Friendship another, — I'll hear 'em both argue fairly, before I'll determine — Says Conscience, — here's a Man seeking his own Interest, endeavouring to provide his Daughter as advantageously as he can, and no Man ought to be injur'd. These are things which in truth are known, but shall I discover 'em to a Man that knows 'em not? Is it not forbid to scandalize ones Neighbour? That's true; so much to Conscience.

Trel. Now let's hear what little Friendship says.

Wimb. On the other side here's a Gentleman comes a great way —

Trel. From the Land's End.

Wimb. That is like to be surpriz'd —

Trel. And has been abus'd already —

Wimb. Who comes thro' thick and thin —

Trel. All in the Stage Coach.

Wimb. With an honest Intention to marry this Woman —

Trel. Whom he never saw —

Wimb. A Man full of Courtesie —

Trel. And a Justice of Peace in's own Country. —

Wimb.

Wimb.

Trel.

Wimb.

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Wimb.

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Wimb.

Trel.

Wimb.

Trel.

Trad.

Trel.

Trad.

Or, Squire TRELOOBY. 205

Wimb. For whom I feel an Inclination—

Trel. Which shan't go unanswered—

Wimb. Who does me the Honour to place me among his Friends, to put a confidence in me, and give me a Ring to keep for his sake—

Trel. Which cost thirty Pound.

Wimb. Well, I find I can speak things without wounding Conscience: But then let us endeavour to express 'em in as soft terms as possible, and to spare People all we can. To tell you, this Lady leads a dishonourable Life, wou'd be a little too hard; seek we therefore to explain our selves in terms less harsh. The Word Gallante comes not up to't.—That of compleat Coquette, seems to me to be the properest, and I may make use of it, to tell you honourably what she is.

Trel. A Cocket, a Cocket!--what's a Cocket--

Wimb. Your Coquetts, Sir, are great Company-keepers who are perpetually either complaining of the Hippo, or venting of Scandal--and are generally as free of their Tails as they are of their Tongues.

Trel. Whoop, whoop, marry a Cocket, quotha, sure they don't take me for such a Cocks-comb--

Wimb. Perhaps tho' at bottom there is n't all that harm in it the World believes; and there are some People after all who set themselves above these sort of things, and don't think their Reputation depends—

Trel. I'm your Servant; I have no mind to put such a Cap as that upon my Head.--The Family of the Treloobys arn't to be made Stalking Horses of--

Wimb. Here's the Father!

Trel. That old Fellow!

Wimb. Ay, I'll retire.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

To him Tradewell.

Trel. 'Morrow, Sir, 'Morrow.

Trad. Servant, Sir, Servant.

Trel. You're Name's Tradewell, 'en't it?

Trad. Yes.

Trel.

206 *Monfieur de POURCEAUGNAC:*

Trel. And mine's *Trelooby*.

Trad. Then we know one another.

Trel. Hark ye me, does your Worſhip really believe the
West-country-men ſucharra nt Calfs —

Trad. And does your Squireſhip in good earneſt take us
Londoners to be ſuch Codsheads---

Trel. Do you imagine, Sir, a Man of my Condition ſo
ſharp ſet for a Wife?

Trad. Do you imagine, Sir, a Woman of my Daugh-
ter's Qualifications ſo hard put to't for a Husband?

SCENE VI.

To them Julia.

Jul. Father, Father, I heard juſt now that Squire *Tre-*
looby was arrived. Ah! this is he without doubt, my
Heart tells me ſo. How handſome he is! what an Air he
has! how happy am I to have ſuch a Husband! let me
embrace him, and teſtifie to him---

Trad. Not ſo faſt, good Daughter, not ſo faſt.

Trel. Deuce take me, this is a Gallant---how ſoon ſhe
took Fire!

Trad. I wou'd willingly know, Squire *Trelooby*, for
what reaſon you come---

Jul. How happy am I to ſee you! and how I burn
with Impatience!

Trad. Daughter, I ſay, be gone, hah!

Trel. Ho, ho! a coming Girl! truly---It's time to ſet
in when the Oven comes to the Dough.

[*Julia comes near Trel. looking on him languiſhingly, and*
is for taking him by the Hand.]

Trad. I ſay, I would gladly know for what reaſon, if
you pleaſe, you had the boldneſs to---

Trel. Oh rare! oh rare!

Trad. Again! what's the meaning of this? [*To Julia.*]

Jul. Wou'dn't ye have me love the Man you have cho-
ſen for my Husband?

Trad. No, get ye in.

Jul. Let me look at him.

Trad. Get ye in, I ſay, ye Baggage!

Jul.

Jul.
Trad.
Jul.
Trad.
Trel.
Trad.
Jul.
Gentler
Trad.
Jul.
me him
Trad.
Trel.
Jul.
together
Trad.
ye---
her!
Trel.
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Trad.
Trel.
Eſq; w
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Trad.
to your
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Daught
know v
for it?
Trel.
thing.
Trad.
Trel.
ſeek him

Ful. I would fain stay here, if you please.

Trad. I wo'not; if you don't go this Minute I shall—

Ful. Well—I go.

Trad. My Daughter's a Fool—I think.

Trel. How our Person takes her!

Trad. Won't ye be gone?

Ful. Then, tell me when I shall be married to the Gentleman?

Trad. Never—you ar'n't for him.

Ful. I will have him, that I will, since you promised me him.

Trad. If I did promise it, I unpromise it.

Trel. She'd fain have me.

Ful. You may do as ye will—we will be married together in spite of all the World.

Trad. I shall take care to prevent you both, I assure ye—Bless me what a strange sort of Vertigo has seized her!

Trel. Dear Father-in-law that was-to-be, don't heat your self at this rate; here's no Body so fond of running away with your Daughter; so you may spare your Grimaces.

Trad. Lord help your silly Head.

Trel. You fancy'd, I warrant you, that *Leonard Trelooby Esq;* was a fit Man to buy a Pike in a Pog! that he had no Guts in's Brains, to inform himself how the World went, and to see his Honour well secured, before he ventur'd on a Wife.

Trad. I don't know that—but what could put it into your silly Pate to think that a Man turn'd of three-score should have so few Brains, so little to consider his Daughter, as to marry her to a Man who has—you know what—and is now under the Surgeon's Hands for it?

Trel. 'Tis all a Trick that was play'd me—I ail nothing.

Trad. The Doctor told me it himself.

Trel. He ly'd in's Throat—I'm a Gentleman, and will seek him out, Sword in hand.

Trad.

208 *Monsieur de POURCEAUGNAC:*

Trad. Well I know what I know—you shan't deceive me in this—no more than in the Business of your Debts, which you have assigned upon the Marriage of my Daughter.

Trel. What Debts?

Trad. Pshaw, Pshaw, what signifies shifting and shamming? I have seen the French Merchant, who with your other Creditors, got a Decree against you eight Months ago.

Trel. What French Merchant? What Creditors? What Decree against me?

Trad. You know well enough.

SCENE VII.

To them A Woman with two Children, falling upon Trelooby.

Wom. So, are ye there? have I have found ye at last, ye Villain? how can ye look me i'th' Face?

Trel. What would this Woman have?

Wom. What would I have! Your Heart's Blood—ye Rogue—What! now ye pretend you don't know me! How can ye have that Impudence! not to blush when ye see me! I have heard of your intended Marriage, but here I declare I am his lawful Wife, his unfortunate Wife these seven Years.

Trad. Oh rare!

Trel. What in the Devil's Name is here to do?

Wom. The Traitor left me under pretence of some extraordinary Business, which occasioned his going from home, and since that I've had no News of him; but now (when I the least expected it) was I told he was in this Town, about marrying a young Woman his Friends had provided, without any regard to his former Marriage. But I was resolved to prevent him, and came to Town on purpose to oppose this criminal Match, and to confound thee, thou worst of Men, in the Eye of the whole World.

Trel. Prodigious Impudence!

Wom.

Wom.
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secret R
Trel.
Wom.
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left me i
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Griefs I s
Trad.
Go, you'r
Trel. I

To them,

N. C. V
—thoo
have I fo
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band, and
Trel. Ag
Trad. W
1 *Wom.*
---and you
2 *Wom.*
1 *Wom.*
hanged, it
2 *Wom.*
1 *Wom.*
2 *Wom.*
1 *Wom.*
2 *Wom.*
1 *Wom.*
1 *Wom.*
VOL. I

Wom. Did ye ever hear the like ! why are not you ashamed, to use me thus ? are you not pricked with the secret Reproaches of your Conscience ?

Trel. I your Husband !

Wom. Infamous Wretch ! dar'st thou say to the contrary ? Thou know'st, to my sorrow, thou know'st it is too true. Would to God it wa'n't, would to God thou hadst left me in that State of Innocence, that Peace of Mind my Soul enjoyed which your deluding Charms so unfortunately robbed me of. [*Weeps.*] I should not ha' been reduced to make this sorrowful Figure as I do now, nor to see a cruel Husband despise the Love I bore him, and to leave me without Pity, abandoned to the mortal Grievs I suffer for his perfidious Actions.

Trad. O my Conscience, I can't hold from weeping, Go, you're an unworthy Man !

Trel. I don't know one tittle of all this.

SCENE VIII.

To them, A North-Country Woman, with two Children, falling upon Trelooby.

N. C. Wom. Wellaneerin, I'se lick to swoon — ah — thoo reesy Dog ; thou's gar me hoof mony a weabit, have I foon'd thee ? I'see do thee reeght, I'se do thee reet---Birlady, I'se have thee hong, thoo'rt my Hose-band, and I'se ho' thee hong--

Trel. Again !

Trad. What a Devil for a Man is this !

1 Wom. Pray what do you mean, with your Hose-band ---and your honging ? Is this Man your Husband ?

2 Wom. Birlady, I'se his Weef---

1 Wom. 'Tis false, I'm his Wife ; and if he is to be hanged, it is I that must hang him.

2 Wom. I knaw nought what too seayst.

1 Wom. I tell ye, I'm his Wife.

2 Wom. His Weef---say'st ta ?

1 Wom. Yes.

2 Wom. Thou lees, thou lees, thou grisely brassen Face.

1 Wom. You lie like a Carrion.

210 *Monsieur de POÛRCEAUGNAC:*

2 *Wom.* We ha' bin teed together these twealve Month.

1 *Wom.* And I have been his Wife these seven Years---

2 *Wom.* Aw the Toon kens it well.

1 *Wom.* And all the Country knows it

2 *Wom.* Aw the Noorth roun of it Neeght and Deay.

1 *Wom.* All the South affistid at my Wedding.

2 *Wom.* 'Tis as trew as the Gospell.

1 *Wom.* Nothing is more certain

2 *Wom.* Canst ta gainsey it—thou saw Theef?

[To Trel.

1 *Wom.* Canst thou deny it? Sirrah!

Trel. Why I think one's as true as t'other.

1 *Wom.* How, Impudence! Dost thou forget these Fruits of our Marriage, little *Toby* and *Nancy*?

[*Shewing her Children.*

1 *Wom.* Caunst thoo seay ought for thy tell when thou kens these poor Bairn,

[*Shewing her Children.*

Trel. A couple of impudent Sows.

1 *Wom.* Come hither little *Toby*, come hither *Nanny*, come and see your unnatural Father.

2 *Wom.* Coom here, *Tib*, come here, Geay, Geay, clawt out his neen.

[*The Children pulling him, Papa, Papa, &c.*

Trel. Devil take the little Whore's-birds!

1 *Wom.* Art thou not ashamed, thou Traitor, to shut up thy Bowels against thy Children. Thou shalt not escape me, I'll follow thee every where till I'm revenged; till I've hang'd thee, thou Villain.

Trel. Bitches!

2 *Wom.* What prates ta still?

wad ta have nea care of thy Bearne [Trel. is for running away.] Neay, run nut, thou's nut seay leet of feaut: I'll git thee, an the Devil git thee nut. Nay Rogue, I'll gitten haud, I'll coul the doon.

[*The two Women and Children all fall upon him.*

Trel. Help, help, Murther, Murther.

Trad. Have him punished, have him punished,—he deserves hanging.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Wimble.

So far, so good; I've lookt out sharp to all things yet, we shall so fatigue our Country-Squire, he'll make more haste back again, than ever he did to come, I dare say.

SCENE X.

Squire Trelooby, Wimble.

Trel. I'm quite knockt o'th' Head! What Troubles! Curst Town! Murdered on all sides!

Wimb. What's the matter now, Sir, more mischief still?

Trel. Ah it Rains in this Country, Glysters and Women.

Wimb. What now?

Trel. A couple of foul-mouthed Carrions came and accused me of being marryed to 'em both, and threaten me with Justice.

Wimb. An ugly Business, very ugly Business! And Justice in this Country, is as rigorous as the Devil against that sort of Crime.

Trel. Ay,— But, put the Case an Information be exhibited, Subpœna granted, Decree and Judgment obtain'd by Surprize, Default and Contumacy, there's a way open by bringing a Writ of Error, or Demurring, to null the Proceedings—

Wimb. Why you talk in all the Terms; 'tis plain, Sir, you're a Brother o'th' Quill.

Trel. I, not at all, I'm a Gentleman,

Wimb. Nay, but to talk after that manner, you must have study'd the Practical Part.

Trel. No, it's common Sense which tells me that I shall be still *Rectus in Curia*, and not to be Condemn'd upon a simple Accusation, without a Re-examination of Witnesses.

Wimb. Again! the very Quintessence of Law!

212 *Monsieur de POURCEAUGNAC:*

Trel. These Words come into my Head, whether I will or no.

Wimb. I'll grant you, the common Sense of a Gentleman may go so far as to conceive what is Right, and the Order of Justice, but not to be Master of the very Terms of Petty-fogging.

Trel. These are some Words which I have retain'd in reading Romances.

Wimb. Very good that!

Trel. To shew you that I know nothing at all of Chicanery, I desire you wou'd carry me to some Lawyer to advise with upon my Case.

Wimb. I will carry you to two very eminent Men; but I must tell you before-hand not to be surpriz'd at their manner of speaking; they have contracted from the Bar a certain habitude of Declamation, which wou'd make one think they sung their Words, and you'll take for Musick every thing they say.

Trel. What matter is't how they speak, so they tell me what I want to know.

SCENE XI.

Wimble, Trelooby, two Councillors Musicians, one whereof speaks slow, and the other very fast, attended by two Attorneys and two Apparitors.

1 Councillor drawling his Words, sings.

La Polygamie est un cas.

Est un cas pendable.

La Poly-gamie--est-u-n-cas

E-s-t un c-a s pen-da ble.

2 Councillor precipitating his Words, sings.

Vostre fait

Est clair & net

Et tout de droit

Sur cet endroit

Conclut tout droit.

*Si vous consultez nos Auteurs,
Legislateurs. & Glossateurs,
Justinian, Papinian,
Ulpian & Tribonian,
Fernand, Rebuffe, Jean Imole,
Paul, Castre, Julian, Barthele,
Facon, Alciat, & Cujas
Ce grand homme si capable ;
La Polygamie est un cas*

Est un cas pendable.

Tous les peuples polices ;

Et bien sentez ;

*Les François, Anglois, Hollandois,
Danois, Suedois, Polonois*

*Portugais, Espagnols, Flamans,
Italiens, Allemans,*

*Sur ce fait tiennent loy semblable ;
Et l'affaire est sans embarras ;*

La Polygamie est un cas,

Est un cas pendable.

In English:

1 Councillor drawling his Words, sings.

Poly----gamy is a Crime, a----Crime of Death Ca----pable

Poly----gamy is a Crime, a----Crime that is Hang----able.

2 Councillor precipitating his Words, sings,

The Case is plain,

And you in vain,

The Fact maintain!

[Staring on Trelooby]

Search all Reports,

And Rules of Courts,

Commentators,

Legislators,

And Glossators.

Ulpian, and Papinian,

Trebonian, and Justinian,

John Imolus,

And Bartholus,

214 *Monsieur de POURCEAUGNAC:*

Cook, Plowden, and Keeble,
 Who in Law are not feeble——
 Search all their Common-places——
 Polygamy's a Tyburn Case, a Case to make wry Faces.
 [*He mimicks a Man hanging to Trel.*
 All Nations that are civiliz'd,
 And well advis'd,
French, English, Dutch,
Dane, Irish, Scotch.
 The Swede, and Pole,
 The Hispaniole,
 The Flemings, It'a'ian and German.
 Tho' they divide
 In most things beside
 This Law they all declare Man,
 Polygamy's a hanging Case, a Case will make ye stare Man.
 [*He again mimicks a Man hanging.*
Trelooby beats the Councillors off.—— The two Attornies
and Apparitors Dance an Entry, which concludes the second
Act.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Lovewel, Wimble.

Wimb. **T**Hings go swimmingly! and as the Farthing-
 candle of his Understanding burns very dim,
 and the Emptifulness of his Head very exorbitant, I have
 put him into such a fright about the Severity of Justice in
 these Parts, and the great Preparations that are already
 making for his Death, that he's resolv'd to fly for it; and
 to conceal him the better from the Officers, which I told
 him were set at all the Gates o'th' City, he is to disguise
 himself in Woman's Cloaths.

Lov. I'd fain see him in that Equipage.

Wimb. Let it be your Task to contrive the winding up
 of the Farce; and while I play my Scenes with him, go
 you— you understand?

Lov. Ay, ay.

Wimb.

Or, Squire TRELOOBY. 215

Wimb. And as soon as I have planted him as I wou'd---

Lov. Very well ---

Wimb. And when the Father shall have had Notice from me---

Lov. That will do----the best of any thing i'th' World;
----Here's our Lady, get ye gone quick, we must n't be seen together.

SCENE II.

Trelooby drest like a Woman.

Wimb. For my part, I don't believe 'tis possible ever to know ye in that Equipage,----Why you have perfectly the Air of a Woman of Quality.

Trel. Why, this amazes me, that the Forms of Justice shou'd not be observed in this Country!

Wimb. Hang a Man first, and try him afterwards; *Lidford* Law you know!

Trel. But is n't that wrong?

Wimb. O! as severe as the Devil, especially against these sorts of Crimes.

Trel. But when a Man's Innocent?

Wimb. No matter, they don't trouble themselves about that---and then in this Town they have a mortal Hatred for all your Countrymen, and are never better pleased than to see a *Cornish* Man hang'd!

Trel. Why what have the *Cornish* Men done to 'em?

Wimb. Pho----What do ye talk of them for? meer Brutes, Enemies to the Gentility and Merit of other Places. For my part I own to you I'm in a most terrible Concern for you, and shall never have any Comfort of my Life, if you shou'd come to be---hang'd.

Trel. 'Tis not so much the Fear of Death that makes me shun it, as that 'twill be a vexatious thing for a Gentleman to be hang'd, 'twou'd be such a Blot in one's Scutcheon!

Wimb. Right, I don't know whether you wou'dn't lose your Title of Squire by't. But, pray, mind when I lead ye by the Hand, ---walk like a Woman, and talk---and give your self all the Airs of a Person of Quality.

Trel.

216 Monsieur de POURCEAUGNAC:

Trel. Let me alone, I'll warrant ye----I have seen People of Fashion----all the matter is, I have something of a Beard.

Wimb. Pho — your Beard's nothing — I know a great many Women have as much—so, let's see a little—Good!

[*Trel. mimicks the ways of a Woman of Quality.*]

Trel. My Cauch, my Cauch, there! where's my Cauch? good Gad? how unhappy it is, to have such People about one? what must one stay all Day upon the Pavement! and won't my Cauch come to me!

Wimb. Very well———

Trel. What no Cauchman to be found! No Page! Well I'll break the Neck of this Trade! or I'll———Page, Page, where's the little Fool? Isn't the little Fool to be found? will no Body send my Page? have I no Page i'th' World?

Wimb. Wonderful well! but———your Hood's a little of the thinnest, I'll go fetch ye one that's something thicker, the better to conceal your Face, for fear of a mishap.

Trel. What will become of me in the mean time?

Wimb. Never fear——I'll be with you in a Minute, you may keep Walking about here.

SCENE IV.

Two Soldiers. Trelooby.

1 Sold. Allon, allon, Camerade! We must make haste, we shall be too late else, to see the Squire hang'd!

2 Sold. We must hire a Window to see the Execution!

1 Sold. Ay there's a fine painted Gallows made on purpose.

2 Sold. I shall be mightily well pleased, methinks, to see this *Cornish* Rascal hang'd.

1 Sold. Ay, to see him make a wry Mouth, and swing his Legs.

2 Sold. A blessed Rogue! this——they say, he's married to three Women.

1 Sold. Oh! the Devil, three Women quotha, to one Man! I always thought one too much;

2 Sold.

2 Sold. *seeing Trel.*]---Good Morrow, Madam!

1 Sold. What are you doing here all alone?

Trel. I only stay for my Servants.

2 Sold. Faith a pretty Woman!

Trel. Pray, Gentlemen!

1 Sold. Will you go along with us, Madam, and be merry? We'll show ye a very pleasant hanging bout.

Trel. Thank ye.

2 Sold. 'Tis a Cornish Gentleman who is to be exalted.

Trel. I have no Curiosity at present.

1 Sold. A pretty little Fubs, this.

Trel. Pray, Gentlemen, be Civil.

1 Sold. God, Madam, I'm damnably smitten.

Trel. I assure ye, Gentlemen, I'm none of those Women.

2 Sold. Pray let her alone, I have a mind for a Stroke.

1 Sold. Sir, you shan't.

2 Sold. But, Sir, I will. *[They pull her and haul her.]*

1 Sold. Sir, I'll protect her.

2 Sold. Sir, you lie.

1 Sold. Sir, you lie.

Trel. Help, help, a Rape, a Rape!

SCENE V.

Enter a Constable, Watchmen:

Const. What's here to do? what Violence is this? what are you doing there to the Gentlewoman? Hands off, and be gone, or I'll send ye to the Round-house.

1 Sold. Fore God, Sir, you shan't have her.

2 Sold. Nor you neither, fore God, Sir.

Trel. Sir, I am obliged to ye for my Deliverance.

Const. Hah! her Face resembles that which was described to me.

Trel. It is not me, I'll assure ye.

Const. How's this? Madam, what was it I said?

Trel. I don't know.

Const. What made you answer then?

Trel. Nothing.

218 *Monsieur de POURCEAUGNAC :*

Const. This is very Suspicious, — and I seize you Prisoner.

Trel. Nay, good Mr. Constable!

Const. No, no — by your Behaviour and Discourse — you must needs be Squire *Trelooby*, whom we are in quest of, and has disguised himself — away with him to Prison:

Trel. Alas, alas!

SCENE V.

To them, Wimble.

Wimb. Ah Heav'ns! what's the Meaning of this?

Trel. They have discover'd me.

Const. I'm very glad on't.

Wimb. to Const.] Good, Sir, for my sake — we have known one another this long while, you know — I conjure ye not to carry him to Prison.

Const. It's impossible, Sir.

Wimb. Come, I know you're a Man of a peaceable Disposition, is there no way of making up this Matter — with a few Guineas — or so.

Const. (speaking to his Myrmidons.) ——— Keep back there.

Wimb. to Trel.] You must e'en give him some Money — quick, quick.

Trel. Cursed Town!

[He pulls up his Petticoats to get at his Breeches.]

Wimb. Hold your Hand, Sir.

Const. How many?

Wimb. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, ——— 10. —

Const. No, I can't do't ——— my Orders are positive.

Wimb. Stay, stay ——— quick, quick, give him as many more.

Teel. But ———

Wimb. Be quick, I tell ye, and don't lose time; sure you have a mind to be hang'd.

Trel.

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Trel. Ah!

Wimb. There, Sir.

[To the Const.]

Const. Egad! then I must run away with him, for I daren't shew my self———Let me convey him away, and don't you stir.

Wimb. I beseech ye, take great Care of him.

Const. I promise ye not to leave him till I see him out of Danger.

Trel. Adieu [Kissing Wimb.] The only honest Man I have met with in the whole Town!

Wimb. Don't lose time——I love you so well, I wou'd you were far enough off from hence——Heav'n's conduct ye! an Original, 'faith. But hold ———

SCENE II.

Tradewell, Wimb.

Wimb. What a strange Accident is this? what afflicting Tidings for a Father! Poor Tradewell, how I pity thee! what wilt say? and how wilt thou bear this mortal Grief?

Trad. What's this? what Misfortune is it thou presagest to me?

Wimb. Ah, Sir!——This perfidious Cornish Traitor Trelooby is running away with your Daughter.

Trad. Running away with my Daughter!

Wimb. Why yes, she's so fond of him grown, she leaves you, to follow him; and they say he has a Spell to enchant all the Women that look on him.

Trad. Justice, Justice, quick———a Hue and Cry——a Hue and Cry!

SCENE VI.

To them Lovewell and Julia——Lovewell as it were forcing her in.

Lov. Nay, nay, but you shall come in spite of your Teeth. I'm resolv'd to restore you again to your Father

220 *Monsieur de POURCEAUGNAC:*

There, Sir, take her, take your Daughter, whom I by force have taken from the Man with whom she was running away;—not for the Love of her, but upon your sole Consideration; for after such an Action, I ought to despise her, and to cure my self absolutely of the Love I had for her.

Trad. Infamous Wretch!

Lov. Thus to use me! after all those Marks of Friendship I gave you! I don't blame you at all for submitting to your Father's Will; he is sage and judicious in every thing he does, and I don't at all complain of him for rejecting me for another. If he has been worse than his Word to me, he had his Reasons—He was made to believe the other Man had a better Estate by 2 or 300*l.* and 2 or 300*l.* is a considerable Sum, and is worth a Man's while to break his Word for—But, to forget in a moment all that Ardour of Passion I shew'd towards you, to suffer your self to be inflam'd at first sight of a new Comer, and to follow him shamefully, without your Father's Consent, and after such things are laid to his Charge, is what all the World must condemn, and which my Tongue wants Words to reproach ye with.

[*Seemingly angry with Jul.*]

Jul. What then! I took a fancy to him, and would go with him, since my Father had chosen him for my Husband; you may say what you please, he's a very honest Man, and the Crimes you accuse him of, are false as Hell.

Trad. Hold your Peace—You're a Fool—I know better than you.

Jul. 'Tis all a Trick to abuse him; and for ought I know, *Lovenell's* Invention to put you out of Conceit with him.

Lov. I, am I capable of any such thing?

Jul. Yes, you.

Trad. Peace I say—you're a Fool.

Lov. No, no,—Don't think I had any desire to set aside this Match, or that it was Love which forced me

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Give me

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Trad.

Lov.

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him that

to run after you. I told you before, and tell you again, 'twas the sole Consideration I had for your Father which mov'd me to't; I cou'dn't endure a Man of his Character shou'd be expos'd to the Scandal of the Censorious World upon such a Subject.

Trad. Mr. Lovewell, I'm infinitely oblig'd to ye.

Lov. Adieu to you, Sir, I had once all the Passion in the World to enter into your Alliance; I did all that in me lay to obtain such an Honour, but—I have been unfortunate, and you have not judg'd me worthy of that Favour. However, that shall not lessen the Sentiments of Esteem and Veneration which I think due to your Person. And, since I cou'd not be your Son-in-Law, shall be at least your Servant eternally.

Trad. Stay, Sir, your Behaviour touches my Soul, and give you my Daughter in Marriage.

Ful. I'll have no other Husband but Squire Trelooby.

Trad. I lay my Commands upon you this Minute to receive, Mr. Lovewell — your Hand!

Ful. I — will — not —

Trad. I shall be about your Ears.

Lov. No Violence, I beseech you, Sir.

Trad. 'Tis her Duty to obey me — and I know how to govern.

Lov. Don't ye see plainly the Love she has for that other Man? — And wou'd you have me possess the Body, while another enjoys the Heart?

Trad. This is some Witchcraft — he has given her a Philtre — O my Conscience I believe he has whipt her; you'll see it won't be long e'er she changes her Mind — Give me your Hand — come —

Ful. I won't.

Trad. How now! So then, your Hand — ah, ah, ah,
[Pleas'd.

Lov. Don't believe it is for Love of you I give ye my Hand; it is only your Father that I'm in Love with, and him that I marry.

222 *Monsieur de POURCEAUGNAC:*

Trad. I'm much oblig'd to ye, and will add 2000*l.* to her Portion.—Who waits there, fetch a Lawyer presently to draw the Writings.

Lev. In the mean time, we may use the Opportunity, and enjoy those Diversions which the Town has prepared upon the Report of Squire Trelooby's Marriage.

Several Masks, &c.



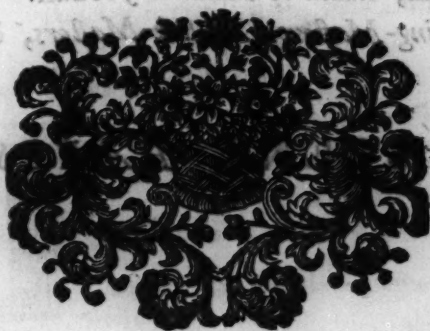
Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.

THE

GENTLEMAN CIT.

A

COMEDY.



THE

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Monsieur Jordan, *the Cit.*
Cleontes, *Lucillia's Lover.*
Dorantes, *a Count, Dorimene's Lover.*
Coviello, *Cleontes's Footman.*

W O M E N.

Madam Jordan, Wife to Mr. Jordan.
Lucillia, their Daughter.
Dorimene, a Marchioness.
Nicola, Maid to Madam Jordan.
Dancing-Masters, Musick-Masters, &c.

SCENE PARIS.

THE

Printed in the Year MDCCXIV.



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THE GENTLEMAN CIT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Scene opens with a great Consort of Musick, and in the middle of the Stage, is seen a Musick-Master's Man, at a Table, composing a Tune which the Cit had order'd for a Serenade.

Musick-Master, Dancing-master, three Musicians, two Violins, four Dancers.

Musick-Master speaking to his Musicians.

ARK ye me, go into that Room there, and rest ye, till he comes.

Danc. M. And you into that.

[Speaking to the Dancers.]

Mus. M. Have you done? *[To his Man.]*

Man. Yes.

Mus. M. Let's see! — Umph! —

Well enough.

Danc. M. What have ye there? any thing that's new?

Mus. M. Yes; 'tis a Tune for a Serenade, which I bade him compose here, 'till our Spark rises.

Danc. M. May one see it?

Mus. M. You will hear it, with the Dialogue, when he comes. He won't be long.

Danc

Danc. M. We can't say we want Business at present; either of us.

Mus. M. It is true. We have here met with just such a Man as we wanted. This *M. Jordan* is as good as an Estate to us, with his Whims of Nobility and Galantry. Your *Coupée* and my *Sol fa* would have a rare time of it, if every Body was like him!

Danc. M. And yet methinks I should be glad if he understood better the things we give him.

Mus. M. 'Tis true, he understands them ill, but he pays for them well; and that's what our Arts stand more in need of, than any thing else.

Danc. M. For my part, I own, I love Glory. Applause touches me to the quick; nor can I but think it a very mortifying thing for the Professors of the Noble Arts to have to do with Sots; and to see one's Compositions expos'd to the Stupidity of an Ass. Say what you will, there is a Pleasure in working for Persons who are capable of entering into the Delicacies of an Art; who know how to give a kind Reception to the Beauties of a Work; and with tickling Approbation regale us for our Performance. Yes, the most agreeable recompence a Man can receive for the things he does, is, to see them made publick, to see them caress'd with an Applause that honours us. There is nothing, in my Opinion, that pays us better than this does, for all our Fatigues; Oh! the Praises of Men of Sense are exquisite Delights.

Mus. M. I grant they are so, and I relish them as you do. There is certainly nothing that tickles one more than the Applauses you mention, but one can't live upon this sort of Incense. Meer Praise butters no Turnips. Something solid must go to make the Pot boil; and the best way of praising is to do it with the Hands, not the Tongue. Our Spark, 'tis true, is a Man of a very limited Capacity, who hap hazard will be eternally shooting his Bolt, and never praises but in the wrong Place; but then his Money sets all right again, and atones for his want of Wit. He has Sense in his Purse. His Commendations bear the King's Image; and this Cit, with all his Ignorance,

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norance, is more worth to us than that witty Lord, who introduc'd us here.

Danc. M. There's something of Truth in what you say; but methinks you have a little too much fondness for Money: there's something so mean in Avarice that a generous-spirited Man abhors it.

Mus. M. And yet you gladly receive the Money our Citizen gives you.

Danc. M. I own it; but I don't place all my Happiness in it: And I should be heartily glad if with his Estate he had likewise some tolerable taste of things.

Mus. M. I wish the same thing, and that's what both of us aim to give him, as much as possible. But be that as it will, he is a means of making us known in the World, and he will pay for others what others will praise for him.

Danc. M. 'St, here he comes.

SCENE II.

M. Jordan, two Lacquies, Musick-Master, Dancing-Master, Violins, Musicians and Dancers.

M. For. Well, Gentlemen? What have you got? Let me see your small Drollery.

Danc. M. How? What small Drollery?

M. For. The—What d'ye call it? your Prologue or Dialogue of Singing and Dancing.

Danc. M. Ah, ah.

Mus. M. We are ready, Sir.

M. For. I have made you wait a little, but I've been taken up to Day with Dressing my self like Quality; and my Hosiery has sent me in a Pair of Silk-Stockings which I thought I shou'd never get on my Legs.

Mus. M. 'Tis our sole Business here to attend your leisure.

M. For. I beg you wou'd neither of you go away 'till my Cloaths come, that you may see me.

Danc. M. Your Will's a Law, Sir.

M. For. You shall see me accoutred to the purpose, from Head to Foot.

Mus.

Mus. M. We don't doubt it.

M. Ford. I have bought me this printed Callico!

Danc. M. 'Tis a very handsome one.

M. Ford. My Tailor tells me that People of Quality go thus in a Morning.

Mus. M. It becomes you wonderfully.

M. Ford. Lackey! hola! my two Lackeys!

1 *Lack.* What would you please to have, Sir?

M. Ford. Nothing. 'Twas only to try how you cou'd hear me. [To his two Masters.] What think ye of my Liveries?

Danc. M. They are magnificent.

M. Ford. [Opening his Gown and shewing a strait Pair of Red Velvet Breeches and a Jacket of Green Velvet.] This you see is a kind of a Dishabille to do my Exercises in, in a Morning.

Mus. M. It is very Gallant.

M. Ford. Lackey.

1 *Lac.* Sir.

M. Ford. T'other Lackey.

2 *Lac.* Sir.

M. Ford. Take my Gown. Now do ye like me now?

Danc. M. Wond'rous well, Nothing can be better.

M. Ford. Let's see your Compositions. [To the *Mus. M.*

Mus. M. I wou'd first have you hear an Air he just now compos'd for the Serenade which you ordered. He is one of my Scholars who for these sort of things has an admirable Talent.

For. May be so; but you should not have left that to a Scholar; Were you too good to do it your self?

Mus. M. Don't let the Name of a Scholar deceive you, Sir. These sort of Scholars know as much as the greatest Masters, and the Tune's as good as can be possibly made. Only hear it.

Ford. Give me my Gown to hear the better—Stay, I believe I shall do better without it—No, give it me, 'twill be better with it.

Mus.

Musician Singing.

*In vain I Sigh, in vain my Cares repeat,
Whilst You repay my Flames with cold Neglect:
If thus, fair Iris, You your Lovers treat,
Alas! what must your Enemies expect?*

M. Ford. This Song, methinks, is a little upon the dismal, it's heavy, I'd have you enliven it a little here and there.

Mus. M. The Tune Sir must be suited to the Words.

M. Ford. I was taught one sometime ago that is perfectly pretty. Hold — Uph — How is it?

Dan. M. Faith, Sir, I don't know.

M. Ford. There is Mutton in it.

Dan. M. Mutton?

M. Ford. Oh! I have it

[He sings,

*I thought Mrs. Dutton
As tame as a Mutton,
I thought her as Gentle as Fair:
But ah! well-a-day,
I justly may say,
She's as cruel as Tyger or Bear.*

Is it not pretty?

Mus. M. The prettiest in the World.

Dan. M. And you sing it as well.

M. Ford. And without having learnt Musick, too; I'll assure ye.

Mus. M. You ought to learn it, Sir, as well as Dancing. They are two Arts which have a strict relation to one another.

Dan. M. And which inspire the Mind with Noble Sentiments.

M. Ford. Do People of Quality learn Musick?

Mus. M. Yes, Sir.

M. Ford. Then I'll learn it. But I know not how I shall find time; for besides a Fencing-Master I have agreed with a Philosophy Master who is to begin this Morning.

Mus.

Mus. M. Philosophy is something: But Musick, Sir, Musick.

Dan. M. Musick and Dancing — Musick and Dancing is all in all.

Mus. M. There's nothing so useful to a Government as Musick.

Dan. M. There's nothing so necessary to Mankind as Dancing.

Mus. M. Without Musick, a Government can't subsist.

Dan. M. Without Dancing, a Man can do nothing.

Mus. M. All the Disorders, all the Wars that are seen in the World, are occasion'd by nothing but not learning Musick.

Dan. M. All the Misfortunes of Mankind, all the fatal Revolutions which Histories are fill'd with, the Oversights of Politicians and the Failures of great Captains, all this proceeds from nothing but not knowing how to dance.

M. Ford. As how, Sir?

Mus. M. Does not War proceed from a want of Harmony among Men?

M. Ford. 'Tis true.

Mus. M. And if all Men would but learn Musick, might it not be a means of making them chime together, and of seeing an universal Peace thro' the World?

M. Ford. You're in the right.

Dan. M. When a Man has committed an Oversight in his Conduct, whether it be in the Affairs of his Family, or in the Government of the State, or in the Command of an Army, is it not always said, such a one has made a *false Step* in such an Affair?

M. Ford. Yes, 'tis commonly said.

Dan. M. And to make a *false Step*, can it proceed from any thing but Ignorance in Dancing?

M. Ford. It is true, You are both in the right.

Dan. M. This is only to shew you the Excellence and Usefulness of Dancing and Musick.

M. Ford. I now comprehend it.

Mus. Mar. Will you please to see our Compositions?

M. Ford. Yes.

Mus. M. I have already told you, that 'tis a small Essay I formerly made of the various Passion, which, 'tis in the Power of Musick to express.

M. Ford. Very well.

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Mus. M. Allons, Avancez, [*speaking to his People.*] You must fancy them drest like Shepherds [*speaking to Jord.*]

M. Ford. Why always like Shepherds? There's nothing else seen any where but Shepherds, Shepherds eternally.

Dan. M. When any Persons are to be brought in speaking in Musick, 'tis necessary upon account of the Probability to lean to the Shepherdism. Singing has in all Ages been peculiar to Shepherds; nor is it very natural in Dialogue for Princes or Citizens to sing their Passions.

M. Ford. Enough: Enough: Let's see.

Dialogue in Musick, between one Woman and two Men:

Wom. In Love's Empire ev'ry Heart
With a thousand Cares does smart;
Yet they that languish with the Pain
Do never of its Ill complain:
They Weep with Joy, with Pleasure Sigh,
And hug the Dart that makes them dye:
But Me, who nought but Peace desire,
Guard, ye kind Gods, from Cupid's Fire,
From Golden Darts and painful Pleasure!
Freedom to Me's the greatest Treasure.

1st Musician, [looking languishing on her.]
There's nothing so sweet as a tender Desire
When two Hearts are met, and in one Flame expire.
Nought can be happy without Love
On Earth below or Heaven above:
If Cupid from the World be chas'd
The whole becomes a dismal Waste.

2d Musician [looking scornfully on the Woman.]
If any Faith in Love were found,
The Yoke were easy, sweet the Wound;
If the fair One we admire
Met our Flames with equal Fire,
Then, with Pleasure we might Sigh,
And hug the Dart that makes us dye:
But since, too cruel Fate! we find
No Female of a constant Mind,
That faithless Sex in whom all Ills conspire
Should fill us with Aversion, not Desire.

1st Man. *Charming Creature!* [looking all along on her, as she on the second.

Wom. *Happy Satyr!* [looking on the second Man, and neglecting the first.
[looking on her.

2d Man. *Man-betray'r!*

1st Man. *Lovely Fair!*

Wom. *Oh, how thou winst me?*

2d Man. *How I'm against thee?*

1st Man. *O quit that cruel hatred and be kind!*

Wom. *Thou mayst a faithful Female find.*

2d Man. *Where may a Man that Jewel see?*

Wom. *That precious Gem perhaps is Me:*

My Sexes Glory to assert

I'm willing to resign my Heart.

2d Man. *But may I, Shepherdess, believe*

Your Heart will not my Hopes deceive?

Wom. *Let Experience be the Test*

Which of the two shall love the best.

2d Man. *'Tis done, and may the Gods above*

Blast those who first prove false to Love!

All Three.

Then let us no longer unwisely decline

So gentle a Yolk and a Flame so Divine:

How sweet 'tis to love when Affections unite

This, this, only crowns our Days with Delight.

M. Ford. Is this all?

Mus. M. Yes.

M. Ford. I like it mightily.

Dan. M. Now Sir, as to my Affair; I have finish'd a small Essay of the most beautiful Movements and finest Postures, with which a Dance can be vary'd.

M. Ford. Is this too of Shepherds?

Dan. M. 'Tis what you please. Allons.

The Dancers perform all the different Movements and all sorts of Steps which their Master commands.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Mr. Jordan, Musick-master, and the others that were in the preceding Scene.

Ford. A Good prety thing; they trip'd it away purely.

Mus. M. When there is Dancing mixt with the Musick 'twill be much better; in the Ball we have prepared for you, you will see something Gallant.

Ford. That's to be by and by; the Person I caus'd all this to be made for, is to do me the Honour to dine with me to Day.

Dan. M. All is ready.

Mus. M. This is not enough, Sir; a Person who is so magnificent as you, and who has an Inclination for fine things, ought to have a Consort at his House every Wednesday or Thursday.

Ford. Why; have Persons of Quality?

Mus. M. Yes, Sir.

Ford. So will I then. Will it be fine?

Mus. Mar. Undoubtedly. You must have three Voices, a Treble, a Counter Tenor, and a Base, which must be accompanied with a Base Viol, a Theorbo, and a Harpsicord for a thorough Base, with two trebble Violins to sound the Retornelles.

Ford. There must be a Trump Marine too; a Trump Marine for me; there's nothing like it for Harmony.

Mus. M. Let us alone to prepare things.

Ford. But be sure you don't fail to send the Musicians to entertain us at Dinner.

Mus. M. Nothing shall be wanting.

Ford. But especially let the Ball be fine.

Mus. M. I'll engage you'll like it, and among other things certain Minuets you shall see in it.

Ford. Ah! A Minuet's my Dance, you shall see me dance one. Come, Master.

Dan. M. Your Hat if you please, Sir, La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la; La, la, la, again; La, la, la; La, la: Sink, Sir.

La, la, la, la; the right Leg. La, la, la. Don't wriggle your Shoulders so much. La, la, la, la, la; la, la, la, la, la. Your Arms look as if they were lame. La, la, la, la, la. Hold up your Head. Turn your Toes out. La, la, la. Hold your Body thus.

Ford. Eugh!

[Screaming.

Mus. M. You do it admirably.

Ford. O, now I think on't, teach me how I must salute a Marchioness; I shall have need on't presently.

Dan. M. How to salute a Marchioness?

Ford. Yes. A Marchioness, call'd Dorimene.

Dan. M. Give me your Hand.

Ford. No, no. You need only do it; I shall remember.

Dan. M. If you wou'd do it with a great deal of Respect, you must first fall back, then advance towards her with three Bows, and at last bend yourself down to her Knees.

Ford. Do it a little. Good.

Lacquey. Sir, here's your Fencing-master.

Ford. Bid him come in and give me a Lesson. I'll have you stay and see me.

SCENE II.

Fencing-Master and the rest.

Fen. M. (*After having given him a Foil.*) Come, Sir, a Bow. Your Body strait. Now a little inclining to the left Thigh. Don't straddle so. Your Feet on the same Line. Your Fist opposite to your Hanch. The Point of your Sword opposite to your Shoulder. Your Arm not quite so far extended. Your left Hand level with your Eye. Your left Shoulder more squarish. Your look firm. Advance. Your Body firm. Touch me in Cart. As you were. One, two. As you were. Again, your Foot firm. Leap back. One, two. Come, touch me in Tierce. As you were. Advance. Your Body firm. Advance. One, two. As you were. Redouble. Leap back. Parry, Sir, parry.

[*He gives him two or three hard Thrusts.*

Ford. Oh.

Mus.

Mus. M. You do wonders.

Fen. M. I have already told you, that the Secret consists but in two things; *to give*, and *not receive*; and as I proved to you, t'other Day, by a demonstrative Reason; 'tis impossible you shou'd receive, if you can turn aside your Adversary's Sword from the Line of your Body; which is only by a little motion of the Wrist in or out.

Ford. Why then a Man without any Courage is sure to kill his Enemy, and not be kill'd himself.

Fen. M. To be sure: Can you not comprehend the Demonstration of it?

Ford. Yes.

Fen. M. This will shew of what consideration Gentlemen of our Profession ought to be in a Government; and how much superior the Science of Arms is to all other useless Sciences, such as Dancing and Musick, the---

Dan. M. Soft, Mr. Fencing Master. Don't speak of Dancing without respect.

Mus. M. Pray learn to give better usage to the Excellence of Musick.

Fen. M. You're merry Fellows truly; to compare your Sciences to mine!

Mus. M. You're a very important Man indeed!

Dan. M. A pleasant Animal, with his Leathern Stomacher!

Fen. M. Mr. (Hop-merchant, I shall make you hop in another manner: And you, Mr. Thrum, I shall make you change your Note.

Dan. M. Mr. Sa, Sa, I shall teach you your Trade.

Ford. Are you mad to quarrel with him that understands Tierce and Cart, and who can kill a Man by demonstrative Reason?

Dan. M. What care I for his demonstrative Reason, and his Tierce and Cart.

Ford. Be quiet, I tell you.

Fen. M. How? Impertinence.

Ford. Dear Fencing Master.

Dan. M. How? Great Coach Horse.

Ford. Sweet Dancing Master.

Fen. M. If I take you in hand--

Ford. Pray be at Peace.

Fen. M. I'll strap you---

Ford. Good now.

Dan. M. I'll baste you so as---

Ford. Pray now.

Mus. M. Let us teach him how to use his Tongue.

Ford. Be quiet.

S C E N E III.

Philosopher, and the rest.

Jord. Mr. Philosopher, you are come in good time with your Philosophy, pray come and appease these Men here.

Phil. What now? What's the matter, Gentlemen?

Ford. They fell to words about the Preference of their Professions; abused one another, and wou'd come to Blows.

Phil. Why, Gentlemen, what need is there for this Anger? Have you not read the learned Treatise which *Seneca* has compos'd concerning Wrath? Is there any thing more base and shameful than that Passion, which turns a Man into a wild Beast? Ought not Reason to be the Mistress of all our Actions?

Dan. M. Sir, he has abused us both; despising Dancing which I exercise, and Musick, of which he makes profession.

Phil. A wife Man is above all injurious Language; the grand Answer that ought to be return'd to Abuses, is Moderation and Patience.

Fen. M. They have the Impudence to compare their Professions to mine.

Phil. Ought that to move you! 'Tis not vain Glory and Quality that Men ought to strive for; what distinguishes us is Wisdom and Virtue.

Dan. M. I maintain'd that Dancing is a Science which cannot have sufficient Honour done to it.

Mus. M. And I, that Musick is one which all Ages have
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Lesson.**

Fen. M. And I maintain against both of them, that the Science of Defence is the noblest and most necessary of all Sciences.

Phil. And what becomes of Philosophy all this while? I think you all three very impertinent Fellows, to speak with this Arrogance before me; and saucily to give the Name of Science, to things which hardly deserve the Name of Art; and which must be comprised under the Name of the miserable Trades of Gladiator, Ballad-Singer and Tumbler.

Fen. M. Out, you rascally Philosopher.

Mus M. Go, silly Pedant.

Dan. M. Out, you arrant Schoolmaster.

Phil. How? Curs, Dogs, Rascals.

[Flies upon them, and they upon him.]

Ford. Mr. Philosopher,

Phil. Rogues! Villains! Blockheads!

Ford. Mr. Philosopher.

Fen. M. You As.

Ford. Gentlemen.

Phil. Impudent Rascals.

Ford. Mr. Philosopher.

Phil. You Packfaddled As.

Ford. Gentlemen.

Phil. Traitors.

Ford. Mr. Philosopher.

Mus M. Impertinent Fellow.

Ford. Gentlemen.

Phil. Knaves! Cheats! Fools! Beggars! *[Ex. fighting.]*

Ford. Mr. Philosopher! Gentlemen! Mr. Philosopher. If you will fight you may, I can't help it; I won't go and tear my Gown to part you. I shou'd be a Fool to mingle in the Fray, and have my Bones broke.

S C E N E IV.

Mr. Philosopher, and Mr. Jordan.

Phil. *(Setting his Band in order.)* Let us proceed to our Lesson.

Ford.

Ford. I'm sorry, Sir, for the Blows they have given you.

Phil. Oh, 'tis nothing; a Philosopher knows how to receive things; I'll go and compose a Satyr in Juvenal's Stile upon them, which shall make 'em hang themselves. No more of that. What wou'd you learn?

Ford. All I can, for I've a great desire to be learned; and I'm very sorry my Parents did not let me study all the Sciences when I was young.

Phil. 'Tis a very reasonable Sentiment. *Nam sine Doctrina vita est quasi mortis imago.* You understand Latin undoubtedly.

Ford. Yes; but deal with me as if I did not understand it. Tell me the meaning of what you said.

Phil. It means, that without Learning, Life is as it were an Image of Death.

Ford. The Latin is in the right.

Phil. Have you not some Rudiments of the Sciences?

Ford. Oh, yes, yes; I can read and write.

Phil. Well, where shall we begin? Shall I teach you Logick?

Ford. What do you mean by Logick?

Phil. That which teaches us the three Operations of the Mind.

Ford. What do you call the three Operations of the Mind?

Phil. The 1st, the 2d, and the 3d. The first is, how to conceive well by means of Universals. The 2d, to judge well by means of Categoricks; and the 3d, to draw a Consequence by means of Figures: *Barbara, Celarent, Darrii, Ferio, Baralippton.*

Ford. O horrible! I don't like this Logic; teach me something that's prettier.

Phil. Will you learn Morality?

Ford. Morality!

Phil. Yes.

Ford. What do you mean by Morality!

Phil. It treats of Felicity; teaches Men to moderate their Passions, and---

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Ford. No, no, let's have none of that; I am as hasty as the Devil; Morality will do no good; I'm resolved to scold my bellyful when I've a mind to't.

Phil. Wou'd you learn Physick?

Ford. What's that?

Phil. Physick is that which explains the Principles of natural Things, and the Properties of the Body; which Discourses of the Nature of the Elements, of Metals, of Minerals, of Stones, of Plants, and of Animals; and teaches us the Causes of all the Meteors, of the Rainbow, *Ignes fatui*, Comets, Lightning, Thunder, Rain, Snow, Frosts, Winds and Whirlwinds.

Ford. Phew, there's too much bustle in this, too much Tantararara.

Phil. What is it you wou'd learn?

Ford. Teach me Spelling.

Phil. With all my Heart.

Ford. Afterwards you shall teach me the Almanack; that I may see when there's a Moon and when none.

Phil. Be it so. To treat this matter Philosophically, we must begin according to the order of Things, by an exact Knowledge of the Nature of Letters, and of the different Manner of pronouncing them. All Letters are divided, into Vowels, so call'd because they express Words; and into Consonants, so call'd, because they are sounded with the Vowels, and only shew the different Articulations of the Voice. There are five Vowels, A, E, I, O, U.

Ford. I understand all this.

Phil. The Vowel A, is form'd by op'ning the Mouth wide, A.

Ford. A, A, yes so 'tis.

Phil. The Vowel E is form'd by bringing the under Jaw somewhat nearer to the upper; A, E.

Ford. A, E, A, E. Faith so 'tis. This is fine!

Phil. The Vowel I, is form'd by bringing the Jaws yet nearer to one another, and widening the two corners of the Mouth towards the Ears, A, E, I.

Ford. A, E, I, I, I, I. Well, Learning for me!

Phil. The Vowel O is form'd by re-op'ning the Jaws, and bringing the corner of the Lips nearer to each other; O.

Ford.

Ford. O, O, nothing can be more exact, A, E, I, O, I, O. This is admirable, I, O, I, O.

Phil. The op'ning of the Mouth exactly forms a Ring, which represents an O.

Ford. O, O, O. You are in the right. O. Ah, how pretty a thing is Knowledge!

Phil. The Vowel U, is form'd by bringing the Teeth near each other, yet without joining them entirely, powt- ing out your two Lips, and drawing them somewhat nearer. U.

Ford. U, U. Nothing can be truer, U.

Phil. Your Lips are put out as when you make Mouths; so that if you have a mind to make Mouths at any one, you need not only say U.

Ford. U, U. 'Tis true. Ah! Had I but study'd sooner I should have known all this.

Phil. To Morrow you shall learn the Consonants.

Ford. Why is there any thing else so curious as this?

Phil. Yes, certainly. The Consonant D, for example, is pronounced by striking the Tip of the Tongue upon the Roof of the Mouth, D.

Ford. D, D. Yes. These are charming things.

Phil. The F, is pronounced by resting the upper Teeth on the under Lip. F.

Ford. F, F. 'Tis true. Ah Father, Mother, How ill you used me!

Phil. And the R, is pronounced by carrying the end of the Tongue to the Top of the Palate; so that being grazed on by the Air, which goes out very strongly, it gives way to it, and returns to its place, making a sort of Trembling, R-r.

Ford. R, r, r; R-r-r-r-r. 'Tis true so it does. What a wise Man you are! how much time have I lost! R-r.

Phil. I will thoroughly discover all these Curiosities to you.

Ford. Pray do. Mean time I'll tell you a Secret. I am in love with a Person of great Quality, and I wish you would help me to write something to her in a small Epistle which I will let fall at her Feet.

Phil. Very well.

Ford.

Ford. That will be galant; won't it?

Phil. Without doubt. Would you write Verses to her?

Ford. No, no, not Verses.

Phil. In Prose you'd have it?

Ford. No, no, neither Prose nor Verse.

Phil. It must be one or t'other.

Ford. Why so?

Phil. Because, Sir, there is nothing to express ones self by but Prose or Verse.

Ford. Nothing but Prose or Verse!

Phil. No, Sir. All that is not Prose is Verse, and all that is not Verse is Prose.

Ford. When one speaks, what's that?

Phil. Why, Prose.

Ford. What; when I say, *Nicola* bring me my Slippers and give my Nightcap; is that Prose?

Phil. Yes, Sir.

Ford. Faith, then, I have talked Prose above this forty Years and never knew it; I am mightily obliged to you for telling it me. I would say in the Letter, *Beautiful Marchioness, your fair Eyes make me die with Love*, but I would have it turned in a Gallant genteel manner.

Phil. Say, that the Fire of her Eyes reduce your Heart to Cinders; that you suffer Night and Day —

Ford. No, no, no. I'll have nothing of all that: I'll only say: *Beautiful Marchioness, your fair Eyes make me die with Love*.

Phil. But you must lengthen it out a little.

Ford. No, I tell you, I'll have those very Words in the Billet, but turned A-la-mode, finely disposed as they ought to be. Pray tell me the different Manners they may be put in.

Phil. They may be put first as you have said: *Beautiful Marchioness, your fair Eyes make me die with Love*: Or, *Beautiful Marchioness, your fair Eyes me make die with Love*: Or, *With Love die me make, beautiful Marchioness, your fair Eyes*: Or else, *Your fair Eyes with love me make, beautiful Marchioness, die*; Or, *Die your fair Eyes, beautiful Marchioness, with Love me make*: Or, *Me make your fair Eyes die, beautiful Marchioness, with Love*.

Ford. But which is the best of all these?

Phil. That which You said.

Ford. Yet I never study'd it, but did it off hand. Well, I thank you with all my Heart; pray come very early to morrow Morning.

Phil. I won't fail.

[*Exit.*]

Ford. What, are not my Cloaths come yet?

Lacq. No, Sir.

Ford. This damn'd Tailor makes me bestay'd for where I have so much Business. I wish a Quartain Agne may shake this cursed Tailor. The Devil take this Tailor. Pox on this Tailor. If I had this Tailor here, this Dog of a Tailor, this Rascally Tailor I'd —

SCENE V.

Enter Tailor, with his Journeymen.

Ford. Oh, are you come. I'd like to have been Angry with you.

Tail. I could not come sooner; I set twenty Journey-men to Work upon your Cloaths.

Tail. The Silk-stockings you sent me were so strait, that I could hardly get them on, and there are already two Stitches fall'n.

Tail. They'll grow but too wide.

Ford. Yes when they're all torn to Pieces: Here's these Shoes too, they hurt me consumedly.

Tail. Not at all, Sir.

Ford. How. Not at all?

Tail. No, Sir; they don't hurt you in the least.

Ford. I tell you they do hurt me.

Tail. You only fancy so.

Ford. I fancy so because I feel it.

Tail. Here, Sir; here's the best Suit of Cloaths at Court and most nicely Matched; 'Tis a Master Piece to invent a grave Suit of Cloaths that's not Black; and I give the best Traylor in Town six times to do it as well in.

Ford. What's the meaning of this? You have put the Flowers downwards.

Tail. You did not tell me you'd have them otherwise.

Ford. Why, must you always be told?

Tail.

Tail. Yes certainly. All Persons of Quality wear them so.

Ford. Do Persons of Quality wear their Flowers downwards?

Tail. Yes, Sir.

Ford. Nay then it's well enough.

Tail. If you will I'll put them the other way.

Ford. No, No.

Tail. Say but the Word, and it's done.

Ford. No; 'tis well enough. Do you think my Cloaths will fit me?

Tail. A fine Question! I desire a Painter with his Pencil to make any thing more exact. I have a Man at home that for mounting a Roglaure is the greatest Genius in the World, and another who to whip a Doublet is the Hero of the Age.

Ford. Are the Perruque and the Feather as they ought to be?

Tail. All's right.

Ford. (*Looking on the Tailor's Cloaths.*) So Mr. Stitch, Your Cloaths are made out of the Cloth of my last Suit.

Tail. I liked it so well that I cabag'd a Suit out on't, I own.

Ford. Where's the Honesty of that?

Tail. Will you try your Suit?

Ford. Yes; give it me,

Tail. Stay a little. I brought my Men to dress you in Tune; this sort of Cloaths is put on with Ceremony So ho; Boys. Dress this Gentleman as are you are used to do Persons of Quality.

[*Four Journeymen-Tailors pull off his old Cloths and put on the new. He walks among them, proves his Suit, to see if it fits him. This is done by a Symphony.*]

Man. Good Gentleman, give us something to drink.

Ford. What's that you called me?

Man. Good Gentleman, Sir.

Ford. Good Gentleman! See what 'tis to be a Person of Quality! I might always have gone dress'd like a Citizen, and no Body would have called me Good Gentleman. There's something for your good Gentleman.

Man. Sir, we thank your Honour.

Ford. Honour. Stay Friend. Honour deserves something, 'tis no small Title. There, his Honour gives you that.

Man. We'll go and drink your Lordship's Health.

Ford. Your Lordship. Stay a little. Your Lordship, to Me! Faith if they proceed to Highness they'll have Purse and all. There's for my Lordship.

Man. Sir, we return our most humble Thanks for your Liberality.

Ford. You do well: I'd like to have given him all.

Here the Journeymen Dance, which makes the second Interlude.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Mr. Jordan, and two Footmen.

Ford. FOLLOW me thro' the City that I may shew my Cloaths, and especially take care both of you to tread exactly upon my Steps, that People may know ye belong to Me.

Footm. Yes, Sir.

Ford. Call *Nicola* to me that I may give her some Orders. Stay, here she comes,

SCENE II.

Nicola and the rest.

Ford. *Nicola.*

Nic. Anon.

Ford. Come hither.

Nic. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Ford. What d'ye laugh at?

Nic. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Ford. What do you mean, Hussy?

Nic. Ha, ha, ha. How you are dress'd! Ha, ha, ha.

Ford. How now?

Nic. Ha, ha, ha.

Ford. What's the matter with the Slut? Do you mock me?

Nic. Oh no no, Sir. Ha, ha, ha.

Ford. If you laugh any more——

Nic. Sir, I cannot help it. Ha, ha, ha.

Ford. You will then?

Nic. Sir, I beg your Pardon, but you are so very comical I cannot help laughing. Ha, ha, ha.

Ford. D'ye see?

Nic. You are so extremely comical. Ha, ha, ha.

Ford. If I——

Nic. Pray excuse me. Ha, ha, ha.

Ford. If you laugh any more I shall give you a found Box of the Ear.

Nic. Well, Sir, I've done, I'll laugh no longer.

Ford. See you don't. Go and clean——

Nic. Ha, ha, ha.

Ford. Go, I say, and——

Nic. Ha, ha, ha.

Ford. I tell you you must clean the Hall, and——

Nic. Ha, ha, ha.

Ford. Again?

Nic. Sir, you may beat me; but I must laugh my Laugh out——

Ford. If I take you——

Nic. Pray, Sir, let me laugh. Ha, ha, ha.

Ford. I'll——

Nic. Sir, I shall burst if I don't laugh Ha, ha, ha.

Ford. Did ever any Body see such a saucy Wench; to laugh at me to my Face, instead of receiving my Commands?

Nic. What would you have me do, Sir?

Ford. What do you think; Hussy. To get the House ready for the Company that's to be here presently.

Nic. You've spoilt my laughing, Sir; all your Company make so much disorder in the House, that 'tis enough to put me out of Humour.

Ford. What, I warrant you, I must shut my Door against every Body to please You?

Nic. You should at least shut it against some.

X 3

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Mrs. Jordan, and the rest.

Mrs. Ford. What d'ye mean, Husband, by this Equipage? Are you mad to Trap your self out thus? or is it that every one should laugh at you?

Ford. None, but Fools, Wife, will laugh at me.

Mrs. Ford. They won't begin to laugh now; your Manners have long since been the Jest of the Town,

Ford. Pray what part of it is it that laughs at me?

Mrs. Ford. Every Body that has Sense and is wiser than you. As for me, I'm ashamed of the Life you lead. I can't tell what our House is turned into. One would think there was a continual Masquerade in it; and in the very Morning too there's a crowd of Dancers and Musicians that disturb the whole Neighbourhood.

Nic. My Mistress is in the right. Your Furniture cannot stand in order for the Gang you bring hither. They fetch Dirt from all Parts of the City to bring it hither; and the poor House-maid is almost off her Legs, with scrubbing the Floor which your filthy Masters dirty constantly every Day.

Ford. Your Maid here is very nimble-tongued for a Country Wench.

Mrs. Ford. Nicola has more Sense than you. I'd fain know what you mean to do with a Dancing Master at your Age?

Nic. And a great lubberly Fencing Master, who comes with his stamping to shake the whole House, and loosen all the Bricks of the Hall?

Ford. Peace, both of you.

Mrs. Ford. Do you learn to Dance now, when shortly you will have no Legs?

Nic. Have you a mind to kill any Body?

Ford. Silence, I say; you're a couple of ignorant Wretches, and don't know the Advantages of all this.

Mrs. Ford. You ought rather to look out for a Match for your Daughter, who has been marriageable these two Years.

Ford.

Ford. I'll think of that when any one asks her of me; but I will likewise think of—learning the Sciences.

Nic. I heard, Madam, that to mend the Matter, he has taken a Philosophy Master to Day.

Ford. I have so, I'll be witty and know how to argue amongst the Learned.

Mrs. Ford. I suppose one of these Days, as old as you are, you'll go to School and be whipt?

Ford. Why not? Would I were whipt at the Cart's Tail, so I did but know what's to be learnt at School.

Nic. Would that make you Shanks the better shaped?

Ford. Without doubt.

Mrs. Ford. All this is very necessary to manage your House.

Ford. You talk like a couple of Brutes, and I'm ashamed of your Ignorance. For example now, do You know what 'tis you talk at this very Minute?

Mrs. Ford. Yes. I know that what I speak is rightly spoken, and that you ought to lead another sort of a Life.

Ford. I don't mean that. I ask you what those Words you speak, Are?

Mrs. Ford. They are very sensible Words, but your Conduct is not so.

Ford. I don't mean that. I ask you what that is I speak to you at this very Moment?

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis Nonsense.

Ford. Nothing of that. The Language we both speak now.

Mrs. Ford. What do you mean?

Ford. What's the Name on't?

Mrs. Ford. The Name is what you've a mind to call it.

Ford. 'Tis Prose; Ignorance.

Mrs. Ford. Prose!

Ford. Yes, Prose. All that is Prose is not Verse; and all that is not Verse is Prose. See, now, what 'tis to Study. Do you know what you must do to pronounce a U?

Nic. What?

Ford. Yes. What you must do to pronounce a U?

Nic. What must I do?

Ford. Say U, to see!

Nic. Well; U.

Ford. What do you do now?

Nic. I say, U.

Ford. Yes, but when you say U, what is it you do?

Nic. I do what you bid me.

Ford. What an unfortunate thing 'tis, to have to do with Brutes; why you pout out your Lips, and bring your Jaws near each other. U. D'ye see? U, I make mows, U.

Nic. This is fine Stuff indeed!

Mrs. Ford. This is admirable truly!

Ford. Oh, if you had but heard, O, and D, D, and F, F.

Mrs. Ford. What's all this Trumpery?

Nic. What good does all this do?

Ford. I cannot bear ignorant Women.

Mrs. Ford. Go; you ought to turn off all your Visitors, with their Fooleries.

Nic. And especially that loobily Fencing Master, who raises such a Dust with his stamping.

Ford. Why that Fencing Master sticks mightily in your Stomach. (*Speaking to Nicola.*) I'll discover your Impertinence to you immediately. Bring a pair of Foils. There, take one; Reason demonstrative; Line of the Body. When you push in Cart you need only do so; and when you push in Tierce, so—By this means you'll never be kill'd; and is not it a fine thing to be at a certainty when one Fights? push at me a little to try.

Nic. Where's the hardship of that?

[*Nicola gives him three or four good Pushes.*]

Ford. Hold, hold; not so hard. Is the Devil in you Hussy?

Nic. You bid me push; did not you.

Ford. Yes; but you push in Tierce before you push in Cart, and you han't Patience to let me Parry.

Mrs. Ford. Husband, you are a Fool with all your Fancies. This comes of your keeping Company with Nobility.

Ford. When I keep Company with Nobility I shew my Judgement; 'tis better than conversing with the Cits.

Mrs. Ford. There's much to be got by Nobles indeed; you've made a fine hand on't with the Count you are bewitched with.

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Ford.

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Dinner,

Ford.

Dor.

Ford.

Ford. Silence. Take care what you say. Do you know who you speak of when you speak of him? He's a Person of more Importance than you think for. A Lord that's in Credit at Court, and speaks to the King as freely as I speak to you. Is't not an Honour to me that he should be seen to come often to me, call me his dear Friend, and use me just as if I was his Equal? You cannot imagin^e how gracious he is to me; and embraces me so before every Body that he confounds me.

Mrs. Ford. Yes, he is very gracious to you, and Caresses you; but then he borrows your Money.

Ford. Is not it an Honour to lend Money to one of his Condition? Can I do less to a Lord that calls me his dear Friend?

Mrs. Ford. And what does that Lord do for you?

Ford. Things that would amaze you if you knew them.

Mrs. Ford. What?

Ford. By th' Mafs 'tis impossible I should tell you. 'Tis enough that I have lent him Money, he'll pay it me before 'tis long.

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay. In a Hopfack.

Ford. Why did not he say he would?

Mrs. Ford. Yes. To be sure He won't fail,

Ford. He swore to me on the Word of a Gentleman.

Mrs. Ford. Words of Course.

Ford. You are very obstinate, Wife: I tell you I'm sure he'll keep his Word.

Mrs. Ford. And I am sure he will not, and that all his Caresses are only to Cully you.

Ford. Peace. Here he comes.

Mrs. Ford. I'm afraid his Visits are all we shall get from him. Perhaps he comes to borrow again; he spoils my Dinner, whenever I see him.

Ford. Peace; I say.

SCENE IV.

Dorantes, and the rest.

Dor. My dear Friend Mr. *Fordan*, how do you do?

Ford. Very well, Sir, at your Service.

Dor.

Dor. And how does Madam *Fordan* do?

Mrs. Ford. Madam *Fordan* does as she can.

Dor. Why Mr. *Fordan*, you are A-la-mode I see.

Ford. So, so.

Dor. This Suit becomes you extreemly; We have no young Sparks at Court better made than you.

Ford. Ha, ha.

Mrs. Ford. He tickles him in the right place.

Dor. Turn about. Gallant on all sides.

Mrs. Ford. Yes; as much a Fool behind as before.

Dor. Faith, Mr. *Fordan*, I was strangely impatient to see you. You are the Man of the World most in my Esteem, and I spoke of you this Morning in the King's Chamber.

Ford. You do me too much Honour, Sir. (To his Wife) In the King's Chamber!

Dor. Come, put on your Hat.

For. Sir, I know the Respect I owe you.

Dor. Pray, now. No Ceremony I beseech you.

For. Sir.

Dor. Put it on I tell you, Mr. *Fordan*, you are my Friend.

For. Sir, I'm your Servant.

Dor. I'll not cover my self till you have.

For. I'd rather be uncivil than troublesome.

Dor. You know I'm your Debtor.

Mrs. For. Ay, we know it but too well. [Aside]

Dor. You generously lent me Money on several Occasions, and you have laid on me a great Obligation.

For. Oh, Sir.

Dor. I know how to repay what is lent me; and I come to reckon with you.

For. Do you see, Wife; with your Impertinence.

Dor. I am one that loves to acquit my self as soon as possible.

Ford. I told you so.

Dor. Let me know what I owe you.

Ford. See how groundless your Suspicions were.

[To his Wife.]

Dor. Do you remember all the Money you have lent me?

Ford.

Ford. I believe I do. I made a little *Memorandum* of it. There 'tis. Lent at one time a Hundred Pounds.

Dor. 'Tis true.

Ford. At another Seventy.

Dor. Right.

Ford. At another Eighty.

Dor. Yes.

Ford. These three Articles make Two hundred and fifty Pounds.

Dor. Your reck'ning is right,

Ford. To your Featherman three hundred Pounds.

Dor. Just.

Ford. Three hundred to your Taylor.

Dor. True.

Ford. Four hundred and fifty to your Merchant.

Dor. Very well; 'Tis right.

Ford. And twenty to your Sadler.

Dor. All this is true. What's the Total.

Ford. 'Tis One thousand five hundred Pounds just.

Dor. 'Tis all right. Add to it the hundred Pounds you are going now to lend me, 'twill make just Sixteen hundred Pounds, which I'll pay you as soon as possible.

Mrs. Ford. I thought as much.

Ford. Silence.

Dor. Will't be inconvenient for you to let me have it?

Mrs. Ford. Oh not at all.

Mrs. Ford. He makes a rare Milch Cow of you.

Ford. Peace I say.

Dor. If it will be inconvenient, I can get it somewhere else.

Ford. No, Sir.

Mrs. Ford. He'll never ha' done till he has ruin'd you.

Ford. Peace.

Dor. If you can't well do it you need only say so.

Ford. Not at all, Sir.

Mrs. Ford. He's a true Sharper.

Ford. Be at quiet.

Mrs. Ford. He'll drein you to the last Penny.

Ford. Will you hold your Tongue?

Dor.

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Dor. There's a great many wou'd be very glad to lend me; but as you're my Friend, I thought 'twou'd be an Affront to you, if I borrow'd any where else.

Ford. Sir you do me too much Honour, I'll go fetch it.

Mrs. Ford. What! will you lend him any more?

Ford. Why not? Wou'd you have me refuse a Man of his Condition, who spoke of me to Day in the King's Chamber? [Exit.]

Mrs. Ford. Go, you're an arrant Cully.

SCENE V.

All that were in the preceding Scene but Mr. Jordan.

Dor. You seem Melancholy. What ails you, Madam *Jordan*?

Mrs. Ford. My Head's bigger than my Fist, unless it be swell'd.

Dor. How fares your Daughter? Where is she, that I don't see her?

Mrs. Ford. My Daughter is where she is.

Dor. What is she upon now?

Mrs. Ford. Her Legs.

Dor. Won't you come some Day or other, and bring her with you, to see the Ball and Comedy performed before the King?

Mrs. Ford. Yestruly, we have huge Cause to be merry; huge Cause have we upon my Word.

Dor. I believe, Madam *Jordan*, you had a great many Lovers when you were young, being so handsome and good humour'd as you certainly were.

Mrs. Ford. Why Sir, is Madam *Jordan* decrepit, or does her Head shake with the Palsie yet?

Dor. Madam, I beg your Pardon. I did not consider that you was yet young; but I often speak one thing, and think another. Pray excuse my Impertinence.

SCENE VI.

Mr. Jordan, and the rest.

Ford. There's just an Hundred Pound.

Dor.

Dor. I assure you, *Mr. Jordan*, I'm entirely yours, and am impatient to do you some Service at Court.

Jord. I am too much obliged to you.

Dor. If *Madam Jordan* will come and see the Royal Diversion, she shall have the best Place in the Hall.

Mrs. Jord. *Madam Jordan* is your humble Servant.

Dor. (*Aside to Jord.*) Our handsome Marchioness, as I told you in my Letter, will come by and by to the Ball and Feast; I have prevail'd with her to come at last.

Jord. More on this side.

Dor. I have not seen you this eight Days, and have sent you no Word about the Diamond you gave me to make her a Present of from you; but 'twas because I was at the greatest trouble in the World to conquer her Scrupulosity, and cou'd not get her to take it till to Day.

Jord. How did she like it?

Dor. Wonderfully; and I'm deceiv'd, or that Diamond will work mightily in your Favour.

Jor. I wish it may.

Mrs. Jor. When they are got together there's no parting them.

Dor. I gave her a right Notion of the richness of that Present, and the greatness of your Love.

Jor. You overwhelm me, Sir, with Favours, and I'm in the greatest Confusion, to see a Person of your Quality condescend to do what you do for me.

Dor. No more of that, Friends don't stand for such Trifles! Would not you do the same thing for me upon occasion?

Jor. Very willingly.

Mrs. Jord. How troublesome his Presence is to me!

Dor. As for me, I boggle at nothing to serve a Friend, and when you told me your Love for that agreeable Marchioness, with whom I had some Acquaintance, you know I presently offer'd to serve you.

Jord. 'Tis true. These Favours confound me.

Mrs. Jord. Will he never be gone?

Nic. They are mighty fond of one another.

Dor. You took the right way to touch her Heart. Women love the Expences that are made upon them; and your frequent Serenades, your continual Nodsegays,
that

that noble Firework upon the Water, the Diamond you presented her, and the Banquet you prepare for her, all this speaks to her in your Favour much better than any thing you cou'd have said to her your self.

Ford. I shou'd grudge no Expence to find a way to her Heart. A Woman of Quality is to me very charming, and the Honour of her Love I'd purchase at any Price.

Mrs. Ford. What can they be talking of so long? Præthee go and listen a little.

Dor. By and by you'll enjoy at your ease the Pleasure of seeing her.

Ford. That I might be at full Liberty, I've ordered it so that my Wife will dine at my Sister's to Day, and will there spend all the Afternoon.

Dor. You did prudently, your Wife might have been troublefom to us. I have given Order in the Kitchen, and every thing necessary for the Ball. It is my own Invention, and if the Execution of it answers the Idea, I'm sure — [Jordan perceiving that Nicola listens, gives her a box on the Ear.

Ford. How now! You're very impertinent. Let's go somewhere else. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Mrs. Jordan, Nicola.

Nic. Faith, Madam, my Curiosity has cost me something; but I believe there's a Snake in the Grass, for they talk'd of something which they wou'd not have you be at.

Mrs. Ford. This is not the first time, *Nicola*, I have suspected my Husband. I'm the most deceiv'd Woman in the World, or there's some Love business on foot, and I'd fain discover what it can be. But let us think of my Daughter. You know the Love *Cleontes* has for her. He's a Man I like, and I'd help him, and give him *Lucilia* if I cou'd.

Nic. Indeed, Madam, I'm glad to see you of that Opinion; for if you are pleas'd with the Master, I'm no less pleas'd with the Man; and I cou'd wish our Marriage might be at the same time with theirs.

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Jord. Go to him and bid him come to me presently, that we may together ask my Daughter of my Husband. [*Exit.*]

Nic. I run, Madam, with Joy; and I could not receive a more agreeable Commission. I believe I shall make them very glad.

SCENE VIII.

Cleontes, Coviello, Nicola.

Nic. I'm glad I've met you. I am an Ambassadress of Joy, and come——

Cleon. Be gone; do not come to amuse me with thy treacherous Words.

Nic. Is't thus you receive——

Cleon. Be gone, I say, and tell thy faithless Mistress! that she shall no more abuse the too simple *Cleontes*.

Nic. What's in the Wind now? Dear *Coviello*, tell me the meaning of this?

Covi. Dear *Coviello*, Huffy! Out of my fight base Wretch, and let me alone——

Nic. What, are You too——

Covi. Out of my fight, I say, and speak no more to me.

Nic. Heu! they've piss'd upon a Nettle sure? I'll go and tell my Mistress of this.

SCENE IX.

Cleontes, Coveillo.

Cleon. How! to use a Lover in that manner; the most faithful and passionate of all Lovers too!

Covi. What they did to both of us, was a terrible thing.

Cleon. I shew for a Person all the Ardor and Tenderness imaginable; I love none but her, and think of nothing else: All my Cares, Desires, and Joy is about her; I speak of none but her, I think of none but her, I dream of none but her, I breath for none but her, my Heart lives only in her, and behold the Recompence for so great a Friendship! I have been two Days without seeing her

her; to me two tedious Ages; I meet her by chance my Heart at the sight is transported, my Joy appears in my Face; I fly towards her with Extrasy, and the faithless Wretch turns her Eyes away, and goes by abruptly as if she never saw me!

Covi. I may say just as you do.

Cleon. Can any thing equal the Perfidiousness of the ungrateful *Lucilia*!

Covi. Can any thing equal that of the Trollop *Nicola*!

Cleon. After so many ardent Sacrifices, Sighs and Vows as I have made to her Charms.

Covi. After so many assiduous Homages, Cares and Services as I have done her in the Kitchen;

Cleon. So many Tears as I have shed at her Feet!

Covi. So many Buckets of Water as I've drawn for her at the Well——

Cleon. So much Fervency as I have shewn to cherish her more than my self!

Covi. So much Heat as I have borne to turn the spit in her stead!

Cleon. She avoids me with Contempt!

Covi. She turns her Back to me with Impudence.

Cleon. 'Tis a Treachery worthy of the greatest Punishment!

Covi. 'Tis a Treason that deserves a thousand Cuffs on the Ear!

Cleon. Never speak to me more about her.

Covi. I, Sir? Heav'n forbid.

Cleon. Do not excuse the Action of that faithless Wretch.

Covi. Never fear it.

Cleon. No; for all you say to defend her shall be in vain.

Covi. Who means to say any thing?

Cleon. I'm resolv'd to keep my Resentment, and to break off all my Acquaintance with her.

Covi. With all my Heart.

Cleon. Perhaps the Count that visits there has got her Heart; I perceive she's dazzled with Quality; but for my own Honour I must prevent her discovering her Incon-

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stancy. I will be as indifferent to her as she can be to me; she shall not have all the Glory of leaving me.

Covi. 'Tis very well said; and I agree with you in every thing.

Cleon. Give a helping hand to my Anger; and sustain my Resolution against all the remains of Love that might speak for her. Make to me a Description of her Person that may render her contemptible; and tell me all the Faults you can see in her to disgust me.

Covi. She! Sir, she's a fine Piece indeed to inspire so much Love! I see nothing in her but what's very mean, and you may find a hundred more worthy of you. First, she has little Eyes.

Cleon. 'Tis true, she has little Eyes; but they are full of Fire, the most Sparkling, the most Piercing, most Touching that can be——

Covi. She has a great Mouth.

Cleon. Yes, but tis full of such Charms as are not in other Mouths: O that Mouth is the most attracting, the most inspiring and the most lovely in the World.

Covi. As for her Size, she is not tall.

Cleon. No, but she is easy, and well shaped.

Covi. She affects a Negligence in her Talk and Actions, indeed.

Cleon. 'Tis true; but then she does it all gracefully and her Manners are engaging; she has a secret Charm to reach the Heart.

Covi. As for Wit——

Cleon. She has it; and such a delicate one! *Coviella.*

Covi. Her Conversation——

Cleon.——Is charming.

Covi. She's always serious.

Cleon. Would you have her one of those, continually merry Gigglets? Is any thing more impertinent than a perpetual Laugh?

Covi. But yet she's as capricious as any Body.

Cleon. I grant you she's capricious, but any thing becomes a handsome Lady, every thing is sufferable in them.

Covi. Nay, if it be so with you, I plainly see you have, a desire to love her still,

Cleon. I ! I'd rather suffer Death ; and I shall hate her more than ever I lov'd her.

Covi. How can that be, if you think her so perfect ?

Cleon. That will shew my Revenge the more ; 'tis in that I'll discover the force of my Heart, to hate her, to abandon her, as handsome as full of Charms as aimable as I think her. Here she comes.

SCENE X.

Cleontes, Lucilia, Coviello, Nicola.

Nic. As for me, I was quite ashamed of it.

Luc. 'Tis as I say, *Nicola*, I believe. But there he is.

Cleon. I wont so much as speak to her.

Covi. I shall imitate you.

Luc. What's the matter with you, *Cleontes* ?

Nic. What ails you *Coviello* ?

Luc. What Spleen possesses you ?

Nic. Why are you in such an ill Humour ?

Luc. Are you dumb, *Cleontes* ?

Nic. Have you lost your Tongue, *Coviello* ?

Cleon. How faithless she is ?

Covi. What a *Judas* 'tis ?

Luc. I plainly see that our meeting just now disturbs you.

Cleon. She's conscious what she's guilty of.

Nic. Our Reception of you this Morning has put you into the Dumps.

Covi. She has hit the Nail on the Head.

Luc. Is not this, *Cleontes* the true Cause of your Anger ?

Cleon. Yes, Traitors, that is it, since I must speak ; and I must tell you, you shall not triumph in your Infidelity as you thought to do, you shall not have the Advantage of driving me away, for I'll break first with you — 'Twill certainly be hard to overcome the Love I have for you ; 'twill give me some trouble ; I shall suffer for a time ; but I shall at last effect it, and I'll rather stab my self than be so weak as to return to you —

Covi. Like Master, like Man.

Luc. Here's a deal to do about nothing. I'll tell you the

the cause, *Cleantes*, why I avoided you this Morning.

Cleo. I'll hear nothing.

Nic. I'll tell you why we brush'd by you.

Cleo. I'll hear you not.

Luc. This Morning we —

Cleo. No, I tell you

Nic. Know that —

Cov. No, Traitors.

Luc. Hear me.

Cleo. No.

Nic. Let m tell you

Cov. I'm Deaf.

Luc. *Cleantes*.

Cle. No.

Nic. *Coviello*.

Cov. No.

Luc. Stay.

Cleo. Trifles.

Nic. Hear me.

Cov. Fiddle, Fiddle.

Luc. A Moment.

Cleo. Not at all.

Nic. Have a little Patience.

Cov. Pshaw.

Luc. But two Words?

Cleo. No I'm resolv'd,

Nic. One Word.

Cov. Not a Syllable.

Luc. Well since you won't hear me, think and do as you please.

Nic. Since you are so, you may take it as you will.

Cleo. Tell me then the cause of such a Reception.

Luc. No, now I won't tell you.

Cov. Teach us this History.

Nic. Now I won't; you might have heard me before;

Cle. Tell me —

Luc. No, I'll tell you nothing.

Cov. Relate to me —

Nic. Not a word.

Cleo. Pray do.

Luc. No.

Cov. For Charity sake.

Nic. Not a Syllable.

Cleo. I beg you wou'd.

Luc. Let me alone.

Cov. I conjure you.

Nic. Be gone.

Clè. Lucilia.

Luc. No.

Cov. Nicola.

Nic. No.

Cleo. For Heavn's sake.

Luc. I will not

Cov. Speak to me.

Nic. No.

Cleo. Clear up my Doubts.

Luc. I'll do nothing.

Cov. Cure my Mind.

Nic. No, 'tis not my Pleasure.

Cleo. Well, since you are so indifferent whether you satisfy me or no, and whether you justify yourself from the unworthy Usage you have given my Flame, this is the last time you shall see me; and I'll go far hence to dye with Sorrow and Love.

Cov. And I'll follow him.

Luc. Cleantes.

Nic. Coriello.

Clè. Anon.

Cov. What now?

Luc. Where are you going?

Clè. Where I told you.

Cov. We are going to dye.

Luc. To dye, Cleantes!

Cleo. Yes, Cruel Woman, since you'll have it so.

Luc. Wou'd I have you dye?

Cleo. Yes.

Luc. Who told you so?

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Cleo. Does not your Unwillingness to undeceive me plainly shew it?

Luc. Is it my Fault? If you wou'd have heard shou'd not I have told you that the Adventure you complain of was occasioned this Morning by the Presence of an old Aunt, who is of a positive Opinion that the sole Presence of a Man dishonours a Maid, who is perpetually preaching to us upon that Chapter, and represents all Men as Devils that ought to be avoided.

Nic. This is the Case.

Cleo. Do you not deceive me, *Lucilia*?

Cov. Do you not put a Trick upon me, *Nicola*?

Luc. Nothing is more certain than what I tell you.

Nic. 'Tis the truth of the Matter.

Cle. Ah *Lucilia*, how well you know with one word of your Mouth to appease the Scruples of my Heart! and how easily a Man suffers himself to be perswaded by the Person he loves!

Cov. How easily a body is coaxed by those devilish Creatures!

SCENE XI.

Mrs. Jordan, and the above-mentioned.

Mrs. Jor. I'm very glad to see you, *Cleantes*; for I wanted you. My Husband is coming; take this Opportunity to ask *Lucilia* of him.

Cleo. Ah, Madam, how sweetly that Word sounds, and how flattering to my Desires! cou'd I receive a more charming Order, or a more precious Favour!

SCENE XII.

Mr. Jordan, and the rest.

Cleo. Sir; I would not employ anybody to make your Request I have for a long time meditated; the Consequence of it is a sufficient Motive for me to do it myself; and without any further Preamble, I shall tell you that the Honour of being your Son-in-Law is a Favour I beg you would grant me,

Jor.

For. Before I answer you, Sir, pray tell me whether you're a Gentleman—

Cleo. Sir, most Men do not hesitate much upon that Question. They make no Words about it. They do not scruple to take that Name; and Custom at present seems to authorize the Theft. As for me, I confess, my Sentiments upon that head are a little more scrupulous. I think Imposture unworthy a man of Honour; and that 'tis a baseness to disguise the Condition Heaven has sent us into the World in; to adorn oneself in the Eyes of Mankind with a borrow'd Title, in order to appear what one is not. I am born of Parents who have held honourable Posts. I have acquir'd Reputation in the Army by six Years Service, and am sufficiently rich to make a tolerable Figure in the World; but notwithstanding all this, I will not give myself a Name to which others in my Condition wou'd think they had Pretension; and I must tell you frankly I am no Gentleman.

For. Enough, Sir. My Daughter is not for you.

Cleo. How?

For. You are no Gentleman, you shall not have my Daughter.

Mrs. For. What do you mean with your Gentleman? Are we Gentlefolks?

For. Hold your Tongue, Wife.

Mrs. For. Are we not both descended from good Citizens?

For. Pshaw, Pshaw!

Mrs. For. And was not your Father a Tradesman as well as mine?

For. Is the Devil in the Woman? If your Father was a Tradesman so much the worse for him; but as for mine, they that say he was so, knew nothing of him. All I have to say to you is, that I will have a Gentleman Son-in-Law.

Mrs. For. Your Daughter must have a Man that agrees with her; and she had better have an honest handsome rich Man, than a poor ill shap'd beggarly Gentleman.

Nic. 'Tis true. There's the Son of the Gentleman of our Village, he's the greatest Booby I ever saw.

For.

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For. Peace, Impertinence. You must be meddling; I have enough for my Daughter, I have only need of Honour, and I'll make her a Marchioness.

Mrs. For. A Marchioness!

For. Yes, that I will.

Mrs. For. Alas. The Gods forbid!

For. 'Tis a thing I'm resolv'd upon.

Mrs. For. 'Tis a thing I'll never consent to. Alliances with Superiors always cause great Inconveniencies. I'll never have a Son-in-Law reproach my Daughter for her Parents, nor shall she have Children that shall be ashamed to call me Grandmother. If she comes to visit me with a great Equipage, and fails thro' forgetfulness to salute any of the Neighbourhood, they'll presently have a hundred Taunts. Do you see, say they, this Madam Marchioness who makes such a Show? She's the Daughter of M. *For-dan*; and when she was little, was very happy to play at Hot-cockles with us: She was not always so great, and her two Grandfathers sold Cloth at the Gate of *St. Innocent*. They heap'd up Riches for their Children, which may be they'll repay dearly in the other World; People that are honest, don't often become so rich. I'll have none of this Babbling, but will have a Man that may be oblig'd to me for my Daughter, to whom I may say, sit down there Son-in-Law and dine with me.

For. Ah, these are the Sentiments of mean Souls; always to remain as they were. Answer me no more, my Daughter shall be a Marchioness in spite of all the World; and if you contradict me, I'll make her a Dutchess.

[Exit.]

Mrs. For. Don't be dishearten'd, *Cleantes*. Follow me, Daughter, and tell your Father resolutely, that if you have not him you'll have no body.

SCENE XIII.

Cleantes, Coviello.

Cov. You've made a fine hand on't with your Scrupulosity.

Cle.

Cle. What shou'd I have done? Example could not surmount the Scruple I had upon that Point.

Cov. You are in the wrong to be serious with such a Man as him? Do you not perceive he's a Fool? Wou'd it have cost you any thing to have been conformable to his Chimeras?

Cle. You're in the right; but I did not believe there was need of any Proof of Gentility to be Son-in-Law to *M. Jordan*.

Cov. Ha, ha, ha.

Cleo. What do you laugh at?

Cov. At a thought that came into my Head to put a Trick upon our Spark, and to get you what you desire.

Cle. How is it?

Cov. The Idea is very Comical.

Cle. What is it?

Cov. There was a Masquerade, a little while ago, which will do nicely now, and which I intend to bring into a Piece of Roguery I'll serve our Numpscull. It will favour a little of Folly; but we may venture any thing with him, there's no need of much Cunning, he is one that will play his part to a wonder, and believe easily all the Tales we can tell him. I have Actors, the Habits are ready, only let me alone.

Cle. But tell me——

Cov. You shall know all; but let's be gone, here he comes again.

SCENE XIV.

Mr. Jordan, Foot-man.

Jor. What the devil do they mean! They have nothing to twit me in the Teeth with but great Lords, and for my part I think nothing like conversing with great Men; there's nothing but Honour and Civility among them, and I'd give two Fingers so I had but been born a Count or a Marquiss.

Foot. Sir, here's the Count and a Lady he brings with him.

Jord

Ford. Ad, I've some Orders to give. Tell 'em I'll be with 'em presently. [Exit.]

SCENE XV.

Dorimene, Dorantes, Footman.

Foot. My Master says he'll be with you presently.

Dor. Very well.

Dor. *Dorantes*, I take a strange Step, in suffering myself to be led to a House where I know no body.

Dor. What Place, Madam, would you have my Love chuse to regale you in, since to avoid being known, you approve neither of your own House nor mine.

Dor. You do not consider that I insensibly engage myself every Day to receive too great Testimonies of your Passion? I may if I please refuse things, you tire out my Resistance, and your obstinate Civility brings me by degrees to whatever you please. It began by frequent Visits; afterwards came Declarations of your Love; that drew on Serenades and Treats, which were follow'd by Presents. I oppos'd all this, but you persisted, and Inch by Inch surmounted my Resolutions. I can no longer answer for any thing, and I believe at last you'll bring me to Marriage, which I'm so averse to.

Dor. Faith, Madam, you ought to have been in that Condition before now. You are a Widow and Mistress of yourself. I am my own Master, and love you more than Life. What hinders your having before now compleated my Happiness?

Dori. There must be a great many Perfections, *Dorantes* for a Couple to live happily together; and the two most sensible Persons in the World often find it hard to form an Union with which they are satisfy'd.

Dor. You are in the wrong, Madam, to think it so difficult; and your Experience of Marriage concludes nothing for others.

Dori. But I must return to the Expence you are at upon me, which disturbs me for two Reasons; first, because they engage me more than I cou'd wish; and next, because

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cause I'm sure it must be inconvenient to you ; and I wou'd not have it so.

Dor. Ah, Madam; mere Trifles; 'tis not that——

Dori. I know what I say; and amongst the rest, the Diamond you forced me to take is of a value——

Dor. Pray, Madam, don't set such a Price upon a thing my Love thinks unworthy of you, but---Here's the Master of the House.

S C E N E XVI.

Mr. Jordan and the rest.

Jord. (*After having made two Bows, finding himself too near Dorim.*) A little further, Madam.

Dori. How?

Jord. One Step if you please.

Dori. What can this mean?

Jord. A little backwards for the third.

Dor. Madam, *Mr. Jordan* knows who he has to deal with.

Jord. Madam, 'tis a great Glory to me, to be so fortunate to be so happy, as to have the Luck, that you shou'd have the Goodness, to grant me the favour, to do me the Honour, to honour me with the favour of your Presence. And if I had Merit enough to merit a Merit like yours, and if——Heav'n——envious of my good——had granted me——the advantage of seeing my self worthy——of——

Dor. Enough, *Mr. Jordan*; the Lady does not love many Compliments, and she knows you're a Wit. (*Aside to Dori.*) 'Tis a ridiculous-Cit, as you may see by every thing he does.

Dori. One may easily perceive it.

Dor. Madam, this is one of my best Friends.

Jord. You do me too much honour.

Dor. A very galant Man.

Dori. I've a great Esteem for him.

Jord. I have not done any thing yet, Madam, to deserve that favour.

Dor.

Dor. (*Aside to Jord.*) Take care you don't mention the Diamond you gave her.

Jord. Mayn't I so much as ask her how she likes it?

Dor. Not for the World, 'twou'd be mean, and not Gentlemanlike; you must make as if 'twas not you presented it to her. Mr. Jordan, Madam, says he's ravish'd to see you at his House.

Dori. He does me a great deal of Honour.

Jord. How I'm obliged to you, Sir, for speaking thus to her for me!

Dor. I had much ado to get her to come.

Jord. I thank you for't a thousand times.

Dor. He says, Madam, that he thinks you the handsomest Lady he e'er saw.

Dori. He favours me too much.

Jord. Madam, 'tis you that——

Dor. Come, let's eat.

Foot. All is ready, Sir.

Dor. Let's sit then, and call the Musick.

Six Cooks who have prepared the Feast dance together, and make a third Interlude; after which they bring in a Table well covered.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Dorantes, Dorimene, Mr. Jordan, *two Musicians, one Woman Musician, Footmen.*

Dori. Dorantes, here's a Feast entirely magnificent.

Jord. Madam, I wish 'twas more worthy of your Acceptance. [*They sit.*]

Dor. Mr. Jordan, Madam, is in the right, in saying so, and I am obliged to him for paying you so well the Honours of his House. I agree with him that the Feast is not worthy of you. As 'tis my self that took care of it; without the Opinion of our Friends; you have not a very artful Repast, and you'll find in it Incongruities of good

Cheer, and well-tasted Barbarisms. If *Damis*, our Friend, had help'd in it, every thing wou'd have been regular; 'twou'd have all been elegant, and he wou'd not have fail'd to exaggerate (himself) all parts of the Repast he had giv'n you, and to cause you to own his great capacity in the Science of tid bits; to talk to you of Marchpanes crackling tenderly under your Teeth; of Wine of a Velvet Sap, arm'd with a Tartness not too poignant; of a Quarter of Lamb strow'd with Parsly; of a white delicate Loin of Veal, that tastes like Almond Paste; Partridges of a surprizing Taste; and for his Master-piece, a Soup of Pearl Broth, reinforc'd by a fat Turkey polt canton'd with Pigeons, and crown'd with *Portugal* Onions and Succory: But for my part. I confess my Ignorance, and as Mr. *Jordan* has very well said, with the Repast worthy of you.

Dori. All the Answer I shall make to this Compliment; is to eat heartily.

Jord. Ah, what fine Hands are there!

Dari. The Hands are but so so, Mr. *Jordan*; but you speak of the Diamond, I suppose, which is very fine.

Jord. I, Madam? I wou'd not speak of it for the World; 'twou'd be base and ungentleman-like; the Diamond is a very small matter.

Dori. You have a very small Stomach.

Jord. You have too much Goodness—

Dor. Come, give some Wine to Mr. *Jordan*, and to these Gentlemen who will favour us with a Catch.

Dori. Musick is a wonderful seasoning to good Cheer: I'm admirably treated here.

Jord. Madam, 'tis not—

Dor. Mr. *Jordan*, let's listen to these Gentlemen; their Musick will be better than any thing we can say.

Enter a Man and Woman with Glasses in their Hands.

Man sings.

Phillis, the jovial Round commence!

One Glass can never give Offence.

How, in thy Hand, does Bacchus charm!

You and the God each other Arm.

My

*My Love redoubles at the sight,
While Wine and Beauty thus unite.
Then let us all three Child, without more ado
Strike a League everlasting, and swear to be true.*

He goes on, after she had drank.
*How do your Lips improve its relish!
How do its Charms your Lips embellish!
How forcibly do both combine
To make each other's Lustre shine!
Whilst I, grown drunk with Extasie,
Assume the God, and tread the Sky.
Then let us, &c.*

Another Catch.

*Let's drink my Friends, while here we live :
The swift wing'd Moments as they pass
This silent Admonition give
To improve our Time, and push the Glafs.*

*When once we've enter'd Charon's Boat,
Farewel to drinking, Joy divine!
There's not a drop to wet our Throat,
The Grave's a Cellar void of Wine.*

Dori. 'Tis extremely well sung, and the words entirely beautiful.

Ford. I see something here, Madam, that's much more beautiful.

Dori. Why Mr. *Fordan's* more galant than I thought he was.

Dor. Why who did you take Mr. *Fordan* for, Madam?

Ford. I wish she'd take me for what I shou'd say I am.

Dori. Again!

Dor. You don't know him.

Ford. She shall know me, when she pleases.

Dori. Enough; enough.

Dor. He's one that has always his Repartee ready. But you don't see, Madam, that *Mr. Jordan* eats all the Pieces you have touch'd.

Dori. *Mr. Jordan* is a Man I'm mightily taken with.

Jord. If I cou'd take your Heart, I shou'd be——

SCENE II.

Enter to them Mrs. Jordan.

Mrs. Jord. So; here's good Company, I see I'm an unexpected Guest. 'Tis for this then, Husband, that you were so hasty to send me to my Sister's? I just now saw a Stage below, and here's a Feast fit for a Wedding. This is the way you spend your Money, and thus you feast Women in my absence, and give them Musick and a Play, while you send me abroad.

Dor. What do you mean, *Mrs. Jordan*? And why shou'd you believe your Husband lays out his Money, and regales the Lady? Know 'tis I that do it; that he only lends me his House, and that you ought to take more care what you say.

Jord. Yes, Impertinence, 'tis the Count gives all this to the Lady, who is a Person of Quality. He does me the Honour to take my House, and to let me be with him.

Mrs. Jord. Pshaw, pshaw; I know what I say.

Dor. Take better Spectacles, *Mrs. Jordan*.

Mrs. Jord. I have no need of Spectacles, Sir, I can see you clear enough; I have perceived things a great while ago, I'm no Fool. 'Tis base in a Lord to countenance my Husband's Follies. And you, Madam, for a Lady, 'tis neither handsome nor honourable in you, to sow Dissension in a Family, and to suffer my Husband to make Love to you.

Dori. What does all this mean? *Dorantes*, you are in the wrong to expose me to the foolish Dreams of an extravagant Woman.

Dor. Madam, Madam, where are you going?

Jord. Madam. Pray, Sir, excuse me to her, and try to bring her back. Ah, Impertinence, this is your doings;

ings; you come and affront me before every body, and drive away from my House Persons of Quality.

Mrs. Ford. Fig for their Quality.

Ford. I know not why I shou'd not break your Head with the Remains of the Feast you have disturb'd.

[*The Table's taken away.*]

Mrs. For. I fear you not, I defend my Rights, and every Woman will be of my side. [Exit.

Ford. You do well to avoid my Wrath. How unfortunately she came in. I was in the humour to say a thousand pretty things, and I never found my self so witty before. Who's here?

S C E N E III.

Enter Coviello disguised.

Cov. Sir, I know not whether I've the Honour to be known to you.

Ford. No, Sir.

Cov. I knew you when you was no higher than this:

Ford. Me!

Cov. Yes, you were the prettiest Child in the World, and all the Ladies took you in their Arms to kiss you.

Ford. To kiss me!

Cov. Yes. I was a great Friend of your Father's.

Ford. Was you so?

Cov. He was a very honest Gentleman.

Ford. What say you?

Cov. I say he was a very honest Gentleman.

Ford. My Father!

Cov. Yes.

Ford. You knew him very well, you say?

Cov. Yes.

Ford. And you knew him to be a Gentleman?

Cov. Without doubt.

Ford. Then I think the Devil's in the World.

Cov. How!

Ford. Why he was a Trades-man, was not he?

Cov. He a Trades-man! mere slander, he never was so. The truth is, that being a very obliging, very officious

Man, and well skill'd in Stuffs, he went about every where to chuse some, caused them to be brought to his House, and gave them to his Friends for Money. That's all.

Ford. I'm ravish'd with your Acquaintance, that you may testifie that my Father was a Gentleman.

Cov. I'll maintain it before all the World.

Ford. You will oblige me. What brought you hither?

Cov. Besides knowing the honest Gentleman your Father, as I told you, I have travell'd over all the World.

Ford. Over all the World!

Cov. Yes.

Ford. 'Tis a great way.

Cov. 'Tis so. I have been return'd from my long Voyage but four Days; and thro' the care I have for all that concerns you, I come to tell you the best News in the World.

Ford. What is't?

Cov. You know that the Son of the Great Turk is here?

Ford. No I don't.

Cov. No! He has a very magnificent Equipage; every body goes to see him, and he was receiv'd in this Country as a Man of importance.

Ford. Faith I knew nothing of all this.

Cov. What is advantageous for you is, that he's in Love with your Daughter.

Ford. The Son of the Great Turk!

Cov. Yes, and wou'd be your Son-in-law.

Ford. The Son of the Great Turk my Son-in-law!

Cov. Yes, your Son-in-law. I went to see him, and as I understand his Language perfectly, he discoursed with me; after some other talk he said, *Acciam croc soler onch alla moustaph gidelum amanahem varahini oussere carbulath.* That is, Have you not seen a handsome young Woman, Daughter to Mr. *Fordan*, a Gentleman of *Paris*?

Ford. Did the Son of the Great Turk say so of me?

Cov. Yes. I answered I knew you very well, and had seen your Daughter. Ah, says he to me, *Marababa sakem*; that is, Ah how I'm in Love with her!

Ford.

Ford. Is *Marababa sakem*, Ah how I'm in Love with her?

Cov. Yes.

Ford. Od, 'tis well you told me so, for I cou'd never have imagined that *Marababa sakem*, is, Ah how I'm in Love with her? This *Turkish* is a fine Language.

Cov. Finer than can be believed. Do you know what *Cacaramouchen* means?

Ford. *Cacaramouchen*? No not I.

Cov. 'Tis, My dear Soul.

Ford. Is *Cacaramouchen*, My dear Soul?

Cov. Yes.

Ford. How wonderful it is! *Cacaramouchen*, My dear Soul: Who wou'd have thought it? I'm perfectly confounded.

Cov. To finish my Ambassy, he will come presently to demand your Daughter in Marriage; and that he may have a Father-in-law worthy of him, he'll make you a *Mamamouchi*, which is a certain great Dignity of his Country.

Ford. *Mamamouchi*!

Cov. Yes, *Mamamouchi*; that is, in our Tongue, *Paladine*: *Paladine*, one of those ancient — In short, a *Paladine*: There is nothing more noble in the World; and you'll be equal to the greatest Lords in the Universe.

Ford. The Son of the Great *Turk* does me a great deal of Honour, and I desire you'd carry me to him that I may thank him for't.

Cov. How! why he means to come hither.

Ford. Hither!

Cov. Yes, and will bring all things for the Ceremony of your Dignity.

Ford. He's very speedy.

Cov. His Love can admit of no delay.

Ford. What troubles me is, that my Daughter's an obstinate Girl, who is possess'd in the Head with one *Cleontes*, and she swears she'll marry no body but him.

Cov. She'll change her Mind when she sees the Son of the Great *Turk*, and besides, as it luckily happens, the Son of the Great *Turk* is like this *Cleontes*. I just now saw him,

him, they shew'd him me; the Love she has for the one, may be easily transferred to the other. But here he comes.

SCENE IV.

Enter Cleontes dress'd like a Turk, three Pages supporting his Vest.

Cleo. Ambousahim oqui boraf, Fordina, salamalequi.

Cov. That is; Mr. *Fordan*, may your Heart be all the Year like a Rose-tree in Blossom. That is the obliging way of speaking in his Country.

Ford. I am his Turkish Highness's very humble Servant.

Cov. *Carigar camboto oustin moraf.*

Cleo. *Oustin yoc catamalequi basum base alla moran.*

Cov. He says, May Heav'n give you the Strength of the Lyon, and Prudence of the Serpent.

Ford. His Turkish Highness honours me too much, and I wish him all sorts of Prosperity.

Cov. *Ossa binamen sadoc Cabally oracaf ouram.*

Cle. *Bel men.*

Cov. He says you must go with him quickly, and prepare your self for the Ceremony, that he may afterwards see your Daughter, and conclude the Marriage.

Ford. So many things in two Words.

Cov. Yes, the Turkish Tongue is so, it says a great deal in a few Words. Go quickly where he desires you.

SCENE V.

Dorantes, Coviello.

Cov. Ha, ha, ha. This is comical to the last degree. What a Cully 'tis! Had he conn'd his part he cou'd not have play'd it better. Ha, ha, ha. Pray, Sir, help us in an Affair we have in hand here.

Dor. Ha, ha. *Coviello*! who cou'd know you now? How you are equipt?

Cov. Ha, ha.

Dor. What do you laugh at?

Cov.

Cov. At a thing, Sir, that deserves it.

Dor. What is it?

Cov. I'll give you a great many times, Sir, to guess at the Stratagem we use with Mr. Jordan to get his Daughter for my Master.

Dor. I do not guess the trick, but believe 'twill have its Effect since you undertake it.

Cov. I'm sure, Sir, you know the Booby that's the Subject of it.

Dor. Tell me what 'tis.

Cov. Come a little further this way to make room for what I see is approaching. You may see part of the History while I tell you the rest.

The Turkish Ceremony us'd for ennobling the Cit, is done by Dancing and Musick, and composes the fourth Interlude.

The Musti, 4 Dervises, 6 Turkish Dancers, 6 Turkish Musicians, and other Players on Instruments in the Turkish manner, are the Actors of this Ceremony.

The Musti invokes Mahomet with the 12 Turks and 4 Dervises; after this they bring him the Cit dress'd in the Turkish manner, but without Turban or Sabre; to him the Musti sings these words.

Musti.

Se ti sabir

Ti respondir.

Se non sabir

Tazir, tazir.

Mi star Musti.

Ti gui star ti

Non intendir

Tazir, tazir.

If you know how to answer, speak; if not, hold your Tongue. I am the Musti. If you don't understand, be silent, be silent.

The Musti, in the same Language, asks the assisting Turks, what Religion the Cit is of, and they assure him he's a Mahometan; upon which the Musti invokes Mahomet in the Lingua Franca, and sings the following words.

Musti.

Musti.

*Mahametta per Giordina
Mi pregar sera è mattina
Voler far un Paladina
De Giordina, de Giordina
Dar Turbanta è dar scarcina
Con Galera è Brigantina
Per deffender Palestina.
Mahametta, &c.*

O Mahomet, thou shalt be Night and Day pray'd to by me on the behalf of *Jordan*; that thou wou'dst be pleas'd to make him a *Paladine*. For which end we give him a Turban and a Sword, a Gally and a Brigantine, to defend the Holy Land.

The Musti asks the Turks whether the Cit will be firm in the Mahometan Religion, and then sings to them.

Musti.

Star bon Turca, Giordina. Be a good Turk, Jordan.

The Turks.

Hi valla.

Ay, ay.

Musti Dances and Sings.

Ha la ba ba la chou ba la ba la la da.

The Turks answer the same Verses.

The Musti proposes to give the Turban to the Cit, and Sings.

Musti.

Ti non star Furba.

Be no Rogue,

The Turks.

No, no, no,

No, no, no.

Musti.

Non star surfanta.

Nor Thief.

The Turks.

No, no, no.

No, no, no.

Musti.

Donar turbanta, donar turbanta.

The Turks repeat all that the Musti has said for giving the Turban to the Cit. The Musti and Dervises cover themselves

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selves with their Turbans, and then present the Alcoran to the Musti, who makes a second Invocation with all the other assisting Turks, after his Invocation, he gives to the Cit a Sword and sings.

Musti.

Ti star nobile è non star fabbola.

Pigliar Schiabbola.

Be Generous and no Coward;

Take the Scabbard.

The Turks repeat the same Verses, draw their Sabres, and six of them dance round the Cit, on whom they make as if they struck their Sabres several times.

The Musti commands the Turks to bastonade the Cit, and sings.

Musti.

Dara, Dara,

Bastonara, Bastonara.

The Turks repeat the same Verses, and give him several bastonades according to the Musick.

The Musti after having caused him to be basted, says to him singing.

Musti.

Non tener honta

Questa star ultima affronta.

The Turks repeat the same,

Be not asham'd of this last Affront.

The Musti re-commences an Invocation, and after the Ceremony, retires with all the Turks dancing and singing to several Instruments à la Turque.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Mrs. Jordan, Mr. Jordan.

Mrs. Ford. **M**ERCY on me what's here! What Figure's this? Is this a time to go a Masquerading in? Speak; what's the meaning of this? Who dress'd you thus like a Jackpudding?

Ford.

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Ford. How now Impertinence; how dare you speak thus to a Mamamouchi?

Mrs. Ford. How!

Ford. You must pay me Respect now: I'm just created a Mamamouchi.

Mrs. Ford. What do you mean with your Mamamouchi?

Ford. Mamamouchi, I tell you, I am Mamamouchi.

Mrs. Ford. What Beast is that?

Ford. Mamamouchi in our Tongue signifies Paladine.

Mrs. Ford. Paladine. Why are you at an Age to go a Knight-Erranting.

Ford. Ignorance! I say Paladine; a Dignity I'm just installed into.

Mrs. Ford. What Dignity?

Ford. Mahameta par Fordina.

Mrs. Ford. What do mean?

Ford. Fordina, that is Fordan.

Mrs. Ford. Well what then?

Ford. Voler far un Paladina de Fordina.

Mrs. Ford. How!

Ford. Dar turbanta con galera.

Mrs. Ford. What!

Ford. Per dessender Palestina.

Mrs. Ford. What do you mean by all this?

Ford. Dara dara bastonnara.

Mrs. Ford. What's all this Fargon?

Ford. Non tener honta questa star ultima affronta.

Mrs. Ford. What's all this?

Ford. (Dances and Sings.) Hou, la, ba, ba, la, ehon, ba, la, ba, la, da.

Mrs. Ford. Alas my Husband is run mad.

Ford. Peace Insolence, pay respect to the Mamamouchi.

[Exit.

Mrs. Ford. How did he come to lose his Wits thus? Let us hasten and endeavour to hinder him from going abroad. I meet with nothing but Vexation on all Sides.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Dorantes, Dorimene.

Dor. Madam you shall see the most comical thing imaginable; nor do I believe that 'tis possible to find in the World

World a Man so foolish as this: We must likewise endeavour, Madam, to serve *Cleantes*, and support his Masquerade. He's a very worthy Man, and deserves that we should interest our selves for him.

Dori. I have a great Esteem for him, and think him deserving of good Fortune.

Dor. Besides this, Madam, we have here a little Ball that happens *a-propos* to our Design, and which we must not lose; we must see if my Notion can succeed.

Dori. I saw magnificent Preparations, and they are things, *Dorantes*, I can no longer suffer. Yes, I will at length put a stop to your Profusions; and to break the Course of the Expences you are at for me, I am resolved to marry you instantly. This is the true Secret of the Business, these things always end in Marriage.

Dor. Ah, Madam, is it possible you can take a Resolution so favourable to me!

Dori. 'Tis only to hinder you from ruining your self; as otherwise I perceive in a little time you won't be worth a Penny.

Dor. How I'm obliged to you, Madam, for your Care to preserve my Estate? 'Tis entirely yours, as well as my Heart, and they are both at your Disposal.

Dori. I shall use them both as I ought. But here comes our Man; he's an admirable Figure.

SCENE III.

To them, Mr. Jordan.

Dor. Sir, the Lady and I come to pay our Duties to your new Dignity, and to congratulate you on the Marriage of your Daughter with the Son of the Great Turk.

Ford. (After having bowed in the Turkish Manner.) Sir I wish you the Strength of the Serpent and the Prudence of the Lyon.

Dori. Sir, I was desirous to be the first to felicitate the high Degree of Glory you are raised to.

Ford. Madam, I wish your Rose-Bush may be in Blossom the whole Year; I'm infinitely obliged to you for interesting yourself in the Honour that's come to me, and I'm very glad to see You here again, that I may excuse my

my self very humbly for the Extravagance of my Wife.

Dori. 'Tis nothing: I excuse it in her; your Heart ought to be precious to her, and 'tis not strange if the Possession of a Man like you can inspire such Alarms.

Ford. The Possession of my Heart is a thing you have entirely acquired.

Dor. You see, Madam, that Mr. *Fordan* is not one of those whose Prosperity blinds them, and that in his Greatness he knows his Friends.

Dori. 'Tis the surest Token of a generous Soul.

Dor. Where is his *Turkish* Highness! We would, as your Friends, pay him our Respects.

Ford. Here he comes, and I've sent for my Daughter that she may give him her Hand.

SCENE IV.

Cleontes, and the rest.

Dor. Sir, we come to salute your Highness, as Friends of your Father-in-Law, and to assure you with respect that we are your humble Servants.

Ford. Where's the Interpreter to tell him who you are, and to make him understand what you say? You shall see he'll answer you, and he speaks the *Turkish* Language admirably. So ho. Where the Deuce is he gone? (*To Cleo.*) *Sirous, Strif, Strof, Straf*, the Gentleman, is *Grande Signore, grande Signore, grande Signore*; and the Lady is a *granda Dama, granda Dama*. Sir, he's a *French Mamamouchi*, and she's a *French Mamamouchia*. I can speak no better. But here comes the Interpreter. Where was you? We can say nothing without you. Tell him that the Gentleman and the Lady are Persons of great Quality, who come to salute him, as my Friends, and to assure him, they are his Servants. You shall see how he'll answer now.

Cov. *Alabala crociam acci boram alabamen.*

Cleon. *Catalequi tubal ourin setor a Malouchan.*

Ford. Do you see?

Cov. He says, he wishes that the Rain of Prosperity may always water the Garden of your Family.

Ford. I told you he spoke *Turkish*.

Dor. 'Tis admirable.

SCENE

SCENE V.

To them, Lucilia.

Ford. Come near Daughter, and give your hand to the Gentleman who does you the Honour to demand you in Marriage.

Luc. Father, how you are dress'd? Are you acting a Play?

Ford. No, no, 'tis no Play, 'tis a very serious Business, and the greatest Honour to you that could be wished for. There's the Husband I give you.

Luc. Me, Father!

Ford. Yes, You. Take him by the Hand and thank Heaven for your Happiness.

Luc. I won't marry.

Ford. You shall.

Luc. I'll do no such thing.

Ford. Come no words. Give your Hand, I say.

Luc. No, Father, I've told you that no Power can oblige me to marry any but *Cleontes* and I'm resolved rather to suffer all Extremities than — [*perceiving 'tis Cleontes*] 'Tis true you are my Father, I owe you an entire Obedience, and you may dispose of me as you please.

Ford. I'm glad to see you return so soon into your Duty, and I'm pleased that I've an Obedient Daughter.

SCENE the Last.

To them, Mrs. Jordan.

Mrs. Ford. What's the meaning of this? I'm told you'll give our Daughter to a Masquerader.

Ford. Will you hold your Tongue, Impertinence? You always come to mix your Extravagances in every thing; one cannot teach you to be reasonable.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis you that cannot be taught Reason; you run from Folly to Folly. What's your Design, what's the meaning of this Assembly?

Ford. I'm going to marry our Daughter with the Son of the Great Turk.

Mrs. Ford. With the Son of the Great Turk!

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Aa

Ford.

Ford. Yes. Pray pay him your Respects by his Interpreter there.

Mrs. Ford. I've no need of an Interpreter, and I'll tell him to his Nose he shall not have my Daughter.

Ford. Will you hold your Tongue, once again?

Dor. How, Madam *Jordan*, will you be against so great a Happiness? Will you not have his *Turkish* Highness for Son-in-Law?

Mrs. Ford. Pray, Sir, meddle with your own Business.

Dori. 'Tis a Glory that ought not to be rejected.

Mrs. Ford. Madam, I must desire you not to trouble your self with what don't concern you.

Dor. 'Tis thro' Friendship that we interest our selves in your Advantages.

Mrs. Ford. Oh, pray Sir, none of your Friendship.

Dor. Your Daughter obeys the Will of her Father.

Mrs. Ford. Does my Daughter consent to marry a *Turk*?

Dor. Without doubt.

Mrs. Ford. Can she forget *Cleontas*?

Dor. What will not one do to be a great Lady?

Mrs. Ford. I'll tear out her Eyes if she has play'd such a Trick.

Ford. What a Rout's here! I tell you she shall marry him.

Mrs. Ford. I say she shall not.

Ford. No Noise, I say.

Luc. Mother.

Mrs. Ford. You're a Trollop.

Ford. What! do you scold at her for obeying Me?

Mrs. Ford. She ought to obey me as well as you.

Cov. Madam.

Mrs. Ford. What have you to say?

Cov. But a Word.

Mrs. Ford. I have nothing to do with your Word.

Cov. (To *Jord.*) Sir, if she'll hear me but a Word in private, I'll engage to make her Consent to what you please.

Mrs. Ford. I'll never consent to it.

Cov. Only hear me.

Mrs. Ford. No.

Ford. Hear him.

Mrs. Ford. No.

Ford.

Ford. I tell you——

Mrs. Ford. Not a Word.

Ford. What an obstinate Woman 'tis! What harm will it do you to hear him?

Cov. Do but hear me, you may do your Pleasure afterwards.

Mrs. Ford. Well what have you to say?

Cov. (aside to her.) We have made a Sign to you this Hour, Madam. Do you not perceive that the sole end of this is to adjust our selves to the Whims of your Husband, whom we cheat in this Disguise, and that 'tis *Cleontes* himself who is the Son of the Great Turk?

Mrs. Ford. Ha, ha.

Cov. And I, *Coviello* by Name, am the Interpreter.

Mrs. Ford. If it be so, I consent.

Cov. However, don't seem to know it.

Mrs. Ford. Very well. I agree to the Marriage.

Ford. Why ay, now you've some Sense in you. You wou'd not hear him. I knew he'd tell you what the Son of the Great Turk was.

Mrs. Ford. Yes, yes. I'm satisfied. Send for the Notary.

Dor. That's well said. And, Madam *Fordam*, that you may be entirely content, and to efface the Jealousie you might have conceived of your Husband, this Lady and I will make use of the same Notary for our Marriage.

Mrs. Ford. I consent to that too.

Ford. You only make her believe so. I suppose?

Dor. No, no. 'Tis only to amuse her.

Ford. Good. Let somebody go for the Notary quickly.

Dor. Whilst he draws the Contracts let us see our Ball, and divert his *Turkish* Highness with it.

Ford. 'Tis well thought on. Let's take our Seats.

Mrs. Ford. But as to *Nicola*?

Ford. I'll give her to the Interpreter, and my Wife to whoever will have her.

Cov. Sir, I thank you. If there's a greater Fool in Nature, I'll go tell it at *Rome*.

The Comedy ends with a short Entertainment which had been prepar'd, viz.

A a 2

First

First Musical Entry.

A Man comes and delivers out the Song Books. He is presently seiz'd by a multitude of People of different Provinces calling out to him in Musick for some of his Books, particularly three importunate Fellows are continually at his Heels.

The Dialogue of those who in Musick call for Books.

All together.

A moi Monsieur, &c.

* To me, Sir, to me, Sir, a Book here, a Book if you please for your Servant.

A Beau. I pray, Sir, distinguish us from those who call: Some Books here; the Ladies desire you.

Another Beau. Soho, Sir, be so kind as to throw some this way.

A Belle. Good God! how ignorant they are here of the Honours due to Persons of Figure!

Another Belle. They have neither Books nor Seats, but for Crape-gowns and such Chaff.

A Gascon in his Fargon. Ho a you Book-man, why mayn't I be serv'd: I have already ipent my Lungs. You see every body laughs at me; and I'm a sham'd to see in the Hands of the Mob what you refuse to me.

Another Gascon, 'Oons, Sir, is this possible? Pray bring a Book to a Gentleman of *Asbaras*. 'Sdeath, I fancy the Fool has not the Honour to know me.

A Swift in his Fargon. You, Sir. Paper-dealer, what means this Usage? I have tore my Throat with bawling, and yet can't get a Book: 'Sblood, Sir, I believe you are drunk.

An old chattering Citizen. I am downright angry at this. 'Tis in short a shameful ugly Trick, that our Daughter, who is so handsom and genteel, the Object of so many Lovers, shou'd go without a Book to read the Subject of the present Diversion; and that our whole Family shou'd dress themselves so fine to be placed at the further end of the Room among the Mob: I am downright Angry at this, and 'tis in short an ugly Trick.

Ap

[* Note, This being in variety of French Fargons, will admit of no Translation but Prose.

An old babling City wife. 'Tis in truth a burning Shame, and my Blood rises at it. And this Book-man who over-looks his chief Guests, understands but little of his Duty. He's a Brute, a meer Beast, to make so little Account of a young Lady, who is the principal Ornament of our end of the Town, and whom lately a certain Count took out the first at a Ball. 'Tis a meer Beast (this Book-man) and understands but little of his Duty.

The Beaux and the Belles. A cursed Noise! What Rout! what Disorder! what Confusion! What strange Hubbub! What Hurlyburly! We are perfectly exhausted, there's no enduring it.

The Gascon. 'Sblews I'm spent

The other Gascon. D—me I'm mad.

The Swisse. There's no abiding here.

The Gascon. I'm dead.

The other Gascon. I'm out of my Wits.

Swisse. Faith I shou'd be glad to be out of this Place.

The Old chattering Cit. Come, my dear, prithee follow me, they pay us too little Respect. And I'm tir'd with this Hurlyburly. This Trash, this Stuff is too nauseous to endure: If ever I take it in my Head to come here again, I'll give 'em leave to break my Neck. Come my Dear, &c.

The old Babling City-Wife. Come Girl, come Son, let's regain our Home, and quit this Hole where there's no room to sit in; they will be confounded and sufficiently mortify'd when they see we're gone. Too much Confusion reigns in this place, and I'd rather be in the midst of the Fish-Market. If ever I return to such a Regale, I'll give 'em leave to hang me. Come Girl, come Son, &c.

All together.

To me, Sir, to me, Sir, a Book here, a Book, if you please, for your Servant.

Second

Second Entry, *is only a Dance of the three Importunes.*

Third Entry. *Spanish.*

Three Spaniards Sing.

Sé que me muero, de amor, &c.

Well though I know to break my Chain,
I dye for Love and court my Pain.
Deep tho' I feel the pointed Dart
Yet so delightful is the Smart,
That, what I humbly Heav'n implore,
Is, not to suffer less but more.
Well tho' I know to break my Chain
I dye for Love and court my Pain.
With pleasant Anguish, Love torments,
And, amidst Bitterness, contents:
Fate variegates the doubtful Strife,
And whilst it threatens Death gives Life.
Well tho' I know, &c.

Six Spaniards Dance.

Three Spanish Musicians.

None rail at Love but Fools: the Boy
Is Sweetness all, and Mirth and Joy.

One Spaniard Singing.

Cupid kills none but the unwise:
He that knows how to love ne'er dyes.

Two Spaniards.

Equal Love creates our Bliss,
And sweetens every eager Kiss.

One Spaniard.

Let then th' enamour'd Youth be free
His ardent Passion to declare;
For well-tim'd Importunity
Is all in all to win the Fair.

All three together.

Why let the Splenetick go Weep
And let the Jovial Play,
For some must Work while some must Sleep:
So goes the World away.

Fourth.

Fourth Entry. *Italian.*

An *Italian* Woman begins and Sings.

Di Rigori armata il Seno, &c.

The Pow'r of Love I did despise

And 'gainst his Laws conspire :

But ah how ill a Breast of Ice

Resists a Dart of Fire !

Yet so sweet is the Torment, so pleasant the Smart,

That at once it both wounds me and tickles my Heart.

After this, two Scaramouches, two Trivelins, and one Harlequin, present a Night-Scene after the Italian manner, to Musick.

Then an *Italian* Musician joins himself to an *Italian* Woman, and both Sing as follows:

Man. Let's snatch the Moments as they move;
Time's precious in the School of Love.

Wom. Whilst Youth and florid Health invite,
Let us anticipate Delight ;
The Laughing Age soon takes it's flight.

Both. Then let's Rejoice, and since Life's Prime
Is ne'er to be recall'd,
We'll by the Forelock seize old Time,
And leave to Fools the Bald.

Man. The charming Eye that does our Souls engage,
Endears our Pains and makes us wish for more:

Wom. But on the cold approach of languid Age,
The frozen Soul no longer feels Love's Pow'r.

Both. Then let's Rejoice, and since Life's Prime
Is ne'er to be recall'd.
We'll by the Forelock seize old Time,
And leave to Fools the Bald.

*After the Italian Dialogue, the Scaramouches and Trivelins
Dance a merry Tune.*

Fifth

Fifth Entry. *French.*

Two Musicians of Poitou Dance and Sing as follows:

First Minuet.

Dame Nature now has chang'd her hue,
Has cast her Skin, and breaths anew.

Another Musician.

How charmingly does *Philomel*!
Her sweet Return to *Eccho* tell?
These warbling Sounds, this green Alcove,
Invites us to the Feast of Love.

Second Minuet.

See, my *Climene*, prithee see
How the fond feather'd Lovers kiss;
Their Souls are full of Love, and free
From ought that may disturb their Bliss.
How happily they fill each Grove
With Chirping, Cooing, Loving, Billing:
Nor might we two less happy prove,
If thou, *Climene*, wert but willing.

Six other French People come afterwards gallantly cloath'd
after the manner of the People of Poitou, three Men and
three Women, accompany'd with eight Flutes and Hautbois;
they Dance Minuets,

Sixth Entry.

The whole is concluded by the mixing of the Three Nations,
and the Applauses, in Dancing and Musick, of the whole
Company upon the Stage, who sing the two Verses which
follow:

What Pleasures regale both our Hearing and Sight!
Not the Powers Celestial enjoy more Delight.

The End of the Fourth Volume.

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